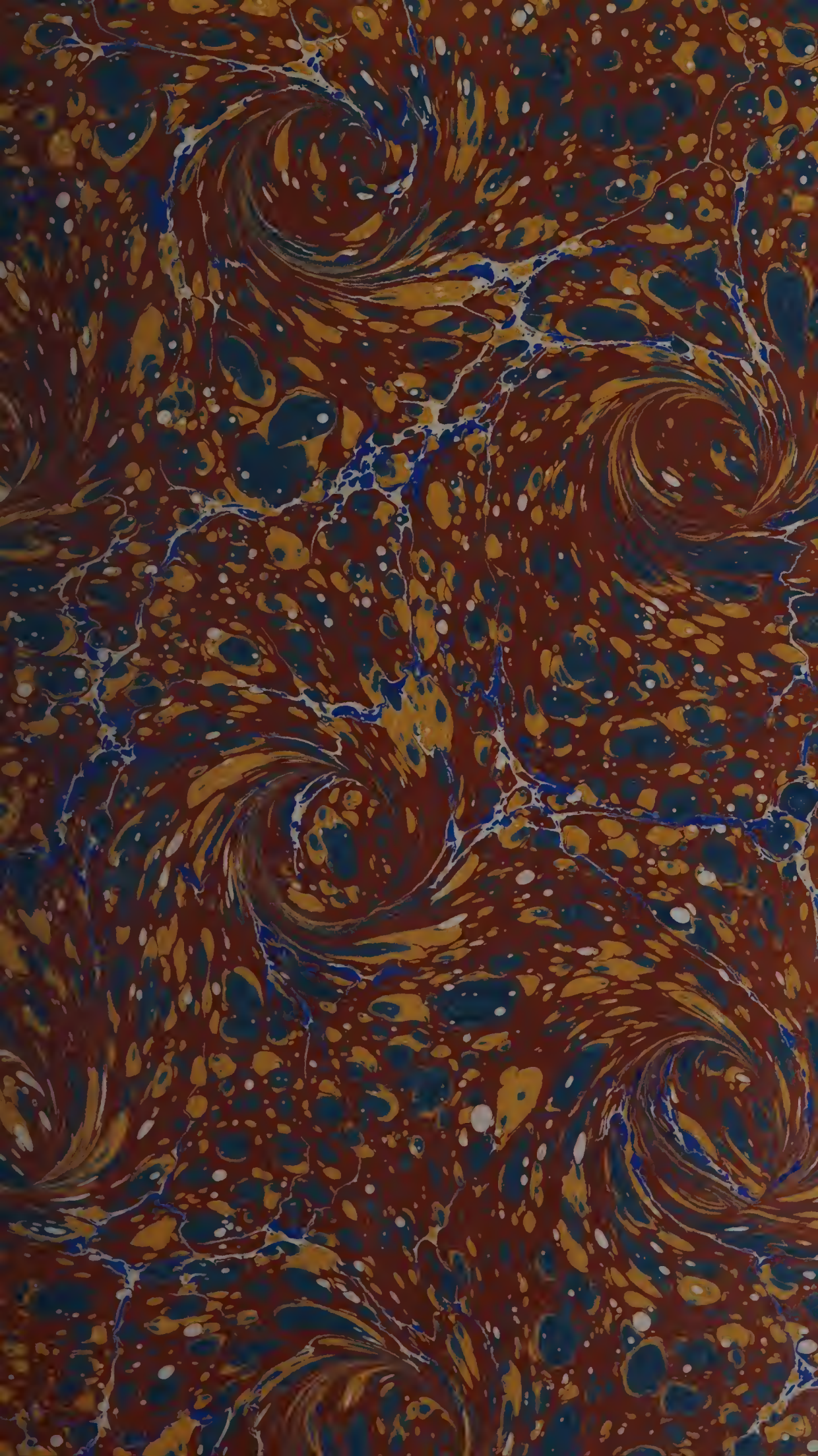
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"He coude songes make, and well endite."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

THE THEATRE.

A Monthly Review

OF

THE DRAMA, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY

CLEMENT SCOTT.

NEW SERIES.

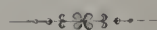
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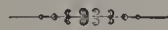
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MISS LOTTIE VENNE..

INDEX.



	PAGE		PAGE
ABBOTT, Miss Constance ...	272	Bessle, Miss Mary ...	341
Abingdon, W. L. ...	170	Beveridge, J. D. ...	97, 285
Achureh, Miss Janet ...	286	Bishop, Alfred ...	214, 268
A Critic on the Criticised ...	297	Blakeley William ...	110
Adams, W. Davenport ...	209	"Bob" ...	99
Adelphi Theatre ...	97, 285	Bond, Miss Jessie ...	124
Albu, Miss Annie ...	276	"Bookmaker," The ...	214
"Alderman," The ...	59	Borowski, Miss Louise ...	342
Alexander, George ...	100, 337	Bouverie, Miss Nellie ...	284
Alhambra, The ...	70, 287	Bowman, Miss Isa ...	220
Alias ..	70, 279, 287	Brandon, Miss Margaret ...	95, 342
"Alice in Wonderland" ...	71	Brandon, Miss Olga ...	218
Allan, Charles ...	65, 326	"Brantinghame Hall" ...	62
Andrews, A. J. ...	266, 336	Bright, Miss Florence ...	329
Angel Unawares, An ...	310	"Brittany Folk" ...	236
"Angelina" ..	329	Brodie, Matthew ...	214, 273
"Antigone" ...	113	Brookfield, Charles E. ...	65, 174, 326
"Apollo, M.D." ...	100	Brough, Lionel ...	341
"April Showers" ...	161	Brough, Miss Alice ..	274
Archer, Mr. ...	337	Brough, Sydney ...	159, 293, 331, 341
Atherley Frank ...	270	Broughton, E. ...	220
Aubrey, G. ...	215	Broughton, F. W. ...	124, 144, 283
Augarde, Miss Amy ...	96, 276	Broughton, Miss Phyllis ...	107
Avenue Theatre ...	159, 223, 277	Brutone, Miss Julia ...	99, 269
Ayling, Effie M. ...	325	Buchanan, Robert ...	109
Aylmer, Mr. ...	273	Buckle, H. Osborne ...	223
Ayrtoun, Miss ...	326	Buist, M. ...	220
		Buist, Scott ...	109
		Burnand, F. C. ...	17, 163
		Burton, Miss Mary ...	220, 272
"BABES IN THE WOOD" ...	114		
"Bachelor's Quarters" ...	173, 290	CAFFREY, Stephen ...	64
"Balloon," The ...	162	Caine, Hail ...	167, 329
Banister, Miss Ella ...	329	Cajoling a Critic ...	249
Barrett, George ...	167, 215	Caldieott, Alfred C. ...	180
Barrett, Oscar ...	118	Caldwell, Miss ...	331
Barrett, Wilson 26, 155, 157, 215, 267, 328		Calmour, Alfred C. ...	61
Barrington, Rutland ...	62, 163, 266, 338	"Calumny" ...	273
Basing, S. Herbert ...	340	Calvert, Leonard ...	220
Beauchamp, John ...	161, 269, 270, 338	Cameron, Miss Beatriee ...	220
Beaufort Club... ..	239	Campbell, Smith & Co. ...	97
Beaumont, Allen ...	220	Canninge, Mrs. ...	329
Bedford, Henry ...	270	Capel, George ...	235, 277
"Begum's Diamonds," The ...	159	Carew, Miss Elsie ...	99
Bell, Maleolm ...	335	Carleton, Royce ...	59, 97, 338
"Bells," The ..	337	Carne, J. ...	97
Belmore, Miss Aliee... ..	167	Carson, Mrs. C. L. ..	228
Bernard-Beere, Mrs....	110	Carson, S. M. ...	167, 215
Berringer, Mrs. Oscar ...	125		
Bessle, Miss Elizabeth ...	341		

	PAGE		PAGE
Carter, Mr.	100	"Diek Turpin the Second" ...	340
Cartwright, Charles	97	Dodsworth, Charles	62, 331
Caryll, Ivan	96	Doone, Neville	228
Catheart, R.	331	Doree, Miss Ada	335
Cautley, Laurence	270	"Doris"	276
Cecil, Arthur	163	"Dorothy"	96
Cellier, Alfred	96, 276	D'Orsay, Laurance	274
Chandos, Mrs. Whittier	220	Douglas, E. A.	97, 223
Chapman, Miss Patty	218	Douglas, Miss	107
Chapuy, Miss Effie	276	Druce, H.	220
Charrington, Charles	286	Drummond, Miss Dolores ...	109, 274
Chevalier, Albert	161	Du Barri, L.	220
China Fairy, The	40	"Duchess of Bayswater and Co." ...	65
Chivot and Duru	107	"Duke's Boast," The	223
"Cinderella"	118	Dunne, John W.	99
Clarke, Clara Savile	193	Durant, Miss Heloise	234
Clarke, H. Savile	71, 116, 290	"During the Dance"	228
Clarke, Perceval	269, 326	Du Val, Charles	234
"Claudian"	328		
Cliffe, Cooper	156, 157, 167, 215	EARLE, Miss Margaret	286
"Clouds with Silver Linings" ...	340	East, James	97
Coffin, C. Hayden	96, 276	Eastlake, Miss	155, 157, 167, 329
Cole, Miss Edith	59	Eaton, Charles	97
Coleman, John	286, 339	"Electric Spark," The	340
Coleman, Miss Fanny	218	Ellice, Miss Blanche... ..	218
Coleridge, Miss	337	Elliott, W. A.	167, 215, 329
Collette, Charles	121, 157	Ellissen, Miss Isabel... ..	274
Collette, Miss Mary	157	Elwood, Mr.	273
Collini, A.	277	Emery, E.	110
Collinson, Herbert Lee	112, 151, 279	Emery, Miss Winifred	109
Comedy Theatre 163, 266, 294, 336, 338		English as She is Spoke	93
Compton, Percy	276	Epitoux, Fred	223
Conway, H. B.	61, 157	Erlynn, Roydon	167
Cooke, Miss A.	167	Erskine, Miss Robertha	214, 269, 273
Cook, T. Furneaux	96, 276	Erskine, Wallace	99
Cooper, Frank	340	Esmond Miss Georgie	97
Cooper, H.	97	Esmond, Henry V.	270
Cooper, W.	329	Everard, Walter	161
Coote, Miss Carrie	277	Evelyn, Miss Rose	272
Court Theatre	116, 218		
Courtneidge, Robert	64	"FADDIMIR"	335
Coutts, Compton	59, 61	Falstaffs Unknown to Fame ...	257
Coveney, Miss Harriet	96, 276	Famous Falstaffs	185
Coveney, Mr.	337	Farnie, H. B.	107
Covent Garden	120	Farquhar, Gilbert	272, 329
Cowell, Miss Lydia	340	Farren, Frank	273
Criterion Theatre	61, 64, 110	Farren, William	61, 273
Crook, John	277	Farren, William, jun.	99
Cross, Julian	215	Featherstone, Miss Vane	266, 336, 338
C. S.	56, 188, 225, 297, 317	Fenn, G. Manville	162, 269
Cudmore, Miss	65, 268, 270	Fernandez, James	220
Cutler, Miss Kate	107	Few Words from the Unseen, A ...	260
		Findon, B. W.	59
DACRE, Arthur	272	"First Mate"	104
Dairrolles, Miss Adrienne 97, 273, 338, 339		"Fleeting Clouds"	179
Dallas, Mervyn	220	"Fool's Paradise," A	157
Dalziel, George	214	Forbes, Norman	62, 220
"Dandy Diek Turpin"	340	"Forget-me-Not"	329
Darnley, I. H.	162	Francis, A. B.	218
Darwin, Philip	286	Frankau, Joseph	220
Davies, Ben	96, 276	Franklyn, Cecil W.	129
Dawson, Forbes	162	Freeman, H. A.	267
Dawson, Stewart	272, 326	Fricnd, William	99
Deane, H.	218	Frith, Walter... ..	236
Denison, A. M.	218		
Denny, W. H.	64	GAIETY THEATRE	104, 157, 340
"Deputy-Registrar," The	264		

INDEX.

V

	PAGE
Garrick Theatre	291, 331
Garthorne, C. W.	266, 274
Giddens, George	61, 110, 162
Gilbert, W. S.	62
Gilmore, Arthur	220
Gillmore, Frank	109, 274, 329
Glance Round the Galleries, A	112, 151, 279
Globe Theatre	118, 220
Goethe as a Theatre Manager	11
Goldberg, F. W.	340
Goldney, Miss Gabrielle	59, 162
Good Librettist, The	241
"Good Old Times"	167
Gould, Nutcombe	62, 270, 329
Grand Theatre	66, 122, 267, 340
Grahame, Miss Cissy	283
Grahame, J. G.	268, 270
Grattan, H.	277
Graves, Clo	141, 259
Grey, Rowland	310
Grossmith, Weedon	326
Grove, F.	109, 329
Grundy, Sydney	157, 266
Guards' Burlesque	180
Gurney, Edmund	269
HALFORD, Miss Annie	277
Hamilton, Eric	204
"Hamlet"	155
Hanbury, Miss Lillie	329
"Harbour Lights"	285
Hare, John	293, 331
Hargreaves, W.	214, 269, 274, 326
Harrison, Frederick	65
Harvey, Mr.	337
Harwood, Robb	65, 326
Haslem, E. H.	104
Hatton, Miss Bessie	220
Havard, Philip	340
Haviland, Mr.	337
Hawkins, Frederick	1
Hawthorne, Miss Grace	215
Hawtrey Charles H.	294, 336
Hawtrey, W. F.	159, 266, 336
Haymarket Theatre	65
Heathcote, M. A.	65
Helmere, George	214
Hemsley, W. B.	276
Henderson, Miss Lizzie	59
Henrik Ibsen's Dramatic Experiment	74
Herbert, William	62
Heriot, Wilton	162, 269
"Her Ladyship"	269
"Her Own Rival"	283
"Heritage de M. Plumet"	59
Hermits' Dramatic Club	234
Hervey, Charles	307
Hichens, Robert S.	82, 261
Hicks, Seymour	339
Hodges, H.	167, 215
Homfreys, Miss Gladys	329
Hope, Miss Ethel	159
Horne, Fred	173, 290
Howe, Mr.	100, 337
Howard, Bronson	268

	PAGE
Howard, Cecil, 65, 96, 159, 224, 230,	279, 337
Hudson, Charles	167
Hughes, Miss Annie	64, 218
Hurst, J. P.	23
Huy, John	340
ILLINGTON, Miss Marie	104
"Inheritance," The	338
"Irene"	170
Irish, Miss Annie	124
Irving, Henry	11, 69, 100, 337,
Ivor, Miss	100
"JACK-IN-THE-BOX"	284
James, Albert	107
Jecks, Miss Clara	97
Jennings, Miss Flo	99
Jodrell Theatre	59, 60, 99
Johnson, Mr.	337
Johnstone, Miss Eva	99
"John Smith"	180
Jones, Miss Maria	104
"Julius Cæsar" at Oxford	209
Just a Few Observations	17
KEIGHLEY, F.	59
Kemble, Mr.	326
Kendal, Mr. and Mrs.	218
Kennedy, J. W.	266
Kenney, Miss Rose	119
Kerr, F.	268
"King Richard III."	220
King, Sebastian	96
Kinghorne, Mark	59, 274
Kinharvie, Miss	268
Kingston, Miss Gertrude	61, 125, 157
Kinnaird, Miss Helen	267
Kirwan's, Mr., Recitals	172
Kitty Southwell's Conspiracy	50
Klein, Hermann	250
Knight, F. Hamilton	159, 220, 293, 331
Knight, Master Arthur	163
Knowles, Miss Gladys	107
LABLACHE, Luigi	220, 269
"Lady of Lyons"	157, 267
Lamb, Miss Beatrice	293, 331
Larkin, Miss Sophie	266, 340
Latent Power, A	25
Latimer, Katherine M.	249
"Launcelot the Lovely"	277
Law, Arthur	180
Lawrence, Boyle	283
Lea, Miss Marion	109, 223
Leclercq, Miss Carlotta	220
Leclercq, Pierre	169
Leclercq, Miss Rose	65, 326
Le Hay, John	96, 276
Leith, Mr.	326
Lemore, Clara	7
"Léna"	285
Lestie, Miss Enid	66
Lethcourt, H. J.	70

	PAGE		PAGE
Levenston, M.	97	Myers, Miss Adele	342
Levine, Miss Lillie	107	"Mystery of Manciple's Inn," The ...	195
Lewis, Eric	159, 218		
Leyshon, Miss Eleanore	214, 274	NATHAN	62, 109, 159, 161
Le Gallienne, Richard	39	Navette, Miss Nellie... ..	66
Le Thièrè, Miss R. G.	59	Neilson, Miss Julia	62
Linden, Miss Laura	61, 337	Nethersole, Miss Olga	67, 231, 293, 331
Linden, Miss Marie	214, 268	Neville, Miss Florence	96
Linfield, Miss Lily	335	Neville, Oscar	335
"Little Goody Two-Shoes"	116	New Company, A	207
"Love and Honour"	70	New Dramatic School, The... ..	317
"Love Story," The	169	New Plays and Important Revivals	
"Love that Kills"	66	71, 126, 181, 239, 294, 343	
Lowe, Robert W.	175	Newton, Phillip, Mrs.	338
Lucie, Miss C.	218	Nicholls, Harry	336
Lugg, W.	64	Noble, Miss Gracie	70
Lumley, Ralph	64	Norreys, Miss... ..	62, 215, 326
Lutz, Herr Meyer	226	Norton, Edgar	220
Lyceum Theatre	100	Norwood, Eille	272
Lyric Theatre... ..	96, 276	"Nowadays"... ..	215
		Nye, T. F.	167, 269
"MACBETH"	100	"Oh! These Widows"	340
Macbeth on the Stage, Part 2	I		
Macklin, F. H.	326	OPERA COMIQUE	125, 270, 329
"Mlle. de Belle Isle"	223	Orford, Miss E.	220
Maltby, Alfred	64, 163	Organised Opposition, An	144
Mansfield, Richard	118, 220	"Our Army and Navy"	287
Marcel, Arthur	274	"Our Family Motto"	235
Mario, Miss Dot	122	Our Omnibus Box	66, 113, 170, 226, 281
Marius, M.	260, 336	Our Play Box	59, 96, 155, 209, 266, 326
Marriott, Miss	100		
Marsden, Fred	97	POETRY :—	
Marsh, Alec	277	Ballade of a Poet	39
Marshall, Percy F.	179	Broken Sonnet, A	259
Mason, R.	107	Broken Vow, The	261
Matthews, Miss E.	218	Christmas Hymn	56
Matthews, Sant	214	Daffodil	225
Matthews, Tom	233	Dog's Tale, A	188
Maude, Cyril	61, 109, 329	Down the Track to Tra-bô	7
Maurice, Edmund	326	Encore	247
Maxwell, Gerald	340	Father Damien	325
McNeill, Miss Amy	99, 269	Love Lesson, The	82
McNulty, Miss Jenny	104	"Menu" of Mlle. Rachel, The	307
Mead, Tom	172	Persian Legend, A	193
Melford, Austin	167, 215, 329	Told to the Doctor	15
Meller, Miss Rose	286, 340	Told to the Tribe	141
Mellon, Miss May Woolgar... ..	339	Una Preghiera	95
Menken, Ada Isaacs... ..	282	Willy Bland	149
Mensiaux, Marie de, 85, 155, 215, 266, 330		Womanly Help	204
"Menu" of Mlle. Rachel, The	307	Paget, F. M.	340
"Merchant of Venice"	286, 337	"Panel Picture," The	270
"Merry Margate"	266	Parke, Walter	195
"Merry Wives of Windsor"	124	Pateman, Robert	167
Mervin, Fred	99	Paull, H. M.	294, 336
Miles, Miss Jennie	107	Paul, Howard	50
Miller, Miss Emily	162	"Paul Jones"	107
Millet, Miss Maud	161	Pauncefort, Mrs.	337
Millward, Miss Lilian	59, 60	Penley, W. S.	266
Millward, Miss	97	Pennington, W. H.	59, 60
Monckton, Lady	270	Pentland, Nicol	62
Monkhouse, Harry	107	Percyval, T. W.	167
Moreland, Miss	268	Perry, Miss Beatrice	335
Moore, Miss Mary	110	Perry, Miss Florence	96, 335
Mortimer, James	59, 340	Pettitt, Henry	15, 97
Murray, Mrs. Gaston	62, 331	Phelps, Mrs. Edmund	60, 161
Musical Notes	250		
"My Queenie"	274		

	PAGE		PAGE
Philippi, Miss Rosina ...	116	"Silent Witness," The ...	339
Phillips, Miss Kate ...	341	"Silver Falls," The ...	97
Phillips, G. B. ...	110	"Silver King," The ...	267
Phillips, J. Ragland ...	235	Sims, Albert ...	64, 220
Philpotts, Eden ...	227	Sims, G. R. ...	40, 97
Philo-Thespian Club... ..	233, 281	Slee, J. Grahame ...	61, 220
Phipps, C. J. ...	96	Smith, H. Reeves ...	214, 268
"Pickwick" ...	163	Solomon, Edward ...	163
Pigott, J. W. ...	214	"Some Day" ...	339
Pinero, A. W. ...	218, 293, 331	Sparling, Herbert ...	272
Pitston, F. ...	167, 215	Spider's Whistle, The ...	26
"Platonic Attachment, A" ...	227	Stage in Russia, The ...	175
Playgoer, The ...	190	Standing, Herbert ...	110
"Poet," The ...	124	Stephens, Yorke ...	159
"Policeman," The ...	235	Stephenson, B. C. ...	96, 276
Polini, Miss Harrietta ...	215	"Still Waters Run Deep" ...	110
Polyhymnia in Comic Opera ...	129	Stone, George ...	104
Preston, G. ...	107	Strand Theatre ...	269
Prince of Wales's Theatre	107, 173, 180		
Princess's Theatre			
155, 157, 167, 215, 267, 328		TAPLEY, Joseph ...	277
"Profligate," The ...	293, 322, 331	"Tares" ...	125
		Taylor, Tom ...	110
RAIEMOND, George ...	162, 269	Tempest, Miss Marie ...	96
Raines, Miss Maud ...	336	Temple, George ...	335
Raleigh, Cecil ...	338	"Tenterhooks" ...	294, 336
Ramsey, Cecil ...	223	Terriss, William ...	97
Randall Roberts, Sir... ..	100	Terriss, Miss Ellaline ...	162, 269, 290
Reed, Arthur ...	335	Terry, Edward ...	214
Reeves, Herbert Sims ...	335	Terry, Miss Ellen ...	100, 337
Richard Henry ...	104, 277	Terry, Fred ...	223, 273
Richardson, Miss Ethel ...	99	Terry, Miss Marion ...	272, 283
Righton, Edward ...	218	Terry's Theatre ...	161, 162, 214, 268, 348
Rimbault, C. ...	273	"That Doctor Cupid" ...	109
Roberts, Arthur ...	277	Thomas, W. Freeman ...	126
Robertson, Miss Fanny ...	61, 109, 274	Thorn, Geoffrey ...	122, 340
Robertson, Forbes ...	293, 331	Thorne, Eric ...	335
Robins, Miss ...	329	Thorne, Fred... ..	61, 109, 329
Robson, E. M. ...	59	Thorne, Thomas ...	109, 329
Roche, Miss Lucy ...	270	Toole, J. L. ...	294
Rodney, Frank ...	338	Tree, Beerbohm, Mr. and Mrs. ...	124, 326
Romer and Bellamy ...	161	Trent, Gilbert ...	62
Rorke, Miss Kate ...	61, 125, 157, 293, 331	Tresahar, John ...	60, 223, 338
Rorke, Miss Mary ...	220	Tristram, Outram ...	270
Rosa, Miss Patti ...	99, 100	"Troubles" ...	59
Roselle, Miss Amy ...	267	Turner, Godfrey ...	93, 259
R. T. G. ...	246	Turner, Leopold ...	247
"Rumour" ...	272	Turner, Miss Sallie ...	277
Russell, Howard ...	97	Tyars, Mr. ...	337
SAKER, Miss Rose ...	162	"UN HÉROS DE LA VENDÉE" ...	235
Sandringham T. R. ...	337	"Une Mission Delicate" ...	329
Saunders, R. ...	157		
Saxe Templer ...	107	VALROY, Miss Irene... ..	99
Saxon, E. F. ...	329	Vanbrugh, Miss Violet ...	64, 159, 218
St. George's Hall ...	59, 339	Vane, Miss ...	223
St. James's Theatre ...	62, 340	Vanoni, Mdle. ...	277
Scott, Clement ...	56, 188, 225, 297, 317	Vaudeville Theatre ...	109, 272, 274, 329, 335
Seaman, Miss... ..	100	Vaughan, Miss Kate.. ..	70
Sedger, Horace ...	64	Vaughan, Miss Susie ...	274, 336, 338
"See-Saw" ...	235	Venne, Miss Lottie ...	163, 266, 336, 341
Shaftesbury Theatre ...	273	Vernon, W. H. ...	218, 329
Sharp, R. Farquharson ...	74	Vezin, Hermann ...	286
Shine, J. L. ...	97	Viron, Miss Evelyn ...	339
Shine, Wilfred E. ...	335	Vivian, F. ...	220
Shone, R. P. ...	64		

	PAGE		PAGE
WADMAN, Miss	107	West, Miss Florence...	159
Walker, C.	104	Wheatman, J.	109
Waller, Lewis		Whitaker, S.	162, 269
62, 159, 161, 167, 215, 293, 331		White, Miss Annie	59
Wallis, Miss (Mrs. Lancaster)	68, 273	"White Lie," A	60
Ward, Miss Emily	157	Whitty, Miss May	223
Ward, E. D.	231, 277	"Widow Winsome," The	61
Ward, Miss Genevieve	329	Williams, Arthur	96, 276
Warren, F. G.	336	Williamson, H. W.	274
Watson, Malcolm	207, 273	Wilmot, Charles	67
Watt-Tanner, Miss	235	Wilmot, Miss Florence	107
Watson, Ivan... ..	223	Winter, John Strange	272
"Weaker Sex," The	218	Wyatt, Frank... ..	107
"Wealth"	317, 326	Wilson, Joseph	335
Welch, J. A.	167, 215	Wyndham, Charles	110
"Well Matched"	340		
Webster, Miss	167, 215		
Wenman, T. M.	100, 157, 337	"YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP"	268





MR. HENRY IRVING.

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"There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face."

MACBETH, Act I, Sc. .

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY WARWICK BROOKES, 350, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER

THE THEATRE.

.....

Macbeth on the Stage.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

BY FREDERICK HAWKINS.



VEN under the rule of Garrick, it is clear, "Macbeth" occupied less space in public thought than in what may be called the Kemble period. Mrs. Siddons must be credited with this remarkable feat, for while her eldest brother did not find a very congenial element in the character of the Scottish chieftain—which, despite Macklin's innovation, he dressed in latter-day English fashion—her Lady Macbeth rose to the highest attainable standard of histrionic power. "It seemed," writes Hazlitt, "as though a being of superior order had dropped from another sphere to awe the world by the majesty of her appearance." Professor Bell, who made minute notes of her acting, is equally enthusiastic. "There is not," he says, "a great deal in this play, but the wonderful genius of Mrs. Siddons makes it the whole. She makes it tell the whole story of the ambitious project, the disappointment, the remorse, the sickness and despair of guilty ambition, the attainment of whose object is no cure for the wounds of the spirit. Macbeth, in Kemble's hand, is a co-operating part. I can conceive Garrick to have sunk Lady Macbeth as much as Mrs. Siddons does Macbeth, yet when you see Mrs. Siddons play this part you scarcely can believe that any acting could make her part subordinate. Her turbulent and inhuman strength of spirit does all. She turns Macbeth to her purpose, makes him her mere instrument, guides,

directs, and inspires the whole plot. Like Macbeth's evil genius, she hurries him on in the mad career of ambition and cruelty from which his nature would have shrunk. The flagging of her spirit, the melancholy and dismal blank beginning to steal upon her, is one of the finest lessons of the drama. The moral is complete in the despair of Macbeth, the fond regret of both for that state of innocence from which their wild ambition has hurried them to their undoing." Some of Professor Bell's notes, which were printed ten or eleven years ago in "*The Nineteenth Century*," with an introduction by Professor Jenkin, are of considerable interest. He shows us that in the earlier scenes she was majestic, slow, pitiless, inflexible. At "We fail" there was a strong descending inflexion, the actress bowing with her hands down and the palms upward. In the murder scene, after Macbeth's entrance, even her spirit was overcome by his terror: her arms were about her neck and bosom; she shuddered. His derangement restored her to himself; and speaking forcibly in his ear, and looking at him steadfastly, she gave the lines, "Why, worthy Thane," in a tone of fine remonstrance, a tone calculated to work on his mind. It was with contempt for his infirmity of purpose that she seized the daggers, and, before stealing out, she uttered the lines—

"If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,"

as a malignant sneer at his irresolution. In the second scene of the third act there was nothing of the joy of gratified ambition in Lady Macbeth's tones; all was characterised by great dignity and solemnity of voice. After the terrors of the banquet scene she appeared exhausted, as much in need of the season of all nature, sleep, as Macbeth himself. This preparation for the sleeping scene, as Professor Jenkin remarks, was a very fine idea, and hardly seems to be suggested in the play. In the sleep-walking scene her eyes were open, but their sense was indeed shut. She advanced rapidly to the table, set down the light, and moved her hand, making the action of lifting up water at intervals; and it was with a convulsive shudder, joined to a tone of imbecility, that she left the stage.

Edmund Kean evinced no marked affection for "Macbeth," but it may be doubted whether he did not render greater services to

the play than any of his predecessors. Besides scaling the heights of tragedy in the more impassioned scenes, he earned a title to fame by causing the weird sisters to be represented as Shakspeare drew them. "I'll have none of this rubbish," he curtly said of the songs and dances and funny antics which had held possession of the stage for nearly a hundred and fifty years. Friends fancied that by taking this course he would give dire offence to the pit and gallery, if not provoke a serious disturbance. As it was, the importance of the change was speedily recognised, and the comic witch vanished for ever from the sight of London playgoers. Kemble had previously made an attempt at Bath to dispense with the "rubbish," but the resentment excited by its omission was so keen that he felt obliged to restore it. If, according to his own avowal, Kean fell short of Kemble in the third act, where a majestic demeanour counts for much, he eclipsed the traditional glory of Garrick himself in the murder scene. His acting at this point, indeed, may be said to have thrilled all London. It was universally allowed to equal the best parts of his Othello, Richard, Shylock, and Hamlet. "I suppose," writes Mr Richard Trench, "that remorse was never more finely expressed." "As a lesson of common humanity," Hazlitt says, "it was heartrending. The hesitation, the bewildered look, the coming to himself when he sees his hands bloody, the manner in which his voice clung to his throat and choked his utterance, his agony and tears, the force of nature overcome by passion—beggared description. It was a scene which no one who saw it can ever efface from his recollection."

Neither of the artistic but not heaven-born tragedians who immediately followed—Macready, Charles Kean, and Phelps—can be said to have created an enduring impression in "Macbeth." The second, however, calls for notice here as the author of a revival in which a near approach to historical accuracy was made in the *mise-en-scène* generally. "The very uncertain information which we possess respecting the dress worn by the inhabitants of Scotland in the eleventh century," he wrote in a "fly-leaf" distributed among the audience, "renders any attempt to present this tragedy attired in the costume of the period a task of very great difficulty. In the absence of any positive information handed down to us on this point, I have borrowed materials from those nations to which Scotland was continually

opposed in war. The continual invasion of the Norsemen, and the invasion of Canute in 1031, who, combining in his own person the sovereignty of England, Norway, and Denmark, was the most powerful monarch of his time, may have taught, at least the higher classes, the necessity of adopting the superior weapons and defensive armour of their enemies. For these reasons, I have introduced the tunic, mantle, cross-gartering, and ringed byrne of the Danes and Anglo-Saxons, between whom it does not appear that any very material difference existed; retaining, however, the peculiarity of the striped and chequered garb, which seems to be generally admitted as belonging to the Scotch long anterior to the history of this play; together with the eagle's feather in the helmet, which, according to Gaelic tradition, was the distinguishing mark of a chieftain. Party-coloured woollens or cloths appear to have been commonly worn amongst the Celtic tribes from a very early period.

. . . In the four centuries and a half which intervened between the death of St. Colomba and the reign of Macbeth, it is reasonable to presume that considerable improvements took place among the Scotch, and that the fashion of their dress and buildings was borrowed from their more civilised neighbours. Under these considerations the architecture previous to the Norman conquest has been adopted throughout the entire play."

It was in the autumn of 1875 that Mr. Irving first stepped on the stage as Macbeth. A double surprise awaited a majority of the brilliant audience assembled to pass judgment upon the essay. He had had the hardihood to discard Lock's music—in many eyes an enormous offence—and the still greater hardihood in his performance to reject one of the most venerated of theatrical traditions. Macbeth, in his view, is not of a fine and noble nature before the play opens; the weird sisters appear to him because the voice of a criminal ambition has made itself heard in his breast; moral cowardice rather than any better motive prompts him to stay his hand, and under the weight of the demoralisation arising from the sense of guilt he becomes almost abject. Every great quality that may have belonged to the warrior is crushed in the murderer, although some flashes of physical courage are to be seen towards the close. "All the poetry of the character is taken from it,"

groaned one dramatic critic when the curtain fell. Oxenford does not seem to have shared this opinion. "There is no doubt," he wrote, "that Mr. Irving's Macbeth differs widely from the person present to the minds of ordinary playgoers. The popular Macbeth is not only a brave soldier, with all the physical qualities proper to his vocation, but likewise an apparently well-disposed man, who might have gone on safely to the end of his days had he not unluckily met three old women on a heath, who put wicked thoughts in his head, and had he not, moreover, been cursed with an unscrupulous wife, who did her best, or rather her worst, to mature those thoughts into action. That he is irresolute, that he does not at once plunge into the abyss of crime, is the more to his credit. But there is one peculiarity in Macbeth's nature which is commonly overlooked, and which seems to have been carefully noted by Mr. Irving. The evil agencies by which he is influenced are universally recognised; not so the extreme facility with which he yields to them. In his very first scene, when he has not been on the stage two minutes, no sooner has he been successively greeted by the witches as Glamis, Cawdor, and "King hereafter," than his manner suggests to Banquo, to whom the witches cause no terror whatever, the question :

" Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?"

The information a few minutes afterwards that the first prediction has been fulfilled leads immediately to a self-confession of murderous devices, conveyed in a speech too familiar to need citation. There is no nobility of nature about Macbeth; he is totally impotent to resist the very earliest allurements of crime, and is utterly without the fortitude to endure its consequences. After she has read his letter, and before she has seen him, his lady sums him up as one who would not play false, and yet would *wrongly* win. There is not a common thief who would not rather find a gold watch on the pavement than pick it from a pocket, and who is not therefore entitled to analogous praise. Lady Macbeth does not look upon her husband as superior in virtue, but as her inferior in courage, and she is perfectly confident that when she exerts her influence she will have all her own way; and have her own way she does, as the weird sisters

have already had theirs. The conjugal discussion relative to the murder of Duncan leaves from the first no doubt on which side victory will ultimately lie. It is this inability to resist all inducements to crime, coupled with the depressing anguish that follows its perpetration, which constitutes the peculiarity of Mr. Irving's Macbeth; and those who expect a conflict between the good and bad elements in the composition of a brave man will probably find his interpretation somewhat monotonous. But Mr. Irving is precisely what his Macbeth is not; he has a will of his own, and when he has formed a conception he is determined to carry it out. His Macbeth is from beginning to end consistent. He is scared by the witches, he is scared by the project of murder, he is scared by the progress of its execution. When thoroughly convinced that resistance is useless he can rush into the murder of Banquo, but when the ghost appears he is scared as never man was scared before, and he wraps his cloak over his face that he may not behold the horrible spectre. He is only brave when there is clearly nothing to be lost or won—namely, in the final combat; that is to say, he can 'die game.' Accept Mr. Irving's primary idea, and you cannot hesitate to adopt his conclusion." Into the arguments for and against this conclusion we are not about to enter here. It may be right or it may be wrong; but even those who disbelieve in it will hardly deny that it was acted upon with an effect possible only to a master of his art.

The forthcoming performance at the Lyceum, for which the most elaborate scenery and dresses are understood to have been provided, will have a distinct source of interest in Miss Terry's impersonation of Lady Macbeth. Speculation is already rife as to how the only Beatrice and Ophelia of our time will treat this formidable character. Will she try to emulate the majesty and heartlessness and grim determination which the great actresses of old imported into it? Or will she be as a woman not inhuman at heart, animated less by self-seeking ambition than by affection for her husband, and acquiring her ascendancy over his mind by the force of personal beauty besides intellect and will? For this view, it may be remembered, an eloquent plea is advanced by Maginn in his sometimes paradoxical "*Shakespeare Papers*." Lady Macbeth, he contends, is not meant to be an embodiment of the Furies. In spurring Macbeth to murder

she only followed his thought. "Love for him is, in fact, her guiding passion. She sees that he covets the throne, that his happiness is wrapped up in the hope of becoming a king; and her part is accordingly taken without hesitation. With the blindness of affection she persuades herself that he is full of the milk of human kindness, and that he would reject false and unholy ways of attaining the object of his desires. She deems it, therefore, her duty to spirit him to the task. Fate and metaphysical aid, she argues, have destined him for the golden round of Scotland. Shall she not lend her assistance? She does not ask the question twice. She will. Her sex, her woman's breasts, her very nature, oppose the task she has prescribed to herself; but she prays to the ministers of murder, to the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, to make thick her blood and stop up the access and passage of remorse; and she succeeds in mustering the desperate courage that carries her through. Her language is exaggerated in mere bravado.

'A little water clears us of this deed.'

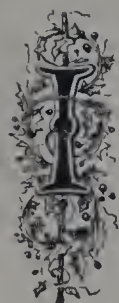
Does she indeed feel this? She shall answer us from her sleep, in the loneliness of midnight, in the secrecy of her chamber."



Down the Track to Tra-bô !

A LEGEND OF THE GRAND-TRUNK.

BY CLARA LEMORE.



IN the heart of the wood a small cottage is seen,
Not far from the railway-bridge spanning the stream;
And here dwells the signalman—Jonathan Gray—
With Bessie, his daughter—she's thirteen to-day.
They've got but one neighbour, just two miles below,
At the next signal-box, down the track at Tra-bô.

For each other these two seem to live in that wild;
The girl for her father, and he for his child.

Without Bessie at home, you can quite understand,
'Tis certain his time would hang heavy on hand;
For his duties are few, and quite simple and plain,
Just to signal the bridge safe for each passing train.

'Tis winter. For many days past the soft snow
Has steadily fallen. Above and below
The world is one whiteness. The keen north-east gale
Shrieks around, with a sound like a sinner's last wail;
And now and again, on the river's near shore,
You may hear a pine crash through the storm's awful roar.

"If the snow and the gale don't soon weary," says Gray,
"With the weight I'm afraid the old bridge 'ull give way.
'Twas swaying to-day in a way bound to throw
Awful pressure and force on the tackle below;
I feel a bit skeart at the thought of the train
A-goin' across while it's under this strain.

"The evening express must be seen to. I guess
I'd better get down to the signal-box, Bess.
Help me on with my coat, and reach down the white lamp;
The big one, my lassie. 'Twill be a cold tramp.
You'd best look out from here to make sure all is right;
In less than two minutes you'll see the white light."

She stands at the window and watches him go,
A big moving shadow across the white snow;
Then she waits for the light for full five minutes' space,
While a growing anxiety darkens her face.
Then, sudden and shrill through the storm-laden air,
There is borne to her ears a dread cry of despair.

For a moment she waits, a great fear in her eyes,
As she listens again for those terrible cries.
"'Tis father's voice! Heaven be good to us now!
He is hurt! I must get to him! God show me how!"
Ah! how her heart faints as she hastes through the wood,
To the spot where this morning the signal-box stood.

Oh, grief and despair for a lone lassie's sight!
On the snow lies her father crushed, helpless and white!
Across both his legs lies a large fallen tree:
He's in anguish untold; yet he speaks brisk and free;
"Bess, the bridge has broke down! Now you listen to me!
There's no way, lass, of sending the news; for you see

"The telegraph's gone with the rest of the gear,
And in less than an hour the mail will be here;
And every creature aboard it must die
This night, Bess! unless you've the courage to try
To get through the wood to the next box, Tra-bô,
All alone, through the snow; 'tis two miles; you will go?

"Brave lassie! I knew it! Don't lose any time!
Take the lamp! Keep as close as you can to the line."
"But you?" cries the girl, wildly wringing her hands;
He points quietly upwards, and Bess understands.
"Don't linger, Bess. I'm in hands stronger than thine;
Keep the track; don't look back: and pray God you're in
time."

She chokes back a sob as she picks up the lamp,
"God keep you!" she prays; and starts forth on her tramp
Down the track. Deep her feet sink each step in the snow;
The wind freezes the tears on her cheeks as they flow;
But yet never a pause by the way does she make;
On her speed she knows well many lives are at stake.

Yet alas! her best haste is but slow through the storm,
For the tempest makes sport of her slight fragile form;
Oh, blindingly beat the white flakes in her eyes!
Oh, biting blows the keen wind as she cries:
"Shall I reach there in time?" 'Tis her one constant moan,
Pressing on down the track to Tra-bô all alone.

The lantern is out! With a cry of despair—
For she thinks God has surely forgotten her there—
She falls prone in the snow. Then the thought of the train
Drives her on; through the darkness she struggles again;
Torn and bleeding, her feet leave red marks on the snow,
Still she holds on her way down the track to Tra-bô.

“Shall I never be there?” Ah, kind Heaven! that sound!
That throb beating loud in the air all around!
’Tis the mail! ’Tis the mail! Thund’ring down on the line;
After all her wild efforts she won’t be in time!
Black despair for a breath, then on! on! o’er the snow,
For ahead down the track gleam the lights of Tra-bô!

“Stop the mail! Clifford’s bridge is blown down!” then she
stops,
For she staggers and falls at the door of the box
In a motionless heap; while the signalmen fly
To their signals and stop the mail as it goes by.
And the passengers come crowding round when they know
To save them has brave Bess tramped alone to Tra-bô.

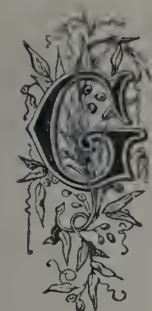
Her first word is to ask will they send to her Dad?
He’s crushed under a tree, she’s afraid pretty bad,
By the track near the bridge. Soon a rescuing crew
Bring him down on the engine, and quickly the two
Are conveyed to the town, where the best of all care
Soon restores them to health.

To this day folks declare
’Twas a heroine’s task, when, alone through the snow
And the tempest, Bess tramped down the track to Tra-bô.

Broom Hill, Orpington,
September, 1888.



Goethe as a Theatre Manager.



GOETHE at one time was director of a theatre, and his experiences in this capacity at Weimar furnish some very useful lessons even in the present day. For Goethe endeavoured to give practical life to an ideal which still haunts many earnest minds—the ideal which places the functions of the stage entirely beyond and above the taste of the public. That is impossible. The popular desire for amusement Goethe regarded as degrading. The ordinary passions of human nature he sought to elevate into a rarefied region of transcendental emotion; and the actors, who naturally found some difficulty in soaring into this atmosphere, he drilled by the simple process of making them recite with their faces to the audience, without the least attempt to impersonate any character. His theory, in a word, was that the stage should be literary and not dramatic, and that it should hold the mirror not up to nature, but to an assemblage of noble abstractions. It is needless to say that this ideal was predoomed to failure, and my object now is, not to discuss it in any detail, but to instance it as a useful warning to those whose discontent with the variety of public taste is apt to urge them toward impossible reforms. It is no sign of retrogression that there is a great popular demand for a kind of entertainment which would have excited Goethe's disgust, and which does not appeal very strongly to your sensibilities or mine. Goethe threw up the management of the Weimar theatre because the Duke was curious to see a successful melodrama in which the chief incident was created by a poodle. The poet thought that this was a proof that the stage had gone to the dogs, and that it was high time for him to disclaim all responsibility for such a degradation. Whether this convinced Goethe that his instinct was prophetic when he introduced Mephistopheles to Faust in the form of a dog—some say a poodle—I cannot say; but his hasty conclusion that the drama had fallen to the level of “the dog of Montargis” was no better founded than the assumption you sometimes hear to-day, that the popularity of entertainments

which are not of the highest class is evidence of the incurable frivolity or coarseness or ignorance of the vast mass of playgoers. I always wonder why the argument is applied only to the stage. You never hear any pulpit orator denounce the enormous sale of fiction which appeals to the ineradicable taste for exciting narrative. Such may say that a certain class of novel is immoral, but he does not deplore the unconquerable folly or depravity which buys sensational tales by tens of thousands, while the works of writers who address a smaller public are swamped on the bookstalls. Philosophy is always ready with an explanation of this, but she is supposed to have no business in the sphere of the footlights. Yet I see no reason for condemning the stage because its functions do not conform universally to the highest standard. No rational being believes that imaginative literature is hopelessly degenerate because the best novels are not as widely read as their inferiors. There is another consideration which is too often overlooked. Even amongst educated people the standard of taste in theatrical matters is extremely variable. Some are interested in Shakespeare, but only in his comedy; "Hamlet" bores them, but they are delighted by "Much Ado About Nothing." Others care little for what is called the legitimate drama, but prefer lighter forms of entertainment which to playgoers of a serious cast are purely frivolous. Others, again, have a strong partiality for a certain kind of melodrama; they like to be harrowed by tremendous situations and amused by spectacular effects. Indeed, you may take a man of cultivated mind and discover that his taste for the theatre is extremely primitive. Even genius is sometimes erratic in its appreciation of the stage. Goethe himself had astonishing ideas about Shakespeare. If there were one thing which Shakespeare understood better than another it was the law of dramatic effect. Yet Goethe thought it necessary to reconstruct "Romeo and Juliet," and in "Wilhelm Meister" the players find it impossible to perform "Hamlet" without making Horatio son of the King of Norway. When I refreshed my memory of this episode it occurred to me that a manager who should ever be accused of taking liberties with "Faust" might console himself with the reflection that they were rather overshadowed by the liberties which Goethe took with Shakespeare.

“It is not just, therefore, to assume either that the public taste is degraded because it does not touch an ideal standard at every point, or that one fixed canon of taste can be applied to the drama, even in cultivated society. The theatre must always be the playground of a variety of sympathies and the arena of all manner of conflicting judgments. A theatrical manager has to satisfy many tastes, and much may be forgiven him if he has, like ‘Faust,’ the instinct of the one true way. And it should be remembered that a manager, by sometimes charming the public with the popular novelties of the day, may be able to command their support when he seeks it for a higher form of drama. Nature should be the manager’s ideal, and art his familiar, and while inspired by the one and aided by the other of these, though his work may reflect the variable moods of his generation, because it is primarily his business to amuse, the sum of his efforts will be a substantial increase of the universal stock of wholesome pleasure. For, consider that the theatre gives a rare stimulus to every sort of mind. Its pictorial effects alone make an artistic education, and afford a world of delight to a multitude whose imagination finds little food in their daily lives ; it arouses dormant sympathies, and makes war on idle prejudices : it presents, with vivid force, the simplest elements of life to all, and makes real to many some of the highest poetry. It is nothing to the purpose that some phases of the stage, which do not correspond exactly to this description, should be pointed out. Broadly speaking, what I say is true, and is an estimate of the functions of the theatre which is borne out by the best experience. You will see therefore how important it is that an institution which exercises such wide and varied influence should have all its agencies developed to the highest ability.

“What is necessary on the stage is a harmony of all its features—a unison of all its refinement. It is not enough to give an individual performance of consummate interest, for, in a double sense, the whole is greater than the part. Let everything have its due proportion ; let thoroughness and completeness be the manager’s aim ; let him never forget that a perfect illusion is his highest achievement—an ideal which I know to be the conscientious aim of many managers to-day. I do not presume to maintain that any method of representation, how-

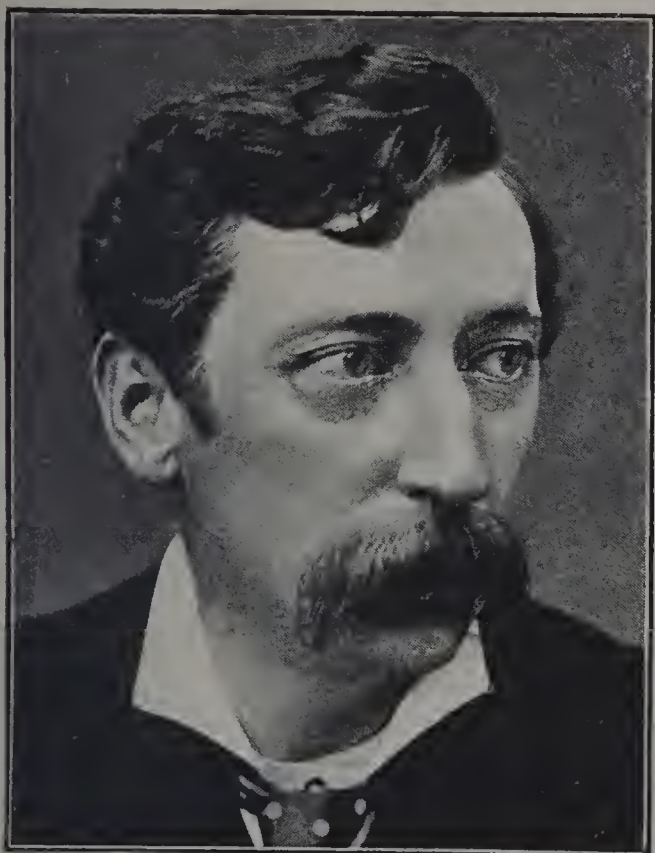
ever admirable, can be fully adequate to the portrayal of Shakespeare, nor do I concern myself very much with the familiar reproach of overlaying our greatest dramatist with ornament. I have before said that the value of the aids and adjuncts of scenery and costume has ceased to be a matter of opinion ; these have become necessary. They are dictated by the public taste of the day, and not by the desire for mere scenic display. To this, of course, there are limits ; mere pageant, apart from the story, has no place, although there may be a succession of truthful, harmonious, and beautiful pictures, which shall neither hamper the natural action nor distract the judgment from the actor's art. Shakespeare commands the homage of all the arts, and their utmost capacity, when rightly directed, can do no more than pay tribute to his splendour ; the splendour of the greatest master of our mother tongue, the most completely equipped of all the literary men who ever wrote. More than this, he had the most intimate and varied knowledge of the stage, and that is why his work is the actor's greatest pride and most exacting trial. To play Shakespeare with any measure of success, it is necessary that the actor shall, above all things, be a student of character. To touch the springs of motive, to seize all the shades of expression, to feel yourself at the root and foundation of the being you are striving to represent—in a word to impersonate the characters of Shakespeare—this is a task which demands the most exacting discipline, the widest command of the means of illustration. Of all the triumphs of the stage, there is none so exalting as that of a representation of Shakespeare, which gives to the great mass of playgoers a strong and truthful impression of his work, and a suggestion of the ideal which his exponents are honourably struggling to attain."

HENRY IRVING.



"Told to the Doctor."

BY HENRY PETTITT.



AT suppers at night, sir? Why often. Just a steak and a bottle of stout,

Some potatoës — yes; cheese, with a pickle —that is if there's any about,

With a nightcap of whisky and water which I have as I get into bed,

And I drop off to sleep when a dozen of "Dagonet" ballads I've read.

Do I dream much? Well! that's what's the matter, and why I'm consulting with you.

Last night I'd some radishes extra—and a roll—yes, a French one, and new.

And the dreams that I had—they were awful. First of all I was flying in air;

Then I was sinking, and sinking—down—down—to I needn't say where.

Then the lobsters were crawling about me; eels wriggled and circled my neck;

And then from the horns of a bull, sir, I was tossed to the terrible wreck

Of an emigrant ship off the Needles, where the passengers'
cries of despair
For life-belts were useless—the owners had forgotten to have any
there.

Then up went the rockets to signal for succour right over our
heads,
But the lifeboat was locked in the boathouse, and the crew fast
asleep in their beds,
And the coastguardsman shouted out sadly, “We came here to
lend you a hand,”
But we started away in a hurry, and the grapnels were left on
the land.

Then the waves seized me tight in their clutches, I was dragged
from the deck of the ship
As an octopus crept from a cavern, and stretched out his feelers
to grip ;
And I fled, where the sands of the desert spread out in a limit-
less plain,
When I panted and shouted for water, and as usual shouted in
vain.

Oh ! the heat, surely hell was not hotter, as I rushed to the
window and found
That the house was on fire, but the firemen were busy and
couldn't come round ;
The escape was locked up till the morning, the man had gone
home with the key,
And the Volunteer engines were useless, as the turncock was
out on the spree.

After that in the streets with my clothes off I wandered in terror
and shame,
When the hiss of the swift locomotive to the box of the signal-
man came ;
And being a bit of a poet it flashed on my slumbering brain
That my father—or mother—or missus—or children must be in
the train.

And I was nailed down in my coffin, and buried alive in a grave,

Helpless to turn the right points on, to wake up to succour and save ;

But the worst of my trouble was this, sir, and it cut to the heart like a knife :

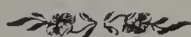
I was helpless to work out the story, for I hadn't a child or a wife.

Then next I was up as a jockey, on a mare that was sure of a place,

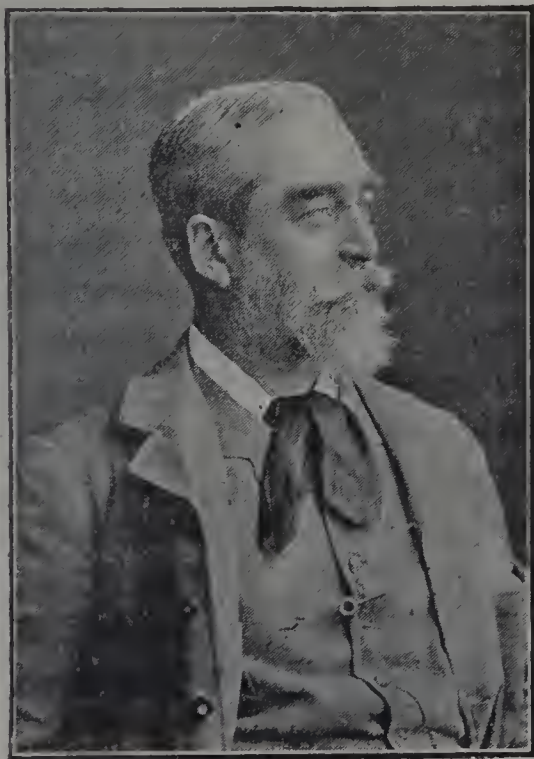
But our stable was backing a dark one, and I lost if I won in the race,

And though I was pulling my hardest, The Nightmare came in by a head ;

And then I woke up with an oath, sir, and kicked myself out of the bed.



Just a Few Observations.



'VE no story to tell and no "song to sing, O." Perhaps you will allow me to discourse chattily on any theatrical topics that may

occur to me. You hope I won't re-commence a discussion about the status of the histrion, which is such a delicate subject. I consider it settled. Why? Because I hear that an ex-tragedian has been writing on it, and he must be heavy enough to settle anything of at all a delicate nature. I have

not read the book by this ex-actor, but even he can't be so exacting as to compel me to undergo such a severe penance. I read

his recollections of ———— ; that was enough for me. That settled the status question as far as some people were concerned. Bother the *status*. I didn't start it. Kettle began it; no, I beg pardon, I mean Mrs. Kendal began it, and may finish it if she likes. As Mr. F. C. Phillips in his last novel observes, "a discussion on this generally ends in personalities." The *tu quoque* repartee at all events puts the argufiers on the same level, and with that *status* let them be satisfied. Here, at all events, I am not going to say another word on the subject.

* * * *

Except this, which is indirectly connected with it. In writing to thank M. Lafontaine for giving me his autographed photograph of himself as the Abbé Constantin—a masterpiece—I observed that could Bossuet have seen him in this part and have witnessed this play (which is so pure as to be an exception to most plays), it would have gone far to prove, even to that great Bishop, what possibilities for good there were in the drama, and would have reconciled him to the existence of one actor at least, and perhaps one company, on condition, probably, that his and their performance should be limited to "l'Abbé Constantin." Throughout Europe, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the comedian's profession was in more or less disrepute, which, as a body, it seems they did very little to lessen.

* * * *

Apropos of Bossuet, when Regnier the actor went to Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, to ask him, in the name of the Comédie Française, to remove the excommunication under which, as it was then supposed, the profession of actor lay, the Archbishop replied, "I cannot remove what does not exist. The sacraments of the Church are free to all good Christians everywhere." The conditions which the *rituels* of Paris imposed on the clergy in Bossuet's time, and which he quotes, had been abrogated, but when, and if formally, I have not as yet been able to ascertain. No doubt, in the eighteenth century, a certain number of the French clergy—among whom are to be included the unclerical ecclesiastics, nominally Abbés, who were only tonsured in order to legally hold benefices, and therefore were bound by no vows—were only too ready to compound for their

own laxity by siding with their conscientious brethren in wholesale denunciation of dramatic entertainments and all that they involved. Puritanism in England set on foot the tradition that the drama, playhouses and players, must necessarily be irreligious, and the subsequent reaction against Puritanism materially helped in justifying the traditions to serious-minded persons.

* * * *

There is no rule to prevent an English Protestant clergyman going to the theatre. He is as free to do so as he is to marry. In the Roman Catholic Church every diocese has its own regulations for its own clergy, which, of course, cannot contradict or be in any sort of opposition to the Church's universal discipline. A Roman Catholic priest cannot visit a theatre within his own diocese. But an Irish priest, for example, coming over for a holiday, might go to a theatre in London; only he is not allowed to perform any official act of a sacerdotal character during the period he is indulging his theatrical tastes. I have never heard of one case of an English Catholic priest being permitted to assist as a spectator at any theatre in England. When Mr. Toole in some part of his reminiscences (I cannot recall exactly the passage, but I am pretty sure I saw the statement either in Mr. Hatton's book or in the "Sunday Times"), says that several priests from a neighbouring Roman Catholic seminary attended one of his performances in the provinces, he must have mistaken students, who would be in clerical costume, for priests. I'm sure if the latter could have been present they would have enjoyed Johnnie's rich humour amazingly, for there could be no better audience than a party of clerics, to whom the fun of "Ici on Parle Français" would be a most enjoyable relaxation. Whether a Catholic priest can or cannot witness a theatrical performance is only a matter of discipline, which legitimate authority might relax. At various times I have seen several clergymen of the Anglican Establishment in full clerical attire at the theatre. At a certain class of entertainment their presence seems to me as incongruous as their dragoon's moustache and cleanly shaven chin and cheeks is inconsistent with their clerical coat and imitation Roman collar.

* * * *

When I mentioned "a certain class of entertainment" just

now, I was thinking of *opéras bouffes* and burlesque pieces or extravaganzas as they are placed on the stage nowadays. *Why do I use the expression 'burlesque pieces' instead of 'burlesque'?* That shows me you have not read what I said on the subject in the "Universal Review" last October. *Not read it.* No, why should you? Probably you wouldn't agree with it or it with you. I am not going to repeat it all here, don't be afraid. I only said, among other things, that "strictly speaking" a piece of this sort ought not to be termed "a burlesque" any more than you would speak of "a comic" or "a tragic." The frivolous objector might observe that years ago I might have spoken of "a funny." Yes, on the river before outriggers were in fashion. I don't deny that "a burlesque" *is* so used, and that nobody can have any doubt as to the kind of show he is going to witness when "a burlesque" is announced. I also observed that it was "not necessarily a travesty." *If that's all, it wasn't much, and not particularly new, eh?* Well, it wasn't all—so if you're interested—read the article; and as to its being new, why, to adapt Mr. Rider Haggard to the occasion, "and now happens a strange thing." In changing the position of some books I came unexpectedly on a small neatly and strongly bound volume which had hidden itself away, for I don't know how long, behind some bulky tomes of a serious character, as if out of sheer modesty it would not dare show itself in such superior company. Certainly, somehow or other the little volume had remained in uncongenial society, for it had stolen away from its theatrical friends and other companions of a light and airy description on the shelf to which it properly belonged, and had lost its way in a bookcase filled with theological and philosophical works. What business had a volume containing "Hamlet Travestie," "Rejected Addresses," and "A Lecture upon Heads," to be among "Cicero de Senectute," Aristotle's "Ethics," Hobbes's "Plato," St. Augustine's "Civitas Dei," Wetzler's "Apologie," Newton's "Principia," Newman's "Grammar of Assent," "The Bampton Lectures," and a number of others of a grave tone? I rescued it from being crushed by such weighty authorities, and on opening it—it is most perfectly bound and lies open before me at this moment—I found the first in the collection to be "Hamlet Travestie" (why not "Travesty"?) "in three acts, with

Burlesque Annotations after the manner of Dr. Johnson and Geo. Steevens, Esqre., and the Various Commentators." And on the same page lower down I see that this is the "Fifth Edition," so it is evident there was a public to buy even burlesques merely as literature in 1814, which is the date this publication bears. I thought till now that I had read this "Hamlet Travestie," but it must have been some other one, as I seem to remember the cast and the name of the theatre where it was performed in the page containing the *dramatis personæ*. Perhaps I am confusing it with a burlesque of "Othello." These irreverent jesters would not leave the bard alone in those bad old days, but certainly I do not recollect this particular edition of "Hamlet Travestie," which does not appear to have been publicly performed. After a humorous dedication, there is a preface, in which the author anticipates the reception which his work is sure to meet with at the hands of a certain class of readers and critics. And in doing this the author also anticipated my sentiments on the subject as expressed in the article above mentioned. For example, Mr. Poole very sensibly observes that "the objection most commonly urged against burlesques and parodies in general is, that they tend to bring into ridicule and contempt those authors against whose works they are directed. That this objection will hold when applied to works of inferior merit or to such as are deficient in sense or genius is freely admitted; but, when used with reference to such writings as, from their histrionic merit, have long been established in the public estimation, its futility is evident. Homer and Virgil have both been the subjects of strong burlesques, but they are still read with unabated admiration," and so forth. Euripides was burlesqued by Aristophanes, and, if I remember rightly, the person of the tragic poet was caricatured on the stage by an actor made up to represent him. *Rien n'est sacré pour un sçaveur* we all know, and a thorough *sçaveur*, but an uncommonly witty one, was Aristophanes. Evidently he disliked Euripides, had a grudge against him perhaps; and it is only when personal spite, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness animate the parodist, that his work becomes objectionable from every point of view. Nine times out of ten I should say the butt is regarded affectionately by those who are accustomed to get the most fun out of him,

and who love him as toppers would love an inexhaustible bottle. The liveliest caricaturist of Mr. Gladstone may be among his heartiest supporters. The cleverest imitator of Mr. Irving may be one of his warmest admirers. The lover, if a caricaturist with a strong sense of humour, would be more alive than any ordinary observer to what might be wanting in his lady's almost perfect taste, and might playfully execute a caricature whose exaggeration would show her whatever was a trifle absurd in the fashion which she had recently adopted. I doubt if even the caricaturist passionately in love would presume so much on a short acquaintance, but in a long engagement he might, and certainly such a design would be made in the spirit of the purest fun, actuated by a true artistic feeling in regard to the appearance or manners of the person to whom he had given his heart and was about to give his hand with his pencil in it.

In a foot-note to this preface I find another observation in which what I said about burlesque and travesty has been anticipated by John Poole, who says, "It may not be amiss to remark that, although oftentimes indifferently, the terms *burlesque* and *travesty* are properly distinct. Burlesque is more *general* in its application, travesty more *particular*. The former is levelled against blemishes and defects, which its object is to expose and ridicule, and please by comparison; the latter is constructed upon the various excellencies of any *particular* work, and derives its effect solely from the contrast. Hence a *travesty*, instead of derogating from the value or reputation of its subject, may be considered as an inadequate test of its merit."

His definitions are not strict, but in a general way I agree with him. Yet this burlesque of his on "Hamlet" is but poor stuff, though it did reach five editions. I yield to no one in my admiration for the genius of Shakespeare, though some wilful and perverse contemporaries have delighted to represent me in their writings as if I were inclined to treat Shakespeare and his plays as a Christian should treat the devil and all his works. This is trash: all I ever said on the subject was that no practical manager would put a play of Shakespeare's on the stage *intact*, and expect to please a nineteenth century audience. There is scarcely one play of Shakespeare's that can be so treated. In the "Henry Irving Shakespeare," ably edited by Frank Marshall and talented assistants, in the course of the

prefatory remarks to each play, an account is given of its stage history, how, when, and where it was played, with what rearrangement of scenes and omissions or text.

Had William Shakespeare, actor, manager, dramatic author, and poet, been living in the latter half of the nineteenth century, he would have accommodated the form of his plays to the fashion of the time, and so brought each one of them within the compass of a three hours' entertainment at most, including entr'actes. This is all I ever meant, though some of "the unfriendlies" still from time to time perversely and maliciously attempt to make out a case against me of having invariably deprecated the plays of Shakespeare. The Gobbos, the Dromios, in fact the majority of Shakespeare's low comedy parts, suited the taste and humour of their time. But now their fun is antiquated, their jokes are stale, their illusions unintelligible without antiquarian notes. Their quips and cranks, *jeux de mots* (then the fashion in even the most serious literature), are feeble, and the rhyming couplets are, for the most part, so childish as to be unworthy of a great dramatic poet of our day. Nowhere is there such great scope for the work of an intelligent stage manager as in the production of a Shakespearian play. Hitherto I venture to say that in such efforts Henry Irving stands unrivalled. I have never watched the process step by step, but judge by results, and credit him with the entire responsibility; and though there may be one in the series which has achieved less success than the others, yet I do not remember one distinct failure. This is remarkable where the principal actor is absolutely his own stage manager.

* * * *

Stage management is to my mind the most interesting and absorbing department of the drama in action. The stage manager must be an autocrat in his own kingdom, and so far it would at first sight seem fitting that a manager who may be also lessee or sole proprietor of a theatre should be his own stage manager. But this, as a rule, is a mistake, even where the manager is not the principal actor or an actor at all. Where there is a partnership, one of the partners may be the manager of the firm's financial business and the other the manager of the stage business; but as the latter must have his share in the finance, it burdens him with extra work to which he cannot give

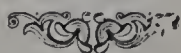
due attention. A wise lessee, be he actor, author, or manager, or all three, should relieve himself of all responsibility with regard to the stage by selecting a first-rate stage manager, and constituting him the supreme authority in his own department, from whose decision there should be no appeal.

* * * *

Nowadays too much stage management is required of the author, who is expected to "personally conduct" the stage management. This, as a rule, is a mistake. The dramatist's place is not on the stage. After the piece has been read to the company by the author—I hold to this old fashion for a variety of reasons, though it is torture to most authors—the author and the stage manager should work together first. When Mr. Barker was stage manager for me years ago, the plan I used with him was this: We took the first part of the first act in my study, where I had my plans already drawn, showing the situation of every character from sentence to sentence and from scene to scene, the movements being marked with arrowheads indicating the direction of the steps to be taken; and all this with such close attention to details, the slightest business being written out carefully, with numbers or letters referring to the plan. Thus six sheets of foolscap might be occupied with the business which was to accompany the dialogue that filled only half a page. To have had a large model theatre, to have had my characters made in card-board, scenes painted and set, and so forth, would have been far too expensive a matter for me; and though the plan is a good one, yet it has this defect, that, without the plans and notes as well, it would be impossible to refer to a previous situation about which there might be some doubt without changing the position of the models, and returning to the previous situation, which even then, unless noted down on paper, could not be relied upon as precisely exact. Not a movement on the stage should be made without a valid reason for it, and, therefore, when a character has to do a certain thing, the reason for it must be a practical one, and should be noted down for reference in case of dispute. Mr. Barker and myself used to work at this overnight, suggested difficulties as if they were chess problems, and solved them. Sometimes we would leave one or two questions open to be decided next morning by our going on the stage, and, before the company assembled,

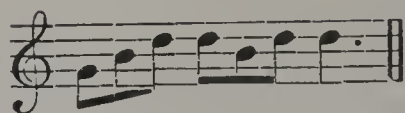
rehearsing the situation in question by ourselves. Literally a case of "*solvitur ambulando.*" Then I went back to my study, having plenty of work to do there, and Mr. Barker rehearsed as much of the piece as we had previously prepared together, and got that amount of it perfect. So we went on, until the rehearsals were finished and the piece ready for production. This plan I have always adopted whenever I could get a stage manager to work with me, but generally the manager has represented that I must at all events "start them," which means "go on with them," and for this sacrifice of his time a dramatist ought not to be called upon. A youthful author loves rehearsals, which to him mean very little more than standing idly on the stage, and chatting occasionally with persons more interested in their own parts than in the perfection of the *ensemble*. He is young, and one way or another his vanity is flattered by the circumstances of a rehearsal. But later on in life, when his day is fully occupied and every minute has its value, he grudges the time spent away from his desk, and is only too glad to find an intelligent and cheerful stage manager who is a thorough master of his art, and who officially takes upon himself the responsibility of producing the piece. A rough plan, a few notes, a reading together, and a consultation over each act between author and stage manager, should be quite sufficient, and the latter should recommend all the cutting or changes that may be necessary to the success of the piece. And if Shakespeare were alive to-day, a well-to-do busy man, still writing for the theatres but not acting, this is the plan a stage manager ought to pursue even with him, and this is just in effect what a sensible manager like Henry Irving does do when he produces a Shakespearian play. Anything more? Lots, but not at present. Hope I don't intrude. *Au revoir.*

F. C. BURNAND.



The Spider's Whistle;

OR,



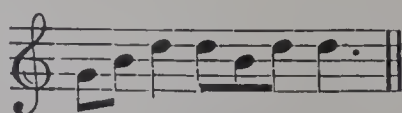
By WILSON BARRETT.



PLAY which was produced in London some few years ago, by

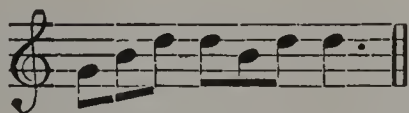
a manager who for certain reasons shall be nameless—written by certain persons who for other certain reasons must be nameless too—had among the *dramatis*

personæ a character nick-named by his associates “The Spider.” Now this particular spider had a signal, by which he made his presence known to the said associates when he could not communicate orally with them, or send up his card or name in the way in which folks who have not the fear of the detective, or the more conspicuous “bobby,” before their eyes would do. This signal was a whistle, which went thus—

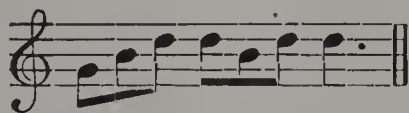


This whistle had a strange kind of fascination for the company who played in the piece, and eventually the signal, or whistle of the Spider, became the signal of the company—not only of

the original company, but of most of the other companies who travelled the provinces with the same play ; thus



was whistled into the wondering ears of many a would be sleeper in the country towns when the “boys” were going home and bidding each other good night. It was whistled by Jack across the street to Tom as a “Good morning ;” by Harry to Dick, as a “Come here, I want you ;” by Clem to Joe, as a “Where are you ?” Particularly useful was it on arrival in a strange town. Up and down the likely streets chums would tramp on a Sunday night, and find each other always when they tramped to the tune of



It was the signal in Company A, which was privileged to travel in the large towns ; and it was no less the signal of Company K, which was confined to the “very smalls.” It was a useful signal. It enabled Joe at a pinch to find Walter and borrow a half-crown at a needful moment, when but for that Walter might never have known Joe wanted the half-crown. See what Walter and Joe would have conjointly lost but for that whistle ! That whistle was useful in a thousand ways, but never more useful than on the occasion I am about to try to relate.

In Company K of the celebrated drama

WRITTEN BY

were engaged Alfred and Alice Loder, described in the bills as Mr. Alfred Loder and Miss Alice Caulton. They were honestly and legitimately married, dear reader, and as tightly bound by law as they were by love. But it was preferred somehow by those who governed Company K, and by themselves, that Mrs. Alfred Loder should be suspected of “being no better than she should be” rather than she should lose what attraction she

possessed as Miss Alice Caulton by being announced as part of the "one" which John Loder, by his marriage with her, had helped to make. They were indeed one. No, that is not quite correct. I ought to say one and a half, for the pet of the company, their little five-year-old son, added certainly another half to their unit. He was named Austin, and nicknamed "Humpy," not because he was in any way humpy or deformed—(on the contrary, a straighter-limbed little fellow never walked; go where he would, his innocent round chubby face, his bright blue eyes and golden locks, attracted attention and won him admiration)—but on account of a little incident that I will briefly relate before I toddle with Austin on to my, or rather on to his, story. Austin had, of course to travel from town to town with his mother and father, and they had to journey with the rest of the company. As they did not choose the hours of starting, naturally the much smaller Austin could not do so either. The time of travelling was fixed by the manager, and he could not fix it to please everybody, and very seldom was he able to fix it to please Master Austin. The start had, as a rule, to be made very early in the morning, and very early in the morning was "not for Austin if he knew it." Still Austin had to go, and one damp, cold morning the poor little chap was fished out of his warm, wee, cosy nest, and dressed much against his will. He arrived on the railway platform very grumpy and discontented with things in general. "How are you, Austin?" asked Tom Pervoker, the low comedian. Austin did not answer, but rubbed his little knuckles into his pretty blue eyes and looked glum. "I said 'How are you?'" repeated Mr. Pervoker, "and gentlemen always answer when they are spoken to, you know, Austin." "I know zay does gen'ally, but I'se no gemplum this morning. I'se got ze hump," replied Austin. Now "the hump," dear reader, is a slang term for bad temper, and that generally out-of-sorts condition which too many of us exhibit, most to those who are most likely to put up with it, or otherwise to those who most depend upon us for love, sympathy, or the needful in any shape or form. However, Austin's hump did not last long. Indeed, at the first stopping-place he was wide awake and as merry as a grig (whatever that may be), and when asked whether he'd still got the hump, replied, "No, I'se frowed it away."



From a Photograph taken specially for "The Theatre" by Vandyke, of Liverpool.

LITTLE AUSTIN.

It is hardly necessary to say that this bright little child, bonnie to look at, bonnie to listen to, and bonnier still to live with, was a great pet in the company. To be just to him, he had the hump very seldom, and then only on severe provocation. The slang expression "hump" he had picked up from his elders, as he picked up most things, for the imitative faculty was strong in Austin. This imitative faculty worried Humpy into learning the "Spider's Whistle." Day after day he struggled to get the notes, and, aided by his zealous teachers, he eventually mastered them, and could whistle the call almost as clearly and shrilly as his friends, so that Humpy's constant repetition of the "Spider's Whistle" was apt at times to grow a little tiresome. Heaven be praised for the whistle and for Humpy's imitative faculty; but for both there would be no little Humpy now to cheer and amuse us. Humpy, among his other Bohemian proclivities, had a tendency to wander. Nothing could keep him indoors save his parents. They had of course at times to be at the theatre for rehearsals, and there Humpy was not always permitted to go. He would be left at the lodgings in care of the landlady, of whom he would presently tire, and before that worthy could say "Jack," much more "Jack Robinson," Humpy was gone. He would wander about the streets until he found what he called the "fee-a-ter;" sometimes he walked in, no one ever knew how, or he was carried thither by some deeply sympathising stranger. Sometimes Humpy came in a nonchalant kind of a way in a carriage: some lady had seen the pretty boy wandering about evidently lost, had stopped to make inquiries respecting him, and, being struck with his quaint ways and quainter speech, had at his request taken him in her carriage to "the fee-a-ter." Humpy on these occasions would assume a calmly superior kind of air among the company, and look about him with a quiet dignity that seemed to say, "See, it's no use trying to keep me at home; I shall get where I want to get always." Whenever Humpy was found (and he was never lost) he invariably gave his name in full, and told his story thus: "Austin Arfur Loder, and I'se lost myself, and can't find my way home." "Where is your home, my little man?" he would be asked, and "Ze fee-a-ter" would be his reply. And to the theatre he would be guided, prattling to and amusing his conductors as he went. This wandering proclivity of Humpy's caused his parents

a little anxiety now and then, but he came back so safely and so happily after all his peregrinations, that they got to feel to a certain extent confident in his ability at all times ultimately to "find his way home." Humpy was told, however, whenever he should get lost at night, and could get no one to find for him "his way home," he was to give the Spider's Whistle. Nothing delighted Humpy more than to play at "Peep-Bo" with the company, and give the whistle when they pretended they could not find him. Would Humpy had never done more than play at hide and seek! But the time came all too soon when he was lost indeed, and all the seeking of those who loved him proved in vain. They had been living in a dream of fancied security, from which they were to be rudely awakened in a manner as strange as it was terrible. The company had been engaged to appear for "six nights only" in the quaint little seaside town of Abbots-Brotherwick, on the east coast of Scotland. A lovely neighbourhood with iron-bound rocks and cliffs, rugged picturesque caves, creeks and coves, about which when the weather was rough the waves dashed fiercely. When the weather was calm the beach was delightful, the sands soft, and children would play about the mouths of the numerous caves which their elders explored with torches. One of these caves was called the Devil's Cauldron, one end of which was on a level with the shore, from which there was a gradual ascent by a rocky channel terminating in a large hole in the rocks, in a little creek some two hundred yards from the shore entrance. In calm weather, when the tide was out, it was a perfectly safe walk from the shore to the opening in the rocks, but the descent from thence to the shingle of the creeks below was always accompanied by more or less danger. But in rough weather, when the tide was at its full, nothing could live there, for the waves dashed in at the shore end, and, pouring in rushing torrents through the cave, hurled themselves in seething foam through the opening at the creek into the air. The curious effect of the spray from this outlet bursting into space had no doubt suggested the name of the Devil's Cauldron. One bright July day Mr. and Mrs. Loder walked through this cave, leaving Humpy digging castles in the sand. When they returned they were so full of what they had seen that they could talk of nothing else, and Humpy heard so much of the Devil's

Cauldron that he begged to be taken there. This request was refused, as many of Humpty's demands were, with the formula of "It is not the place for little boys," a remark which always provoked a certain amount of resentment in Humpty's small breast. He could never be brought to understand why that which was good sauce for the elder ganders should not be equally good sauce for the youthful goose.

The morning following the visit to the cave, Humpty's father and mother were still talking of its wonders, and Mrs. Loder was telling her husband of a terrible dream she had had of the place. She dreamed that she had been chained to the rocks in the centre of the cave by some unseen power while the tide was down, and that she saw the waves dash in at the shore entrance and recede again, each wave gathering height and force beyond that which preceded it, until the waters were within a few yards of her feet. Terror-stricken, she tried to scream, but could utter no sound. At last a huge wave came thundering into the cave. Just as it was about to overwhelm her she gave a scream—a real one this time—which woke her panting and breathless from the nightmare which had so tortured her. Humpty listened to his mother's vivid relation of her dream with open ears and open mouth, and then delivered his little soul with "Umph! Yes; zat's a good deem, zat is. Wish I could deem like zat. 'Pears to me I ain't got nosing to deem about."

Lucky Austin! Be thankful for it. Many of your elders would gladly give up all their dreams for your innocent oblivion. Austin was, for him, exceptionally silent during the whole of that day, and seemed deep in thought. He was maturing in his little mind a plan which, had his parents known it, would have horrified them. But they didn't know it, and little imagined what their darling was plotting. If they had, what misery they would have been spared! But Humpty kept his little secret all too well.

At seven o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Loder went to the theatre, leaving their child to the care of the landlady. No sooner were they well out of sight than Austin, as was his wont, gave his temporary guardian the slip, and toddled off as fast as his little legs would carry him in the direction of the sea. At the theatre the performance proceeded as usual. Austin's father

and mother had no suspicion that anything was wrong until the commencement of the last act of the play, when the landlady sent in a message that "she was at the stage door, and wanted to know whether Master Austin was at the theatre." This message naturally startled Austin's father and mother, as they fondly believed their darling was snugly and soundly sleeping. The woman was sent for to the wings, hurried questions were asked and replied to, and the inexorable cue called the alarmed parents to their duties. It is a terrible thing in connection with the stage that no matter what suffering, mental or physical, the actor may be enduring, when the cue comes he must answer to



it. Pain, sorrow, anger, mirth, joy, grief, may sway the man, the actor must portray the passions of his part. While his heart may be breaking he must be the embodiment of mirth, or when burning with righteous wrath appear the personification of serene contentment and joy.

Mrs. and Mr. Loder, oddly enough, had in the parts they were playing to depict the joys of being re-united and recovering their lost children, while in reality they were distracted at the only too probable loss of their own beloved boy.

The longest night is succeeded by the day, and the longest
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XIII.

last act must end sometime. No act ever seemed so long as the one in which the Loders were playing, but it finished at last, and then they rushed to the, by this time, weeping landlady to eagerly question her and discover that beyond the fact that Humpy was gone she knew nothing.

Off with the paint and the powder of the play. Away with the fifth-act joys of the hero and heroine of the stage. Romance and reality jostle each other for supremacy and are running neck and neck in a race which will end in at least a dead heat, even if reality does not end in a canter.

"Don't worry, Alice, he's all right" said the father, feeling in his heart that he was all wrong. "I know that," said the mother, knowing that she knew nothing of the kind, but knowing, on the contrary, that her mother's instinct made her soul shiver with the consciousness that her baby, if not lost to her for ever, was in deadly peril of being so. Actors' sympathies are quickly stirred. The story of Humpy's disappearance soon ran the round of the little community, and all were eager and anxious to assist in his recovery. Every likely person that he might have called upon was questioned to no purpose. No one had seen him all the evening. The unhappy parents were half-distracted. In the little town most of the people were asleep. Quietness and darkness prevailed. Yet up and down the streets wandered Mr. and Mrs. Loder, the unhappy father giving the Spider's Signal at every corner. But there was no reply. "Let us try the police station, Alfred," said the poor mother, trying to repress her tears. At the police station the drowsy sergeant on duty was "very sorry," but he "had not seen or heard anything of the bairn."

"Of course if there had been any—any—accident you would have heard, would you not?" asked the father; and the mother shuddered at the word.

"Ay, we should have heard, sir. Maybe the wean is wi' some friends, and in the morning ye'll hear of him," said the sergeant, kindly.

"Thanks, yes, perhaps so," said Loder. "Come, Alice dear, come."

Out into the dark night again went the couple, Loder clasping tightly the hand of his wife. Home to their humble lodgings to find several of the company waiting

for news, but no little Humpy. Sleep or rest was out of the question. The sun would rise at half-past two, and they would continue their search, they would have a better chance then. Loder begged his wife to rest for a time, and with one or two of his companions returned to the streets, wandering up and down in their fruitless search until the day broke.

Little Humpy, on leaving the lodgings on the previous evening, had made straight for the beach. His little mind was full of the wonders of the cave, and he had determined to discover for himself if it did not contain something for him to dream about. After wandering on the sands for a time, he at last found the entrance, which on the shore end was wide and light.



As he toddled onwards, the cave narrowed and darkened. Humpy felt no fear, for on looking back he could see the wide opening, and the light there was strong and bright. Suddenly the path took a sharp turn to the left and the ascent grew steeper. Humpy toiled on for some time, until, feeling tired, he stopped to rest. Then he discovered he could no longer see the opening by which he had entered. Still the light which came from the far end was fairly good, and the little fellow was still

without fear. After resting he started again, to find after he had walked some little distance there was a ledge or shelf in the rock too high for him to climb. For some minutes he struggled to overcome this obstacle in vain. The light ahead was fading. Behind was pitch darkness. Now, for the first time, Humpy began to whimper. His little mouth twitched, the corners fell, he gave a sob, and with a cry of "Mammy, mammy!" he started to return the way he came. Unable to see, he groped his way into a turning in the cave, and stumbling, fell. Now the little fellow's nerve deserted him utterly. He was in utter darkness. His own cries echoed loudly and dismally through the hollow cave and frightened him still more. Dragging himself to his feet, he blindly staggered about in the rocky recess, until, utterly worn out with fright and fatigue, he fell against the side of the passage and cried as if his little heart would break. "Mammy, mammy! daddy, daddy! do come to me. Oh do, mammy! mammy!" the poor child cried again and again, until at last tired nature proved even too much for terror, and in the lonely darkness he sobbed himself to sleep. Humpy had his wish. He "had somesin to deem about" at last.

* * * *

The sun had risen with an angry flush under a heavy bank of slaty clouds. The tide was flowing in rapidly—already it was licking and splashing the foot of the cliff. Out at sea, as far as the eye could reach, the "white horses" were prancing gaily. Loder and his wife, accompanied by Mr. Pervoker, had wandered on to the cliffs. A lingering hope that Humpy might have fallen asleep in one of the many grassy dells still possessed the mother, but the father's soul was filled with a dread, that he did not breathe to his wife, that his baby boy was drowned. The wind was blowing strongly over the cliff, the tide rising higher and higher, the breakers beating with a sullen roar against the rocks.

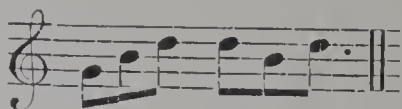
Loder's heart sank within him. "Come, Alice dear, it is no use searching here, come into the town:" The mother's hungry eyes searched in every direction in vain. Wearily and despondingly they retraced their steps, Loder and Pervoker whistling the Signal as they went. As they neared the little creek which formed the outlet of the cave, the wind was hushed for a moment. Loder whistled. "Was it fancy! Listen!"

There! there! again faintly along the breeze was borne the sounds.



"Answer, Tom." "I can't," said the father, trembling in every limb. "Austin! Austin!" screamed the distracted mother, "where are you?" The faint sound of the whistle was heard again. "He's in the cave! Oh, my God, help him and save him," said Loder, running fast towards the overhanging cliff in which was the opening of the cave. "Stop! stop man!" called Tom, "the cliff is like a wall—you can't descend. It is death!" "My boy, my boy!" cried the father, "I must save him! I will!" "Alfred, pray take care. Ah, merciful Father, he's down!" No, no! With nigh superhuman strength and activity, Loder was descending the cliff, holding on to every twig, tuft of grass, or projection of the rocks. The mother and wife, half mad with terror, her face blanched to a deathly white, her hair blown about by the wind, stood with clasped hands. "If he reaches him he cannot return," thought Tom; "he'll never scale the cliff alone, much less with the child. I'm off for help. Keep up your courage, Mrs. Loder, I'll soon be back." Away Tom sped in the direction of the fishermen's cottages on the cliff. Meanwhile from ledge to ledge crawled the father. The tide was rising faster and faster. Huge waves were now breaking against the cliffs, and the spray and foam dashed up to where Loder was fighting for his child's life and his own, adding a fresh horror to the scene. "Heavens," thought he, "the waves will soon burst right through the cave; he will be dashed to pieces!" Despair gave him new strength. Clinging, sliding, leaping, panting, breathless, his hands covered with blood, he reached at last the mouth of the cave. "Austin! Austin!" he shouted, and to his glad ears came the sound of "Daddy! daddy!" "Where are you, dear?" "I'se here, daddy," shouted the little fellow. On Loder stumbled in the darkness of the cave. The roar of the wind and waves was deadened by the louder roar of the waters as they crashed into the cave from the beach. "My God! I shall be too late even now," thought Loder, and even with the thought came the splash of water into his face. "Where are you, dear?" "I'se here, Daddy!" "Thank heaven! Thank heaven!" The

voice was at his elbow. Reaching out his hand, he felt, on a ledge of the rocks, his darling child. "My boy! My boy!" he sobbed, clutching him to his heart. Back up the slippery gorge towards the mouth of the cave struggled the father. Louder and louder roared the waters as they thundered against the iron sides of the cave. As he staggered on with his precious burden in his arms, a wave caught him, and, drenching him through and through, dragged him, as it receded, to his knees. Half choked and blinded, the wretched father struggled to his feet and tore up the rocks, knowing if he lingered an instant the next wave would engulf him and his child and hurl them through the Devil's Cauldron on to the rocks below. Up, up, he struggled, the child clinging tightly to his father. The opening of the cave was reached at last. The terror-stricken mother gave a sob of thankfulness as she saw her loved ones were alive. As Loder turned quickly along the ledge of the rock away from the Cauldron a huge wave came dashing through it, hurtling in clouds of foam and spray into the air, hiding from the mother her husband and child. But as it cleared away they were still there, safe and unharmed. The faithful Tom had returned with help. With much difficulty, and with some little danger, the father and child were drawn up the cliffs by scores of willing hands, and the mother's arms held her treasure once more. What a shouting and cheering there was! How each rough fisherman pressed forward to touch the little hero, while Tom, getting behind one of the men, played half hysterically at "peep-bo," calling to Humpty, who, forgetting, childlike, all his dangers in the joy of his deliverance, answered from his mother's arms with "The Spider's Whistle"!



Ballade of a Poet.

in a "Player's Hide."

(To——)

" . . . wrapt in a *Player's Hide*."



NOT unto those alone who sing
 Their rhythmic thought with tuneful tongue,
 Doth that high name which priest and king
 Alike cry 'hallowed' belong.
 Poets there be who sing no song,
 Some have but 'lived,' and some but 'died,'
 Yet are they of the starry throng,
 O! Poet in a "Player's Hide."

Some show us many a hidden thing
 In loveless marble waiting long,
 Some fan us with the dreamy wing
 Of dulcet sound to float along
 Rivers of joy from realms of wrong;
 And some have only sat and sighed,
 Yet are they of the starry throng,
 O! Poet in a "Player's Hide."

And some—but where is profiting
 A theme so endless to prolong?
 Whoso for life high symbols bring
 Are poets, though they sing no song.
 And so, dear friends, this evensong,
 We hail thee such with loving pride;
 We know thee of the starry throng,
 O! Poet in a "Player's Hide."

ENVOI.

O! Prince of Motley, gentle, strong;
 'Tis true thou hast not versified,
 Yet art thou of the starry throng,
 O! Poet in a "Player's Hide."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

The China Fairy.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.



OM JOHNSON was five-and-twenty, and a clerk in the City. He was married to the dearest little woman in the world, and they lived

in three rooms in a nice respectable street near Camden Town. Rose, Tom's wife, was a perfect little Household Fairy. Tom could only give her thirty shillings a week out of his salary, but she did wonders with it. The little sitting-room was always bright and cosy and clean, and there was always something nice for Tom's tea when he came home fagged out with the work and worry of the office. Of course they were obliged to be very economical, and to deny themselves many things they would have liked; but one treat they always allowed themselves every week, and that was a visit to a place of amusement. Tom and Rose were both very fond of the theatre, and by waiting till a play had had a good run, and by getting to the doors early, they generally managed to get a good place in the pit.

Being so fond of the theatre, Tom and Rose naturally took a great deal of interest in the theatrical items of news and gossip without which nowadays a newspaper is not considered to be fully adapted to the requirements of the public.

Poor little Rose used to give a sigh of envy sometimes when Tom read out to her the paragraphs about the enormous incomes which dramatic authors were making. "Oh, Tom," she would say, "fancy making hundreds of pounds a week like that just for writing a play! Fancy if you had been able to do it!"

“It would have been fine, wouldn’t it?” Tom would reply, and then they would begin fancying what they would have done with the money. They would have had a beautiful house, and a carriage and pair for Rose; and when she went to the theatre on the first night to see her husband come on the stage and bow amid the tremendous applause of a crowded house, she would have worn the loveliest dresses, and her diamonds would have been the envy of all the ladies.

“Oh, how beautiful it would be, Tom,” the young wife cried one day, as they conjured up visions of splendour together; “no getting up at half-past seven in the morning for you, dear; no



turning out in all winds and weathers; you would be able to have your breakfast nice and comfortably with me, and take plenty of time over it; and you would stop at home and work in your study, and I could bring my sewing and sit with you, and when you’d finished we should be able to have dinner together, and go out every evening to some place of amusement. Oh, Tom, dear, *couldn’t* you write a play?”

Tom shook his head. “I’m afraid not, Rose,” he said. “There’s a peculiar knack about it, I expect.”

“I suppose it is very difficult,” sighed Rose.

“You may be sure it is, my dear,” answered Tom, “or there would be a great many more people doing it, and the authors

wouldn't be getting such prices for their work as we read about in the newspapers."

One Saturday Tom and Rose went to the morning performance of a play that had been acted two hundred times straight off in London, and the author of which was reported already to have realised £10,000 by it.

On their way home they passed an old curiosity shop and stopped to look in at the window. Among the odds and ends there was a pretty little china fairy to which Rose took a great fancy.

"Oh, Tom dear," she cried, "look at that little china figure. Isn't it pretty? That's just the sort of thing I should like on my mantelshelf. I should never be tired of looking at it. Do go in and see how much it is."

Tom went in and asked the price, and returned with the information that it was ten shillings.

"Oh, dear," said Rose, "that's much more than we can afford. Come along, Tom."

But though Rose said "Come along," she didn't move. She stood looking lovingly at the little china fairy. All at once she gave a start. "Oh, Tom," she exclaimed; "look at that fairy's lips, they're moving."

"What nonsense!" said Tom, laughing; "you've been staring at it; it's an optical illusion."

"Tom, would it be very wicked if we bought it. I'd save the money out of my housekeeping."

"Well, it's a lot of money, but I daresay it won't ruin us. I see you want it, dear, and you shall have it."

And before Rose could stop him Tom had stepped into the shop, and presently he came out with the little china fairy carefully wrapped up in paper. Rose put it in her muff—it was quite a *little* fairy—and they bore it off home in triumph.

It looked so lovely on the mantelshelf, Rose couldn't take her eyes off it, but kept going up to it all the evening and saying, "Oh, you little dear!" and she would have it that the fairy's eyes were looking at her.

Tom laughed, but he confessed that it really was a very life-like little figure. The face was quite real, and the wonderful thing about it was that its expression seemed to change.

Being Saturday night, the young couple sat up rather late.

Tom smoked his pipe while Rose read to him, and they were so comfortable and so happy that they never noticed the time till Tom happened to look at his watch, and then he cried out, "Good gracious, Rose, it's one minute to twelve!"

Rose closed her book—she had reached the end of the chapter—lit the bedroom candle, and then Tom turned the gas out. As he did so the big clock downstairs struck twelve.

Just as the last stroke died away a sweet, soft, silvery voice exclaimed, "Thank you so much for buying me."

Rose was so startled that she dropped the candle, which fell on the floor and went out. Tom turned round with an exclamation, and there, with a halo of light round her head, stood the little china fairy on the mantelshelf. It was the fairy who had spoken. Her lips were parted, showing two rows of pearly teeth, and the kindest, sweetest smile was on her face.

"Don't be frightened," said the fairy, as Rose clutched Tom and wondered whether she ought to faint or not; "don't be frightened, I am a good fairy. I was turned to china by a wicked enchantress, but every night at twelve o'clock I recover the power of speech, which lasts until dawn. I was very unhappy in the old curiosity shop, where I was taken by the person who found me in a forest and thought I was an ornament. There was nobody there at midnight for me to talk to except a lot of Chinese idols and brass figures and creatures of that sort, and they didn't understand me. I was very pleased when you brought me to your nice happy home, and you can't think how I've been longing for twelve o'clock, to be able to thank you."

"I'm sure we're very pleased," stammered Rose, "but of course it's very odd. I don't like to ask you, but—er—would you like anything to eat?"

The fairy laughed a silvery laugh. "Oh, no," she said, "fairies are never hungry. Besides, I want you to be kind enough to open the window for me and let me fly away. If I can get back to fairyland before dawn I may find my protectress, who will take away the spell that has been put upon me."

"Oh, certainly," said Tom, "with pleasure;" and he was proceeding to open the window when he recollected the fairy had cost him ten shillings, and that the transaction would be a dead loss to him.

The fairy evidently guessed what was passing in Tom's mind,

for she flew gracefully off the mantelpiece and came and stood on the table beside him.

"I will not be ungrateful," she said; "as a reward for your kindness I can grant you one wish, whatever it is."

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Rose, who had gradually shaken off her nervousness. "Wish to be a dramatic author."

Tom was always an obedient husband (that was why he was so happy), and so he said at once, "I wish to be a dramatic author."

"Certainly," said the fairy. "Go to bed, and to-morrow when you wake up you will be one. Now thank you very much, and good night." The fairy kissed her little hand to the young couple, spread her wings, and flew away into the moonlight. Tom and Rose watched her as far as they could see her, then closed the window and retired to rest.

*

The next morning, when Tom woke up, he had a splitting headache, and he felt so awfully seedy he could hardly sit up to look at his watch.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "it's twelve o'clock!"

Then he looked round for Rose and found she wasn't there.

"Rose! Rose!" he called out, "where are you?"

Rose came running in from the next room.

"Oh, you are awake at last, Tom," she said. "Will you have a cup of tea?"

"I think so; I— By Jove, I'm awfully ill, and I can hardly open my eyes."

"I don't wonder at it," said Rose; "it was six o'clock this morning when you came home."

"Oh, ah, yes! I remember," said Tom, sitting up and looking round the large elegantly furnished bedroom, "a beastly all-night dress-rehearsal. And I've to go down to the theatre again to-day, and see that scene. I have to alter the situation at the last minute to suit the scene, because the scene itself can't be altered in time."

"Was Mr. Smith any better tempered last night?"

"No; he swears it's the worst part he ever played, and he's sure that it will be a frost; and Miss Brown won't have that speech cut out; she says it's the only good one she has, and I'm sure that it will be goosed, and it comes just at a critical point."

Tom was just going to lie down again till the tea came, when a servant came up.

"Please, sir, Mr. Jones has called, and he says he must see you at once."

"Oh, bother!" said Tom. "What's the matter now? Ask him to come up."

Rose went down, and presently Mr. Jones, the manager of the theatre where Johnson's drama was to be produced on Monday evening, came in.

"Sorry to worry you, old fellow," said Jones, "but it's serious. Everybody who saw the dress-rehearsal last night says the fifth act will settle the play. You must end it in the fourth."

"What!" yelled Tom, pressing his hands to his splitting head; "cut out the last act? It can't be done. A year has to elapse between Acts 4 and 5."

"Oh, you can get over that. At any rate, it will have to be done."

"I won't do it," shrieked Tom; "I won't. I'd sooner throw the confounded play in the fire. Why, it's ridiculous. Look here, Mr. Jones; I'm the author, and I'm responsible. You'll either play my play as I've written it, or you won't play it at all."

Tom had worked himself up into a violent rage, and the manager tried to calm him.

"Don't be a fool, Johnson," he said; "think it over and come down to my house. Smith" (that was the leading man) "will be there, and Robinson" (the stage manager), "and we'll talk it over quietly. I must go now. I must call on Miss Blank and see if she can play Mary Walters to-morrow night."

"Miss Blank? Why, Miss Dash is going to play it."

"What, haven't you heard? She was thrown out of her cab going home from the rehearsal last night, and won't be able to play for a month."

Tom groaned and flung himself back on the pillow.

"Everything in the play depends on Mary Walters," he said, "and you're going to have it played at twelve hours' notice by a girl who's never seen a line of the part yet."

"What are we to do?"

"I don't know," groaned Johnson, "I'll come round presently. I believe this play will drive me mad."

An hour later Tom was going downstairs growling and groaning to himself, when Rose came out of her boudoir.

"Going out, Tom? Why, you haven't had your breakfast."

"I can't eat a morsel," said Tom. "I'm done up, Rose. I wish I'd been at Jericho before I became a dramatic author."

* * * *

Monday night came, and Tom, in a state of high fever brought on by overwork and anxiety and late hours, walked up and down outside the theatre, trying to sum up courage to go in. He had cut out the last act; he had given Miss Blank one hurried rehearsal; he had quarrelled with the leading villain, who had told him before the whole company that the play was rot; he had gone home in a vile temper, and made Rose cry her eyes out; and now, in a state bordering on delirious fever, he was awaiting the verdict on a play which had cost him months of anxious thought, and on which the management had expended thousands of pounds.

"If it's a failure I'll never write again," groaned Tom.

Just then a man came hurriedly out of the stage door.

"Curtain up yet?" asked Tom, nervously.

"No, sir; there's something gone wrong with the scene in the first act, and the mechanical change won't work through it. I'm just going out to see if I can find Mr. ——. They say it'll be half an hour before it will be put right."

Tom rushed into the theatre. As he went upon the stage he could hear the audience stamping and shouting. It was then five minutes past the time the curtain should have gone up.

Everybody was bustling about, and there was evidently something wrong.

"It's all right," said the stage manager, coming up to Tom and trying to ease his mind. "It's not so bad as we thought. We'll ring up directly. We can get it right, I daresay, while the first scene is playing. If not, I must come on and explain there's been an accident."

Tom groaned and rushed out into the street again. "Oh, my poor play, my poor play," he cried, "it's damned before it's begun."

* * * *

An hour and a half later, Tom, pale, shivering, clutching his

hands together in nervous excitement, crept into the back of the pit. The third act was just beginning. There was a very powerful scene in this act. Tom had built upon its making a great impression on the audience.

The villain suddenly appears at a window, and while another villain is writing a letter, shoots him, and the unfinished letter is left on the table and found by the hero, who rushes in and reads the plot against his happiness.

The villain has to cautiously open the window. He does so after struggling with it for five minutes, and making a noise



which could be heard all over the house, but of which the other villain takes no notice.

"He has not heard me," says the villain.

"He must be jolly deaf then," says a boy in the gallery, and the house titters.

The perspiration bursts from every pore of Tom's skin. His situation is going wrong.

But the house is hushed immediately. There is no fairer audience in the world than that which assembles in a London theatre on the first night.

But it is only a human audience, and so when, as the villain crept in at the window and was just advancing on his victim, the

looking-glass, real, fastened on the scene, came down with a crash, and the victim, following his author, exclaimed, "No sound disturbs the silence of the night," there was a roar.

The situation was going fast. It went utterly when the villain, disconcerted, as well he might be, in creeping up behind the victim's chair caught his foot against a platform intended to draw the table off for a change of scene, and fell sprawling, his pistol going off between his unconscious victim's feet.

With the roars of irresistible laughter which followed this



final catastrophe ringing in his ears, Tom Johnson rushed from the theatre to the Thames Embankment.

"It is ruin. It is disgrace," he cried. "I can never survive it. Curse the hour when I gave myself up to this life of constant harass, annoyance, and disappointment! How can I read the awful things that will be said of me in the papers to-morrow! How can I meet my friends and listen to their condolences! How can I ever enter a theatre again! No, I will not live to die in a lunatic asylum. I will end it all in the peaceful river."

Tom leapt upon the parapet and was about to make the fatal plunge, when he heard a sweet silvery voice behind him.

It was the China Fairy's.

With a frantic cry Tom turned to her. "Can you grant me another wish?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly."

"Then make me a clerk in the City again, and at once."

* * * *

"Tom."

It was Rose's voice.

Tom woke up with a start.

"Breakfast's ready, dear, and it's nine o'clock. Aren't you going to get up?"

Tom shouted for joy. He was a clerk again, and it was Sunday morning, the happy day of peace and rest at home with his dear contented little wife.

Oh! what a happy Sunday it was. How snug and comfortable the little sitting-room looked. And after breakfast, when he sat down and read in the Sunday paper an awful "slate" of Mr. Three Starrs' new play, he felt a great weight lifted from his heart, and he exclaimed, "Thank heaven I'm not a dramatist, but only a happy City clerk, with just enough to live on, and only one master!" And he never wanted to be a dramatist again as long as he lived.



The series of Wednesday *matinées* arranged by the energetic lessee of the Haymarket commenced on December 5 with the revival of "Masks and Faces," that excellent comedy by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor. Of Mrs. Bernard-Beere's performance as Peg Woffington there is no occasion to speak, this talented actress having made the *rôle* for a long time almost her own. Mr. Beerbohm Tree appeared for the first time as Triplet, and won golden opinions. As is usual with Mr. Tree on his assuming a fresh character, he was nervous, and this may have accounted for his giving us less of the humour of the unfortunate but kindly and gentle poet, dramatist, and painter. On his playing the part a second time, on the 12th, there was much more lightness, and it was a remarkably fine and intellectual performance. Mrs. Tree was a most charming Mabel Vane, so true and tender, and Mr. Macklin was very good as Ernest Vane. Mr. Charles Brookfield was rather too courtly a Sir Charles Pomander. That sound old actor Mr. Vollaire was excellent as Colley Cibber, and Miss Aubrey was a handsome jealous Kitty Clive. The Quin of Mr. Charles Allan, and Soaper of Mr. F. Harrison, left nothing to be desired, but Mr. Kemble emphasised the venom of Snarl rather strongly.

Kittie Southwell's Conspiracy.

BY HOWARD PAUL.



THE fair sex from time immemorial has been accused of quite monopolising that compound of love and hate, of folly and fury—that Lear of passions, the weak mad dupe of his own creations—Jealousy. On behalf of the charming sisterhood I fling back the charge on their accusers, for the lordly sex

it is who as often yield to the “green-eyed monster” loyal and ready obedience. If you doubt the truth of this position glance at the following historiette.

A bright little creature was Kittie Southwell—a charming, beautiful riddle. She was a blonde, with a mild, tender, Lucy-Ashton-ish sort of face, and was so winsome and attractive, I would defy flesh and blood to withstand. And yet this angel in form and feature was really as dashing, daring, care-for-nought a will-o'-the-wisp as ever took heart by stratagem or carried it by storm. She was politic, however, seldom showing both sides of her character to the same persons. Her teachers praised her as a pattern of studiousness, while her girl friends adored her as the incarnation of fun and frolic, who led them into the merriest escapades and as triumphantly brought them out.

On leaving school at Clifton, Kittie spent a few months with a friend in London, where she met her destiny. Desiring to have her portrait painted, a young artist of promise was selected by her friends. She found him quite her idea of a votary of his art; his lightest words, the tones of his voice, disclosed an ardent temperament, and when he conversed, wit, logic, and fire were welded together in glowing periods. Taken for all in all, he was a man destined to make his mark in the world.

Kittie soon saw, by woman's marvellous intuition, that Mr. John Richmond was in love, and with her own sweet self, but she was a well-disciplined girl, and watched over her heart. She liked the young artist passing well, and thought him clever, but in regarding his character she had one fear. It was, that his devotion to painting arose not from a sincere love for art, but from an overweening personal ambition, that passion which the world has christened with a glorious name, but which is frequently but an intense and concentrated egoism. So she did not yield to woman's amiable weakness and love because she was beloved; did not let *gratitude* lead her blindfold to the altar. I know I should put on gloves while handling this dear pet fault of the sex. But, my dear girls, pray bring your everyday tenderness, your patient, fond, self-sacrificing love, and then place man's holiday admiration, his exacting, doubting affection, in the opposite scale, and see in what hurricane haste they will go up. Thank a man for reading you his latest essay, for writing an acrostic on your name, for saying you are surprisingly like the photos of a reigning beauty, but never for the honour of his preference. Be grateful to him for the offer of his *mouchoir* to hem, or his gloves to mend, but never for that of his heart and hand. In love matters, fling away gratitude, it is but a charity-girl sort of a virtue at the best.

It was, finally, in no hour of triumph that Kittie Southwell felt all the sweet waters of her heart gushing tumultuously toward him who loved her. She had accompanied him to a picture-gallery, where a painting on which he had expended much thought was being exhibited. There was present an artist of distinction, who, passing before Richmond's picture, bestowed upon it a compliment and then criticised it with severity. Kittie attentively watched the face of her lover—flushes passed over his brow, but he silently drank in every word

uttered by his critic. When the ordeal was over, Richmond left her side, approached the artist, introduced himself, and expressed his gratitude for the valuable, though painful lesson. Kittie was not given to weeping, but when her lover rejoined her she was in tears, and she pledged him her dear little hand that very night.

Kittie left for home soon after. I saw, almost as soon as we met, that she loved—that woman's destiny had floated out of heaven and hung over her life, a cloud of purple and gold. You should have seen their letters; they were tender, delicate, impassioned. There was one thing I observed—Kittie had evidently not shown her lover the rompish, playful side of her character. Woman, when first in love, seldom deals in *persiflage*. She really makes a serious matter of that which is, at best, but a “divine comedy.”

A few months of the engagement had passed, when a sister of Richmond's visited London. He had not seen her for some years; meanwhile she had danced up from childhood, and was now just poising herself on the threshold of seventeen, a spirited, beautiful brunette. Richmond tried in vain to tame her; she would play pranks, in her “airy fairy way,” and her mentor ended at last by falling in with her blithesome moods.

Richmond had never written to Kittie of his sister Marie, but he told the latter all about Kittie. He enlarged much on the *confidence* of his lady-love. “Don't you think it strange,” he remarked, “that she never expresses a doubt of my fidelity, though she knows that I meet hosts of charming girls who would not care to look farther than—the brother of so fine a girl as you, Marie?” “Ah, but has that modest brother of mine ever intimated to her his knowledge of those dangerous sirens?” “No, Marie.” “Then she has not had cause for distrust; give her a peg to hang a doubt upon, and she'll promptly do so—all girls are alike.” Just then she caught a glimpse of her radiant face in the glass opposite, and, clapping her hands, cried out, “I have it! You say she does not know you have a sister. Well, write her a description of *me*! Don't go so far as to pretend you are in *love*, but tell her all about the jolly life we live as master and pupil; and if she doesn't exhibit jealousy—if your angel don't show the woman, I'll—be a pink of propriety for a whole fortnight!”

And so they put their wicked heads together, and the next post bore Kittie Southwell the following from her faithful lover :—

“Dearest Kittie,—Your sweet letter has looked me reproachfully in the face for some days. I have no excuse to offer for my silence that will satisfy myself, and so it might not you. But you will find one for me in your heart, will you not, dearest? I have to tell you of a charming pupil of mine, first premising that you must not be jealous; there is nothing in the world so disagreeable as a jealous woman. You really should see ‘our Marie,’ for so every one calls her. She is the most amusing little *mélange* you can imagine of the artless impulses and untamed spirits of the child, and the budding affection and harmless coqueties of the girl. I believe she has sentiment, and I know she has feeling; but her dominant spirit is *mirth*. Her presence is the soul of joyousness; she dances as though her feet had unseen wings. And then her laugh—it is the silvery gush of gladness. Her face is classical in its contour, and her eyes, one moment, you would declare, were of the softest hazel, and the next, as black as night. As to her manner, she has, it must be confessed, a little too much *naïveté*. But she is young and has never known a sorrow. I regard her innocent breaches of decorum with leniency. For instance, while giving her a lesson this morning, she said with a smile, ‘I did not think I should like you half so well when I first saw you. I find we are strangely sympathetic.’ Kittie, I really felt called upon to kiss her hand. She only laughed, dearest. I don’t believe she thinks seriously of me, for she knows I have only a moderate income, and her face should win her a fortune.

“Marie is teaching me waltzing. I know you will be pleased to hear I am making progress in this accomplishment. Were you a silly girl, now, I should fear your pouting over this, but I always fancy you my partner—that it is your dear form I am whirling about in the delirium of the waltz.

“I have never told her of our engagement. I fear the madcap could not keep it to herself, and love is something far too delicate to be chattered about hither and thither.

“Forgive my short letter; Marie is waiting for me to accompany her to a concert. There is nothing in which I have greater

faith than in your faith and goodness; they constitute a little Paradise, of which I am the sole owner. Adieu, love. "R."

KITTIE SOUTHWELL'S REPLY.

"Dear Jack,—I was delighted with your letter. It disclosed a remarkable coincidence. But I must explain. Well, there lately arrived at Sweetbriar Cottage, Lieutenant Mortimer Lacy, who is in the Lancers, my own cousin, and a splendid fellow too. He has such a faultless form and face, and so imposing an air; and his uniform is so becoming! and he is so tall—I wish *all* men were tall; it is certainly more natural to look up to them. I wish all men were soldiers too; for uniforms are so effective in a ballroom. I agree with you that 'there is nothing in the world so disagreeable as jealousy.' Some people think it shocking for me to waltz with Mortimer, but I smile at their old-fashioned notions and away we whirl!

"Mortimer is a splendid horseman, and we have delightful rides together. You were always so fearful my horse would run away with me, that it really made a pain of a pleasure. Now cousin pays me the compliment of trusting to my horsemanship, and allows me even to venture on the most daring exploits.

"Mortimer is rich, and says that after he becomes a general he shall retire and spend his life enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*. That sounds like Latin, and means, I suppose, a house in town, box at the opera, travelling and giving dinners and *fêtes*. He will be in London in August, and if you call on him, and make yourself agreeable, he may prove a patron, though he has little taste for the fine arts. I hope you will paint his portrait in uniform for us. I believe with you in the sacredness of love. I keep our engagement a secret. There is not to me a more ridiculous figure than an engaged young lady in the absence of her lover. She sits in company with dreamy eyes, puts on a lady-abbess look of shocked propriety when asked to waltz, and shrinks like a sensitive plant from the innocent kiss of a brother or cousin. I believe my manners have been free from this school-girlish silliness; for to tell the truth, the gallant lieutenant has already laid siege to my heart with impetuosity. I know you will be proud to hear your betrothed has made so formidable a conquest.

"The horses are at the door, and now for a gallop over the

downs! Good-bye, dear Jack; I send you a shower of kisses.
Your loving
"KITTIE."

A tolerable idea of a mental chaos had Mr. Jack Richmond on reading this epistle. He smiled, but it was "a ghastly smile." In vain he tried to believe Kittie in jest; jealousy obscured his perceptions with a thick *green* cloud. Marie was going out for the evening, but he called her back and handed her the letter. She laughed over it, and gave it as her opinion that his sweetheart was a sensible girl that knew how to take and give a joke; and left him with the sisterly advice not to make a fool of himself in his reply. How he profited by it the following will show:—

"Dearest Kittie,—How could you write so terrible a letter? Mine was a jest. Marie is my *sister*. But your letter cannot be mere pleasantry; beneath the sparkling foam is an undercurrent of deep meaning. It is as if you are lost to me for ever. You must have seen that my letter was a jest, but were too happy of an opportunity to break those ties which to you are irksome, but which bind *me* to life; those vows, plighted beneath the eternal stars, Kittie! I would come to you, but I dare not; the place by your side is occupied by another. But three short months have passed since, in a delirium of rapture, I first called you mine; and now, in an agony of hopeless love, I write, *you are free!*

"Oh! my heart is crushed, and my brain whirls! I fear I am ill. Yet do not let that give you unhappiness. May love and joy and peace enfold you.
"J. R."

He wrote the above in absolute earnest, and in due time received the following:—

"My Dear Jack,—What a 'Comedy of Errors' we have been enacting. There was but this difference—you wrote in a lover-like way of your *sister*, while I was *romancing altogether!* I have no cousin Mortimer, but I manufactured him, regimentals and all, out of my own brain. I accepted your letter as a hoax, and merely thought to give you a Roland for your Oliver. So you see, dear, you have wasted an immense amount of Romeo-ish anguish and despair. Nor is that the worst feature of your case.

You have doubted me ! In a rash mood you have flung back my plighted faith as a thing of little worth. Now, indeed, is an opportunity to display the inborn dignity of woman by proudly accepting the freedom you offer. But alas ! there is an obstacle in the way. It happens, unfortunately, that—*I love you ;* that it has become quite a habit with me to think of you, and I am not tragedy queen enough to punish myself in being revenged on you. Come to us and bring ‘our Marie ;’ I am impatient to meet her, and to have a good jolly laugh over our romance of folly. Now and ever thine,
 “ KITTIE.”

There, patient reader ! Who was the jealous one on this occasion ?



The Christmas Hymn.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.



SAVED by a Christmas Hymn ! 'Tis a tale I can never forget

Though I was alone in the world ; and she was a stranger as yet.

Saved by the Angels' Song ! embodied in quaint old rhyme,

That rises up to the throne of God at the holy Christmas time.

Saved from the taint of the world, that tears can never efface,

Planted firm in the fold of faith, and given the gift of grace.

And how did it happen ? and what did she do ? and how did it chance to be

That she left me here still wandering on : while she till eternity

Will sing the same everlasting song, till age itself grows dim ?

I'll tell you straight how the woman I loved was saved by a Christmas Hymn !

I was a lad and she was a girl in the old cathedral town,
Whose spire points up to the blue of Heaven in the vale of a
Wiltshire down ;
And somehow or other a voice to sing, a voice to pierce and cry
Was given to lighten the heart of men, and gladden the
passers-by.
And they flocked to the choir at Christmas time, forgetting all
hate and wrong,
To hear the voice of the chorister boy, and the sob of the
Christmas song.
But the girl, who dreamed of the angels then, sat away in the
aisle apart,
As the song of *Adeste*, charged with love, was carried from lips
to heart.
And she mused, though little he thought of her, and little she
dreamed of him,
“ I shall hear that voice till the end of time, and be saved by
that Christmas Hymn ! ”

So the voice and the spirit parted ! and apart they drifted away,
Far off from the aisles and the organ, and the life where sun-
shine lay,
Away from the old cathedral, the close and the cloister sod,
Where the boy sang the songs of the angels : and the maiden
dreamed of God !
Away to the cruel city, to the stones where the pilgrim feet
Are stained with the sins of ages, are bruised in the hurrying
street.
Away to the fierce temptation, that to whitest of garments clings,
That hardens the heart that is praying, and hushes the voice
that sings.
To the mighty ! awful city ! its terror, its death-bell toll,
Where Sirens sigh for the spirit ! and Demons fight for the
soul !
So the lily was crushed in the blossom, and the scent of the rose
had fled,
The heart that had trusted broken ; the hope that endured lay
dead.
Only a lonely woman, who was lost in the crush and the crowd,
It was only a plaything broken, it was only a fair head bowed !

Merely one helpless creature with a bold man ridden away ;
Simply a sad-eyed sister who was left by the side of the way !
Nothing before but danger, and little behind but regret ;
Was there one in the world to help her ? was there one who
could save her yet ?

Was there one little drop more sorrow to fill the cup to the
brim ?

Well ! the door of a church was open, where they chanted the
Christmas Hymn.

Was it Fate or Despair that led them that lonely Christmas
night

To think once again of the angels, and to live once more in the
light ?

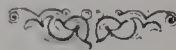
For he had been wandering also, and his heart was heavy as
lead,

Forgotten the grace once granted ; the faith that existed dead !
Just a touch—then she turned and saw him and followed him
softly there

To the altar long neglected, to the lamp in God's house of
prayer.

Was there ever a Christmas welcome by prodigal surer felt,
Than the hope sent down by angels as the suppliants humbly
knelt ?

For the Angel Host rejoices as to Heaven on incense rolls
The Cry of Repentant Sinners ! the Joy of the Pardoned Souls !



Our Play-Box.

"TROUBLES."

Comedy in one act, by B. W. FINDON.

First produced at St. George's Hall, Thursday evening, November 22, 1888.

Arthur Kingsforth ..	Mr. J. B. WILLOUGHBY.	Aunt Deborah	Miss LIZZIE HENDERSON.
Isaacs	Mr. J. E. ROGERS.	May Kingsford	Mrs. B. W. FINDON.
Aeneas Jones	Mr. B. GONDARD.	Servant	Miss KATE OVERTON.
Tom Sellen	Mr. R. ASLET.		

This very brightly-written little piece was played by the Fore Street Elocutionary Society, a body of amateurs that includes amongst its members some few possessing great talent. In "Troubles" is told the simple story of Arthur Kingsforth, a barrister, who, having utopian ideas on politics, neglects his profession, and gets involved in debt through befriending working men's political clubs. His continued absences from home and his money troubles, which make him irritable, rather estrange his wife from him until the crash comes, and Isaacs, a Jew money-lender, is likely to take all their belongings for cash advanced on a bill of sale. Aunt Deborah, who, outwardly a stern, uncompromising, and outspoken female, has been looked upon as possessing no more heart than a milestone, comes to their rescue. Under a rough exterior she proves to be a genuinely kind old creature; she clears her nephew of his liabilities in the most generous manner, and discomfits Isaacs by recognising him as the forger of a cheque which she holds.

Aunt Deborah was capitably played by Miss Lizzie Henderson; Mrs. B. W. Findon was sympathetic as May Kingsford, and Mr. J. E. Rogers was clever, if somewhat of the conventional type of stage Jew.

"Ours," played on the same night, was fairly acted all round. Mrs. Findon specially distinguished herself as Mary Netley, and Mr. J. E. Rogers as Sergeant Jones. Miss R. G. Le Thière rendered good assistance as Lady Shendryn, and Miss Edith Cole was a handsome winning Blanche Haye. Messrs W. Major, J. B. Willoughby, and H. L. Attrill aided in the success of the evening. The stage management was very good.

"THE ALDERMAN."

Modern Comedy in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. BARRIERE and CAPENDU'S "L'Heritage de M. Plumet," by JAMES MORTIMER.

First produced in an evening bill at the Jodrell Theatre, Saturday, November 24, 1888.

Alderman Joseph	Mr. HENRY ASHLEY.	Mr. France	Mr. FRANK WORTHING.
Peach	Mr. ROYCE CARLETON.	Cutts	Mr. F. KEIGHLEY.
Jack Peach	Mr. COMPTON COUTTS.	Eleanor Dolman ..	Miss GABRIELLE GOLDNEY.
Edward Morgan ..	Mr. SIDNEY HARCOURT.	Maud Godwin	Miss LILIAN MILLWARD.
Ernest Godwin ..	Mr. W. H. PENNINGTON.	Amy Morgan	Miss ANNIE WHITE.
Captain Dolman ..	Mr. MARK KINGHORNE.	Betty	Miss NITA WYNN.
Captain Manning ..	Mr. E. M. ROBSON.	Gertrude Temple ..	Miss NELLIE LINGARD.
Mr. George			

Had the cast of "The Alderman" been the same on its first production on the afternoon of April 29 of last year at the Criterion Theatre as it was

on its reproduction here, the probability is that the play, though possessing very considerable merit, would have been heard of no more. But at the *matinée* the author had the valuable aid of Mr. George Barrett in the title-*rôle*, the perfect acting of Messrs. Brandon Thomas and Julian Cross as the two old Crimean heroes was specially praised, and Miss Lydia Cowell, Mrs. C. L. Carson, and Miss Minnie Bell were also excellent.

On Saturday, whether it arose from nervousness or insufficient rehearsal, Mr. Henry Ashley, who has hitherto earned a reputation by his quiet humour, was, as the alderman, who is so vacillating and easily led, and thus becomes the victim for a time of designing relatives, a poor, weak creature, whose troubles only excite contempt, and certainly afford but little amusement. Mr. Pennington altogether missed a fine opportunity as Captain Dolman, though Mr. Mark Kinghorne did some good work as Captain Manning. The only actor who really imparted life to the performance was Mr. Royce Carleton, who fairly lifted the piece whenever he appeared. Of the ladies, Miss Gabrielle Goldney looked handsome and played with quiet grace. Miss Nellie Lingard was vivacious and amusing, though not quite what Gertrude Temple originally appeared to be—a warm-hearted, ingenuous girl—but no doubt the young lady acted according to her instructions. Mr. Paul M. Berton was the stage-manager.

“A WHITE LIE.”

Comedy in one act, adapted by JAMES MORTIMER from the French of M. H. MEILHAC.

First produced at the Jodrell Theatre, Saturday, November 24, 1888.

Sir Geoffrey Grandison	Mr. W. H. PENNINGTON.		Rose	Miss LILIAN MILLWARD.
Herbert Grandison	.. Mr. JOHN TRESAHAR.		Mrs. Miller	Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS.

Mr. Mortimer had compassed an excellent adaptation of “L’Eté de St. Martin,” but was unfortunate in the interpreter of the principal character. Sir Geoffrey Grandison is so incensed against his relative Herbert for, as the baronet considers, marrying beneath him, that he forbids him his house. Rose, the reputed niece of Mrs. Miller, the housekeeper, pays a lengthened visit to her supposed aunt, and makes herself so indispensable to Sir Geoffrey by humouring his every wish that he fairly falls in love with, and proposes to, Rose, and then learns that she is the daughter of the plebeian “shirtmaker,” who has captivated his nephew. Needless to say that his prejudices are overcome, and that the young people are forgiven.

The dialogue was charming, and the characters of Sir Geoffrey and Rose excellently drawn; but Mr. Pennington, who unfortunately should form the centre figure of the picture, took a completely wrong view of the part. Miss Lilian Millward was more successful as Rose, and Mrs. Edmund Phelps thoroughly good as Mrs. Miller.

“THE WIDOW WINSOME.”

Original Play, in three acts, by ALFRED C. CALMOUR.

First produced, at the Criterion Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, November 27, 1888.

Frank Blandish	Mr. H. B. CONWAY.	Doctor	Mr. J. GRAHAME SLEE.
Captain Dearlove.. ..	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.	Dorothea	Miss KATE RORKE.
Major Furness	Mr. JOHNSTONE.	Lady Priscilla Goshawke	Miss GERTRUDE KINGS-
Roland Harefield	Mr. COMPTON COUTTS.		TON.
Jeremy Sowerby, J.P. ..	Mr. WILLIAM FARREN.	Betty	Miss LAURA LINDEN.
Peaceborn	Mr. FRED THORNE.	Lady Lightfoot	Miss FANNY ROBERT-
Geoffrey Goshawke ..	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.		SON.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Calmour's latest production will in no way bear favourable comparison with either his “Cupid's Messenger” or his “Amber Heart.” In “The Widow Winsome” we have a Sir Peter Teazle and a Tom Jones, a Lady Booby and Sophia, a Narcisse Rameau and Mistress Honor, but unfortunately none of these characters under new names are anything like so strongly drawn as the originals, and, though some of the dialogue is good, it is not what might have been expected from Mr. Calmour.

Jeremy Sowerby is a choleric old gentleman who will not listen to his daughter Dorothea's love for handsome Frank Blandish, and so shuts his doors against the young fellow, and induces the girl to marry Winsome, a rich old man. Blandish, never too steady, turns reckless; he drinks and gambles and flirts, and becomes the favourite of all the women, more especially of Lady Goshawke, who offers him her hand, which he refuses. In the hope of winning him, she has spread the evil reports which have been the principal cause of his separation from Dorothea. After two years Widow Winsome is at Bath; there Captain Dearlove, a bashful admirer of hers, persuades Blandish to plead his cause for him, which the latter consents to do, not knowing that the widow is his former flame. Immediately on recognising her he feels the awkwardness of his position, and so, under the pretence of wishing for a sequel to a play he is writing, he asks her to decide whether his supposed hero should listen to the dictates of his heart or behave honourably to his friend. Dorothea counsels that he should declare his own love, and so he does, and in the moment of their reconciliation Dearlove comes upon them. He challenges Blandish, and in the duel is disarmed, when Dorothea rushes on as in “Through my Heart First,” and—as all the characters have, under some pretext or other, been brought to Bramley Copse, the scene of the encounter—Lady Goshawke asserts that Blandish has promised her marriage, when a half-crazed flute-player, known as Franks, who has maundered through the preceding scenes *à la* Narcisse Rameau, confronts her, and proves to be a husband whom she supposed to be dead, but whom she had driven out of his wits by her conduct. Her maid Betty, who has coquetted with the old servant, Peaceborn, throws him over in favour of Roland Harefield, a discarded lover of her mistress's, and Sowerby is accepted by Lady Lightfoot, a giddy, gushing thing of forty.

The first act appeared the strongest, from the powerful and sympathetic acting of Miss Kate Rorke, to whom the author owed much, indeed throughout. Mr. H. B. Conway appeared to strive hard, but evidently

found the material at his command not sufficiently good to call forth his greatest powers—his character was unreal. Mr. William Farren certainly did not do all he might as the irascible Jeremy Sowerby, and seemed to be very imperfect in his words; and Mr. George Giddens attacked the character of Geoffrey Goshawke in but a half-hearted manner, as though hardly knowing whether it was intended for a pathetic or a comic one. Miss Gertrude Kingston, had she been a little less hard, would have reached very near to perfection as the loving, yet vindictive, Lady Goshawke; as it was, it was a very fine performance indeed.

The piece was very handsomely mounted, the costumes, by Nathan, being much admired for their richness and taste. The author was "called" at the close of the performance.

"BRANTINGHAME HALL."

New and Original Drama, in four acts, by W. S. GILBERT.
First produced at the St. James's Theatre, Thursday, November 29, 1888.

Lady Saxmundham	Mrs. GASTON MURRAY.	Mr. Paulby	Mr. M. NEWALL.
Mabel Thursby ..	Miss NORREYS.	Dick Somers	Mr. CHARLES DODSWORTH.
Ruth Redmayne ..	Miss JULIA NEILSON.	Johnny Barker ..	Mr. NICOL PENTLAND.
Lord Saxmundham	Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD.	Bill Crump	Mr. MONTAGU.
Hon. Arthur Red-		Smithers	Mr. SYDENHAM DIXON.
mayne	Mr. WILLIAM HERBERT.	Blueby	Mr. FRANK LACY.
Hon. Alaric Red-		Servant to Thursby	Mr. WARDEN.
mayne	Mr. DUNCAN FLEET.	Ralph Crampton ..	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
Rev. Noel Ross ..	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.	Mr. Thursby ..	Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.
Mr. Parfit	Mr. GILBERT TRENT.		



Hon. Arthur Redmayne Mr. Duncan Fleet; Mabel Thursby
Miss Norreys. Act II

To any one accustomed to judge of the verdict passed upon a new play it must have been evident that by the majority of the audience a feeling of keenest regret and disappointment was experienced when the curtain fell on "Brantinghame Hall." Mr. Gilbert has made for himself so great a name that no doubt in this, another serious work, much was expected of him; but he appears to have been unable to divest himself of that spirit of topsy-turvydom which afforded so much pleasure and amusement in his operas, but which in his latest play has given us an impossible character. His heroine, Ruth Redmayne, the daughter of a convict, and brought up on a station in Australia, where, as a rule, stockmen are not too mealy-mouthed, is all that is good and beautiful and refined, and her language is that of the Puritans. Despite her irritating demureness of speech, she has gained the affections of two men—one the Hon. Arthur Redmayne, to whom she is married, the other Ralph Crampton, who, not knowing she is already a wife, urges his suit upon her. This is the more offensive to her, as she has learnt that he is already a husband, though he has reason to

believe that he has been divorced from the abandoned woman who bears his name. The Hon. Arthur is naturally incensed at the insult offered to his wife, the men quarrel, and Crampton vows revenge. News arrives that Ruth's husband has inherited great wealth from his godfather, and that he must repair to England at once ; his father-in-law is lying dangerously ill, and Ruth will not leave him, and so, only three weeks married, husband and wife part. Between the first and second acts an interval of eighteen months is supposed to have elapsed. We are transported to Brantingham Hall, where Lord Saxmundham has been in the greatest pecuniary difficulties, the heaviest of these being a mortgage which Crampton holds over the property, and which he is about to foreclose. But all the old Lord's troubles appear to be over, for nothing has been heard of his son, Arthur Redmayne, whose ship has been lost at sea, and Lord Saxmundham is consequently his heir. Just when he is congratulating himself on this stroke of good fortune arrives Ruth Redmayne, with her marriage certificate and her late husband's will, by which she inherits everything. His lordship, having heard nothing of the marriage, inexpressibly shocked to learn that his daughter-in-law is descended from a convict, refuses all aid from her, or from his friends, or old family solicitor, all of whom offer to advance the amount due. Crampton, however, says that he would not allow the mortgage to be transferred to Ruth, but points out a means by which Lord Saxmundham shall be freed. He offers himself again to Ruth. This seems to goad her to a sudden resolve. In an instant this woman, who is so pure, who has expressed such love for her dead husband, proceeds at once to dishonour his memory by stating that she was only his mistress ; that she has forged the documents that she has brought with her ; in fact, that she is everything that is bad. How is it possible to reconcile this with the character of a woman whose first thought, when her husband is given up to her as from the dead, is to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving to Heaven ? for it was when rendering this on her knees that the curtain finally descended, though the *finale* has since been altered.

In the first love scene between an Eton boy and his little girl sweetheart Mr. Gilbert has given us some of his best work, though even these two characters he has caricatured in their second scene. These two parts, by the way, were excellently played by Miss Nörreys and Mr. Duncan Fleet. Miss Julia Neilson gave one the impression of having been over-schooled ; she was mechanical, and it was only when she had apparently forgotten her lesson, and was her natural self, that this beautiful and sweet-voiced actress showed of what she was capable. Mr. Nutcombe Gould played with dignity and feeling as the aristocratic but obstinate old peer, and Mrs. Gaston Murray was a true and tender wife. Mr. William Herbert was manly and warm-hearted as Arthur Redmayne, and Mr. Norman Forbes drew a clever and original sketch of the missionary, the Rev Noel Ross ; he and Miss Neilson were excellent in their one special scene in the third act. Seldom has a young actor so completely satisfied every demand made upon him as did Mr. Lewis Waller. His was a vindictive, revengeful character as

Ralph Crampton, but with the germs of good lying dormant, and most thoroughly did he convey this; his hatred and passion were never boisterous, but were none the less intense, and there was a touch of deep pathos when "he repented him of the evil" he had done. Mr. Rutland Barrington had to fill the rôle of a good-natured, soft-hearted country gentleman, and by his ease and *bonhomie* brightened up some occasions that were inclined to be too sombre. In "Brantingham Hall" there were some admirable dialogue, strongly-marked individuality, and flashes of that humour of which Mr. Gilbert is so thorough and original a master, but his principal character is artificial and unreal, and has spoilt his play.

"THE DEPUTY REGISTRAR."

Farceical Comedy, in three acts, by RALPH LUMLEY and HORACE SEDGER.

First produced at a *matinée* at the Criterion Theatre, Friday, December 7, 1888.

Simkinson	Mr. ALFRED MALTBY.	Dobster	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFEY.
The Earl of Stoke- pole	Mr. HENRY ASHLEY.	Chibling	Mr. ALBERT SIMS.
Cornelius O'Brady ..	Mr. W. H. DENNY.	Mrs. Turbury ..	Miss HELEN KINNAIRD.
Augustus Deakin ..	Mr. C. BURLEIGH.	Frederica	Miss HELEN FERRERS.
Captain Drawley ..	Mr. R. P. SHONE.	Cecilia	Miss T. ROMA.
Crimble	Mr. W. LUGG.	Gertrude	Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.
Parkins	Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE.	Jane	Miss MAUD GRAVES.
		Stella Pilbeam ..	Miss A. HUGHES.

There was much that was laughable in "The Deputy Registrar," and some really clever writing, but the authors complicated their plot too much, and spun it out to three acts, making the third one as noisy as it was superfluous. Still the idea with which they originally started is a sufficiently good one not to be lost sight of, and can be well utilised in re-arranging a play which in its present form is scarcely acceptable. The Earl of Stokepole is an impecunious nobleman with three grown-up daughters, and who is in correspondence with a rich widow, Mrs. Turbury, with a view to marriage. Staying in the same hotel as the Earl is Cornelius O'Brady, a wild Irishman, who is corresponding through a matrimonial paper with Stella Pilbeam, a school girl. The Earl gives the Irishman a ticket for a ball, which O'Brady attends, using the nobleman's name; there he gets into a quarrel with Captain Drawley, and will have to fight or take a horse-whipping. Rather than undergo the risk of either or apologise, the Earl consents to O'Brady retaining his fictitious character for some hours. In the meantime the widow, who is a strong-minded woman, arrives, is introduced to O'Brady as her future lord, and with the help of the "Deputy Registrar" carries him off and marries him *volens volens*. She refuses to believe his protestations that he is not the nobleman, as the marriage certificate in the Earl of Stokepole's name is found in the pocket of the coat which O'Brady is wearing, and which is the Earl's property. The energetic "Deputy Registrar" fetches Stella Pilbeam from school, and, as she has never seen her correspondent, she is led to believe that the Earl is her admirer, and he, a poor weak creature with no memory to speak of, allows himself to be married to her. Stella Pilbeam has a boyish lover in Augustus Deakin; he, out of mischief, has been using the "Matrimonial Journal," and has received a reply from Frederica, the Earl's eldest daughter, who writes him that she

may be recognised by her wearing daffodils, and that he is to do the same. So when the "Deputy Registrar," who has partaken too freely of every wine he can get hold of at the double wedding breakfast, has some daffodils stuck in his coat, Frederica takes him for her admirer, and matters are further complicated by the fact that Stella is a ward in Chancery, and that the tipstaff takes the newly made husband into custody for contempt of court. The imbroglio is cleared up by the fact that the term for which the "Deputy Registrar" was appointed expired the day before he joined the respective parties together, and therefore the marriages were illegal; in support of which the authors on the programme quoted two Acts of Parliament. The honours of the afternoon fell to Mr. Alfred Maltby, who was most amusing in the title-*rôle*, but Mr. Henry Ashley lacked humour, and Mr. Denny was too noisy and boisterous. Miss Helen Kinnaird entered into the spirit of the rather overdrawn character of Mrs. Turbury, and Miss Annie Hughes was fresh and bright as the almost childish boarding school miss. The characters of the Earl's daughters were well represented.

"THE DUCHESS OF BAYSWATER AND CO."

New Comedietta, by M. A. HEATHCOTE.

Produced for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre, December 8, 1888.

The Duke of Bays-		Jenkins	Mr. ROBB HARWOOD.
water	Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD.	The Duchess of	
Sir Jeremy Jobs ..	Mr. CHARLES ALLAN.	Bayswater ..	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
Caryl Stubbs	Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON.	Kathleen Jobs ..	Miss ANGELA CUDMORE.

This is an amusing skit on the disposition which members of the "upper ten" have of late shown to embark in trade. Kathleen Jobs, the daughter of a gentleman who fancies he is subject to all sorts of illnesses, has a lover in Caryl Stubbs, but to whom her father objects in consequence of the paternal Stubbs having made his fortune in tinned meats. The baronet is something of a tuft-hunter, and when he finds that the Duke of Bayswater pays attention to Kathleen, thinks it will be a capital match for her, but is soon disillusioned when he discovers that the Duke and his mother are universal providers, and push their goods in the most persistent manner—pressing on him every conceivable article under the sun, so that they disgust him, and he consents to Kathleen's marriage with the plebeian Stubbs, who has no occupation. The trifle was capitally played, Miss Rose Leclercq and Mr. Charles Brookfield reproducing to the life the keen business-like manners of the pushing counter-woman and the sharp ready traveller. Mr. Charles Allan was most amusing as the nervous, irritable fancied sick man, who has a draught for every hour in the day, and Mr. Frederick Harrison and Miss Cudmore were excellent as the lovers. "Captain Swift" reached its 100th performance on December 8; it has taken a complete hold on the public from the well-sustained interest of the story, and the perfection of the cast. "House full" is the nightly announcement.

CECIL HOWARD.

Our Omnibus=Boy.

"The Love that Kills," Jocelyn Brandon's adaptation of Alphonse Daudet's exquisite play "L'Arlesienne," was revived for a series of *matinées* at the Princess's, commencing November 26. Miss Sophie Eyre, Mr. Lawrence Cautley, Mr. Julian Cross, and Mr. Glen Wynn resumed the characters they appeared in when the piece was played at the Prince of Wales's, in June last, and were all warmly applauded. Miss Enid Leslie was the new Jacques, the half-witted boy, and succeeded in a very artistic and sympathetic manner in conveying the struggle of the awakening intellect in the little neglected, almost unloved creature. Miss Nellie Navette, as L'Arlesienne, looked the beautiful dangerous creature she should represent, and her dancing of the Farandole gained her an emphatic *encore*. Miss Grace Hawthorne, but for a little artificiality in her manner, was a tender Vivette. Bizet's beautiful music was well rendered by an increased orchestra conducted by Mr. Michael Conolly.

On Saturday, December 1, 1888, the new Grand Theatre, Islington, opened its doors to the public with the revival of "The Still Alarm." Built on the site of the old structure, Mr. F. Matcham, the architect of both houses, has even improved on the designs of the one that was destroyed by fire in December last. Calculated to hold some 3,000 persons, particular attention has been paid to the comfort of the occupants of the pit and gallery, the space allowed being ample; a better view of the stage is also obtained from all parts of the house, from a broad lyre shape being utilised instead of the usual horse-shoe. It having been discovered that iron coated with concrete effectually resisted the action of the flames, this plan has been everywhere adopted where feasible in the new building. The proscenium consists of a frame of polished marble, in the corners of it golden shields, and above it three panels of classic groups representing the drama, music, and dancing. The decorations of the house are in the Louis XV. Renaissance style; the prevailing tints employed are pale green, terracotta, and cream, with richly gilt mouldings. Electric lights in ground globes resembling large pearls stud the front of the balconies and the ceiling, which is a very handsome one of stained glass and panels, bearing the names of celebrated dramatists, &c. The ornamentations have been carried out in the best taste by Messrs. Campbell, Smith, and Company, and the Plastic Decoration Company. The upholstery is of crimson velvet, as is also the curtain; the act drop, painted by

Mr. Richard Douglass, represents somewhat heavily Actæon fleeing from Diana. The entrances and exits are excellently arranged, the foyer is handsomely proportioned, the staircases wide. Behind the footlights every attention has been paid to the comfort of the actors and actresses, a nice green-room and well-arranged dressing-rooms have been provided, and the stage is a remarkably fine and convenient one. Mr. Wilmot must be congratulated on the possession of a valuable property, which, thanks to the aid of his untiring and zealous assistant, Mr. H. A. Freeman, has so rapidly been completed. After "The Still Alarm," which was favourably received for seven nights, Miss Kate Vaughan and her comedy company occupied the house, which was then closed for rehearsals of Mr. Geoffrey Thorn's fourth pantomime here, and which he has entitled "Sweet Cinderella, or Harlequin, the Prince and the Lass, and the Slipper of Glass," and in which Miss Dot Mario fills the title-*rôle*.

Of all tenors, of the past and present generations, John Sims Reeves has acquired and maintained the greatest reputation. Born at Shooter's Hill, October 21, 1822, at a very early age the excellence of his voice was recognised by his father, himself a musician of no mean talent. When only fourteen years old, the younger Reeves filled the post of organist and choirmaster at North Cray, could play the violin, oboe, &c., and had studied harmony and counterpoint under H. Calcott, and the piano under John Cramer. It was at the Newcastle-on-Tyne Theatre, in 1839, under the name of "Mr. Johnson," that Mr. Sims Reeves made his *début* as the Gipsy Boy in "Guy Mannering," his voice then being pronounced a baritone. He then came to London, and sang at the Grecian Theatre, and took lessons from Hobbs and T. Cook, and, as a proof of his successful training as a tenor, made a decided hit as the First Warrior in "King Arthur;" his song "Come if you dare" has remained to this day peculiarly his own. Two seasons at Drury Lane followed, and in 1843 he went to Paris and studied under Bordogni, and subsequently at Milan, under Mazzucato. Sims Reeves made his Italian *début* at La Scala in 1845 as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and created a *furor*, and afterwards visited Venice and towns in North Italy, and was everywhere enthusiastically received. In December, 1847, he appeared as Edgardo at Drury Lane, under the late M. Jullien's management; in 1848, as Carlo in "Linda di Chamouni" at the Italian Opera House, under Lumley. In 1849, he created the wildest enthusiasm in Dublin, and in 1850, at Her Majesty's in "Ernani," and the following year took Paris by storm at the Theatre des Italiens, and in 1864 his Faust gained him a perfect ovation. But years previous to this, as far back as 1848, Mr. Sims Reeves became an idol of the public as one of our best exponents of oratorio in "Judas Maccabæus," and even enhanced his reputation subsequently by his successive triumphs in "Eli," the "Messiah," &c. Mr. Sims Reeves' Thaddeus in the "Bohemian Girl," Macheath in the "Beggars' Opera," and Tom Tug in the "Waterman," are unapproachable, and as a ballad singer he is unrivalled.

That time has dealt so kindly with his voice is perhaps owing to the fact that he has never forced or made use of it when he felt himself the least unequal to the effort. Mr. Sims Reeves in 1850 married Miss Lucombe, a famous soprano.

Miss Wallis (Mrs. Lancaster) made her first appearance in 1872, a little more than fifteen years ago, at the Standard Theatre on the occasion of Mr. Creswick's benefit, he playing the part of Claude Melnotte to her Pauline Deschappelles, a character that she undertook at three days' notice, and at which time the subject of our portrait was but sixteen years old. In the following October, however, her regular dramatic career commenced, when Rosalind ("As You Like It"), Marguerite de Mountcalm ("Mountcalm"), Mildred Vaughan ("Amos Clarke"), and her then great success as Elizabeth ("Cromwell"), formed her *répertoire*, to which was to be added in February, 1873, Marguerite, when "Faust and Marguerite" was produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, by Mr. John Knowles. In the same year Miss Wallis achieved a triumph by her impersonation of Cleopatra at Drury Lane, and her Juliet was also greatly admired and lauded. After a provincial tour, during which she became a great favourite, the young actress fairly took the hearts of the enthusiastic Irish by storm in Dublin and Belfast, in both of which towns the horses were taken from her carriage, and she was drawn to her hotel by her ardent admirers, and even the more phlegmatic Scotchmen subsequently paid her a like compliment. An engagement at Drury Lane followed, to play lead as Amy Robsart in the drama of that name, Edith Plantagenet in "Richard Cœur de Lion," Mrs. Ford in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and she herself arranged an acting version of "Cymbeline," playing Imogen with marked success. In 1874 Ireland was revisited, in 1876 Scotland, and on August 17 of that year Miss Wallis became Mrs. Lancaster and the wife of the proprietor of the handsome Shaftesbury Theatre. Her re-appearance at Manchester in the following year was hailed with delight, and in the season of 1878 she made a most favourable impression as Hermione in "The Winter's Tale," as Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia, and Imogen. In conjunction with Mr. Barry Sullivan and Miss Helen Faucit, Miss Wallis took her acknowledged position in the inauguration of the Shakespeare memorial at Stratford-on-Avon, and also rendered her valuable aid for Mr. Charles Calvert's benefit, and later for that of Mr. Tom Chambers, with Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. Barry Sullivan. Among Miss Wallis's most notable characters must be specially mentioned that of Ninon in W. G. Wills's play of that name, produced at the Adelphi, February, 1880, and her Adrienne Lecouvreur, which was considered one of the best ever seen on the English boards. The talented actress also prepared a stage version of "Measure for Measure," in which she appeared as Isabella. In addition to these characters unstinted praise has been awarded to her for her conception of Lady Macbeth, Constance in "The Love Chase," Lady Teazle, Parthenia in "Ingomar," and Bianca in "Fazio."



MISS WALLIS.

“We'll have a swashing and a martial outside.”

As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 3.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR “THE THEATRE”
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

Of Miss Wallis's latest performances at the beautiful theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, which Mr. Lancaster has erected, there is no occasion to speak—they having been so recently and favourably noticed.

The Christmas number of the "Penny Illustrated Paper" is certainly one of the best appearing at this season. It contains some excellent stories by G. R. Sims, George Manville Fenn, Mr. Aglen Dowty, Richard Henry and John Latey, jun., Howard Paul, &c., besides verses by Byron Webber, William Mackay, and H. Chance Newton, the latter relating to the pretty coloured supplement "Come under the Mistletoe." The number is profusely and well illustrated.

The vignettes of the different authors appearing in this month's number are taken from photographs, permission for which has been kindly given by Messrs. Barraud (Wilson Barrett), Walery (Burnand), Samuel A. Walker (Pettitt), the Stereoscopic Company (G. R. Sims), and Vandyke (Little Austin).

Mr. Henry Irving is so well-known to, and admired and respected by the public that a recently taken portrait of him cannot but be acceptable. The biographical sketch by Austin Brereton of this great actor and manager is so full and accurate as to be the best book of reference on the subject of Mr. Irving's life and career. Suffice it to say that Mr. John Henry Brodribb Irving was born at Keinton, near Glastonbury, on February 6, 1838, and made his first appearance on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, on September 29, 1856, and within two and a half working years from that date had played *four hundred and twenty-eight recorded characters*. His successes in America, his world-wide reputation gained at the Lyceum, are familiar as "household words," and London is now looking forward with the keenest interest to his next revival, "Macbeth," on December 29, at the theatre over which he has for years so ably reigned.

The arrangements for the Christmas season at the various theatres are as follows:—At the Adelphi we have "The Silver Falls," the new drama by Sims and Pettitt. At the Alhambra a new and exquisite ballet, "Irene," with the usual attractions. At the Avenue "Nadgy" still holds her own with undiminished success. The Comedy will probably run "Uncles and Aunts" for months to come. The Court, besides continuing that most amusing piece "Mamma," gives afternoon performances of the fairy tale of "Goody Two Shoes," acted by clever children. At Drury Lane, Mr. Augustus Harris hopes to surpass all former spectacles with his pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood." The Haymarket may well rest satisfied with "Captain Swift," which fills the house nightly; but on Wednesdays *matinées* of special interest are being given. "Faust up to Date," written up and strengthened, is still an immense attraction at the Gaiety. The

Grand, one of our prettiest and most comfortable theatres, produces Geoffrey Thorn's pantomime "Sweet Cinderella." Mr. Mansfield commences his season at the Globe with "Prince Karl," and in the afternoons "Alice in Wonderland" is to be played with an exceptionally strong cast. The new Lyric Theatre will be an object of admiration to thousands for its elegance, beauty, and comfort, and there the ever fresh "Dorothy" finds a home. The Opera Comique is well contented with the patronage bestowed on "Carina," and so continues it in the bill. The Prince of Wales's, after being redecorated, reopens with Planquette's "Paul Jones," which has been so well received in the country. Pettitt's drama "Hands Across the Sea" has hit the public taste at the Princess's, and will remain in the evening bill. At the Shaftesbury, Miss Wallis will continue to appear in "The Lady of Lyons," pending the production of the new play that is being written for her. "Brantingham Hall" will continue to tempt admirers of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's work at the St. James's. Mr. J. L. Toole will return to his own theatre with the successful and laughter-provoking "Don." "Joseph's Sweetheart" will for the present be the attraction at the Vaudeville, but a new play by Mr. Robert Buchanan is in rehearsal. "Atalanta" goes so well at the Strand that there will be no change, and Covent Garden will be occupied by Hengler's Circus.

Miss Kate Vaughan appeared for six nights at the Grand Theatre in "Love and Honour," and as Raymonde de Montagliet exhibited a strength and fervour in her acting that was quite unexpected; her performance was excellent. Miss Vaughan was well supported by Mr. H. J. Lethcourt, Mr. Campbell Bradley, and Miss Gracie Noble, a very clever child actress.

I hope readers of *THE THEATRE* will not forget that the dinner given by Miss Edith Woodworth and Mr. J. L. Toole to poor children will come off at the Victoria Hall, Old Victoria Theatre, across Waterloo Bridge, at mid-day on Christmas Eve, and that any toys, fruit, or sweeties for the little ones sent to that address will be most gratefully received.

The new ballet, "Irene," at the Alhambra, surpasses, for the charm of its music, the splendour of the scenery and dresses, and the perfection of the dancers, any previous production. It will be treated of more fully next month.

TO LEWIS CARROLL.

A nursery magician took
 All little children by the hand,
 And led them laughing through the book,
 Where Alice walks in Wonderland.

Ours is the task, with elfin dance
 And song, to give to childhood's gaze
 That Wonderland; and should it chance
 To win a smile be thine the praise.

Christmas, 1886.

H. S. C.

The above were the verses written by Mr. Savile Clarke, and dedicatory

of his play, "Alice in Wonderland," founded on Mr. Lewis Carroll's work. It was such a success two years ago that there is little doubt it will prove as acceptable at the Globe Theatre, where it is to be played of an afternoon from Boxing Day. Though in the main the book will be the same, some fresh songs and touches have been introduced to render it, if possible, even more fascinating and attractive.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London, from November 19 to December 8, 1888:—

(Revivals are marked thus*)

- Nov. 21.* "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie," by M. Pailleron. French Plays, Royalty.
- „ 24. "The Alderman," modern comedy, in three acts, by James Mortimer, adapted from the French of Barrière and Capendu. Jodrell Theatre.
- „ 24. "A White Lie," one-act comedy, by James Mortimer, adapted from the French of M. Meilhac. Jodrell Theatre.
- „ 26. "The Bo'sun's Mate," written by Walter Browne, music by Alfred J. Caldicott. St. George's Hall.
- „ 26.* "The Love that Kills," three-act adaptation, by Jocelyn Brandon, of Alphonse Daudet's "L'Arlesienne." Matinée. Princess's.
- „ 27. "Widow Winsome," original play, in three acts, by Alfred C. Calmour. Matinée. Criterion.
- „ 29. "Brantinghame Hall," new and original drama, in four acts, by W. S. Gilbert. St. James's.
- „ 29. "Roger-la-Honte, or Jean the Disgraced," English version, by Robert Buchanan, of the French play by Jules Mary and George Grisier; drama, in five acts (for copyright purposes). Elephant and Castle.
- Dec. 1.* "The Still Alarm," drama, in four acts, by Joseph Arthur. Grand.
- „ 1.* "Fennel," romantic play, in one act, adapted from the French "Le Luthier de Crémone" of François Coppée, by Jerome K. Jerome. Comedy.
- „ 3. "Niniche," three-act comedy (with songs by MM. Hennequin and Milland). French Plays, Royalty.
- „ 3.* "A Husband in Clover," one-act farce, by Herman C. Merivale. Shaftesbury.
- „ 5.* "Masks and Faces," comedy, by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor. Matinée. Haymarket.
- „ 6. "Another Elopement," comedy, in two acts, by Frederick de Lara. Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 7. "The Deputy Registrar," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Ralph Lumley and Horace Sedger. Matinée. Criterion.

- Dec. 7. "Only a Dream," an idyll, in one act, by Jocelyn Brandon. Matinée. Criterion.
- „ 8. "The Duchess of Bayswater and Co.," new comedietta, by A. M. Heathcote. Haymarket.
- „ 10.* "Love and Honour," drama, in three acts, by A. Dumas fils, adapted by Campbell Clarke. Grand
- „ 11. "Stormcoast," drama, in four acts, by Frederick Vanneck. Matinée. Globe.

In the Provinces, from November 19 to December 10, 1888:—

- Nov. 22. "Eve's Temptation," comedy-drama, in three acts, by the late E. C. Bertrand. T.R. Cheltenham.
- „ 22. "Mashing Mamma; or, a Domestic Mash," a farcical absurdity, by Tom Park. T.R. Cheltenham.
- „ 23. "True Heart," realistic nautical drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Henry Byatt. Royal, Leamington.
- „ 26. "Only To-night," dramatic incident, in one act, by E. Haslingden Russel. Prince of Wales's, Liverpool.
- „ 26. "Our Babies," comedy-drama, in three acts, by W. E. Morton, music composed and arranged by G. D. Fox. T.R. Eastbourne.
- Dec. 1. "Claudio," comic opera, in two acts, music by Thomas Hunter, libretto by A. V. Thurgood. T.R. Portsmouth.
- „ 1. "Two Christmas Eves," play, in four acts, by Albert E. Drinkwater. Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.
- „ 3. "The Miser's Will," four-act drama, by Tom Craven. Gaiety Theatre, Hastings.
- „ 5.* "Madame Midas, the Gold Queen," drama, in four acts, by Philip Beck and Fergus Hume. Victoria Hall, Exeter.
- „ 6. "Mummies and Marriage," musical adaptation, in two acts, of "An Illustrious Stranger," words by A. M. Mackinnon and J. G. Adderley, music by Leslie Mayne. Exhibition Palace, Folkestone.
- „ 10. "Paul Jones," comic opera, in three acts, music by Planquette, adapted from "Surcouf," of MM. Chivot and Duru, by H. B. Farnie. T.R. Bolton.

In Paris, from November 17 to December 5, 1888:—

- Nov. 23. "La Japonaise," comedy-vaudeville, in four acts, by MM. De Najac and Milland, music by M. Varney. Variétés.
- „ 27. "La Veillee des Noces," comic opera, in three acts, by MM. A. Bisson and Bureau-Jattiot, music by M. Toulmouche (originally produced under the title of "Le Moustier de Guignolet" at Brussels). Menus Plaisirs.
- Dec. 4. "Jealousie," drama, in four acts, by M. Auguste Vacquerie. Gymnase.
- „ 5. "Le Mariage avant la Lettre," comic opera, in three acts, music by M. Oliver Métra, libretto by MM. Adolphe Jaime and Georges Duval. Bouffes Parisiens.



MISS JESSIE BOND.

"An exceedingly odd young lady."


RUPDIGORE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARREAU, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

THE THEATRE.



Henrik Ibsen's Dramatic Experiment.

E who'd make his fellow-creatures wise, Should always gild the philosophic pill," sings Mr. Gilbert's Jester; and this gilding of pills containing certain drugs of social or ethical problems is becoming an important feature in modern literature. Indeed, some may think that there are writers who are carried rather far by their anxiety that we should swallow these thinly disguised drugs. Not that there should be any disinclination on our parts to recognise the importance of the open discussion of social questions; much would be preferable to that. But it is a moot point how far such topics may legitimately be treated in fiction, and a still more open question how far this is possible in the drama without either vitiating the essential characteristics of the work or weakening the force of the lesson. Among English novels there has sprung up of late years quite a little race of works which have been dubbed "philosophical romances;" in some of which the romance is a mere peg upon which to hang the philosophy, while in others a flavouring of philosophy is added to the romance to give it a new attractiveness or an aroma of superiority. But it has been reserved for the Norwegian, Henrik Ibsen, to make the first serious effort to use social problems as the themes of dramas. We may object to their importation into novels, but the fact remains that this has been accomplished with a fair amount of success; it has been shown that the lesson can be taught in a form calculated

to bring it into general notice, without any necessary injury to the literary quality of the work. It is seriously to be doubted, however, whether plays can be built upon such foundations without injury to the drama as a part of literature, and also without the likelihood of a less satisfactory exposition of the lesson which it is desired to teach; for the reason that the conditions of novel writing and play writing are so enormously different.

Four of Ibsen's plays—those known distinctively as his "social dramas"—have been translated into English, and recently published in a volume of the "Camelot Series," under the title of "The Pillars of Society, and other plays," and to these whoever will may turn for an illustration of the case. After reading them, let him honestly ask himself how far Ibsen has succeeded in writing artistic dramas, and also whether the lessons he seeks to enforce would not be more fitly and even more acceptably taught in another form. Ibsen is a man of unusual literary power, who combines with an unswerving reverence for the truth a keen perception of the hypocrisy of much of the present day conventional morality; and he has added his name to those who have dared to inveigh against shams in defence of realities. But he stands alone by reason of the vehicle in which he has attempted to convey his teaching; and these four plays have naturally drawn upon the author a flood of criticism on their subjects and method.

Of the four the best known in England is "Et Dukkehjem," which has been translated under the title of "Nora," and also as "The Doll's House," but it is most widely known by Miss Lord's translation as "Nora." This play has for its central idea the emptiness of a married life where a complete trust and understanding do not exist between man and wife; where the wife is a doll-wife, and has in reality no part in her husband's life beyond that of a plaything. It is considerably the most dramatic of the four. "Samfundets Støt," which appears in English dress as "The Pillars of Society," was the earliest, and is directed against the mixture of self-complacency and hypocrisy which underlies so many societies, both great and small. The central figure in the play is a wealthy shipbuilder, the "pillar" of the local society by reason of his reputation for unimpeachable morality. By degrees the action of the play

reveals the truth that it is by hypocrisy alone that this reputation is maintained, and it is not until in the final scene, when his remorse drives him to reveal himself as a scoundrel and would-be murderer, that it is realised how rotten at the core has all along been this "pillar of society." There is, to some extent, an impression of unreality left by the play that prevents it from being so strong dramatically as the later "Nora." "Ghosts," the translation of "Gengangere," enforces the inevitableness of the law of heredity, and the terrible consequences that the sins of the fathers may entail upon the children. Though intensely dramatic in some of its situations, as a whole it is less perfect in construction than "Nora," and gives less the impression of an artistic piece of work. "An Enemy of Society," the English version of "En Folkefiende," which is the latest of the four, is less dramatic still. Here the hero is another local "pillar of society," but one this time which is sound at the core. A certain Dr. Stockmann, whose enterprise has been the making of a small Norwegian watering-place, discovers that it is actually a hot-bed of disease. He warns his fellow-townsmen, but they will neither publish the truth, for fear of frightening away visitors, nor will they so far interfere with local interests as to undertake the necessary works of sanitation; and when in despair he summons a public meeting, he is hooted, attacked, and driven from the place for his courage in saying what was the truth, and what, moreover, all his assailants knew to be the truth. The theme, the struggle of a genuinely social instinct against a false one, is striking; but it is difficult to believe that on the stage parts of the play could be otherwise than intolerably dull. Broadly speaking, the impression given by these four plays, when viewed side by side, is that Ibsen's power of producing an artistically constructed and effective drama has decreased proportionately to the increase of intensity in his purpose of discussing the social questions. It is such evidence as this that leads to the doubt as to whether plays can be used for this purpose without harm resulting to the literary and artistic side of the drama, a doubt which is increased by the consideration of the necessary conditions for the satisfactory treatment of such topics. If we come to the conclusion that such attempts as this of Ibsen's are not calculated to enrich dramatic literature, but the reverse, then all who have the

welfare of the drama at heart must deprecate them ; and if our conclusion be that the drama is likely to prove not only an unacceptable but also an unsatisfactory medium for the teaching of these necessary lessons, we shall still more feel the advisability of holding up Ibsen's experiment as a warning to dramatists.

That social and ethical problems can be more or less satisfactorily popularised in novels, or a certain branch of the family, cannot be denied in the face of such books as "Robert Elsmere" and "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." But, as I have said, the conditions of novel writing and play writing are enormously different, and from this difference arises the unfitness of the drama for such purposes. If a social problem is to be worked out, whether in narrative or dramatic form, it is necessary that the reader or spectator should be able closely to follow the activity of the minds of the characters portrayed ; for in all such cases deliberate motive and personal reflection must be the mainsprings of the action of the story, and these must be patent if the lesson is to be clearly taught. If they are not, a wrong impression may be produced, or characters may seem to act capriciously when we cannot see the links that bind their actions together. But this end is only to be fully obtained in a novel by a prolixity of description which in a play is impossible, and by those records of personal deliberation for which in a play there is but little place. Again, on the stage the various phases of human nature are presented in crystallised and typical forms. The scenes we see there are generalisations from human experience, and not mere literal transcripts. The wider contrasts of right and wrong, good and evil, the drama can no doubt effectively portray ; for they are unalterable in their relations to human nature. But for the illustration of complex social questions whose aspect changes to every generation, what is required partakes much of the nature of minute photographs of various parts of life ; and such mere photographic reproduction is as far below the highest level in the dramatic as it is in pictorial art.

The circumstances, too, under which social questions would come before the public in dramas might easily militate against the effective teaching of the lesson intended. One can never dogmatise as to the temper of audiences, but it is quite possible

that the public might come to resent having its social education forced upon it in a connection where it might deem it incongruous, and it might protect itself by staying away. Although there is no doubt that the theatre may be a powerful instrument as a moral educator, the public does not go there to receive the improving force in open mouth like a dose, but rather absorbs it almost unconsciously through its moral cuticle. It is hard to believe that there would not be felt a sense of the unwieldiness as well as the unfitness of the drama as a means of social teaching. This feeling would be intensified were it to be found that the adoption of such a method robbed the drama of any of its essentially dramatic characteristics; if it tended to subordinate construction of plot and conciseness of dialogue to didactic discussions on social topics. The public, it is to be hoped, will always be grateful to those who ventilate subjects of such importance to its inner life; but it is also to be hoped that it would not allow its dramatic literature to be harmed in the process, so long as another and a more convenient form of fiction existed.

With regard to an attempt to estimate how far this would be likely to be the result of this new departure, it may be objected that it is not fair, even if one does not think very highly of the dramatic qualities of Ibsen's social plays, to argue from his isolated case that the principle is bad. But his is the most serious attempt of the kind to which one can refer for evidence; and inasmuch as he is a man of great literary parts, with a complete command of dramatic technique, it would seem that his work is very fairly to be taken as representative. Moreover, there are considerations of dramatic and literary principle involved, upon some of which I have already touched, which go to confirm the impression produced by a closer acquaintance with these plays.

In "The Pillars of Society," the earliest of the four, one is struck, as in the case of all Ibsen's plays, by the wonderful facility of the dialogue—a facility which, indeed, becomes almost a trick—but one is also struck by its superabundance. Incisive as it is in many scenes of the play—for instance, in the opening scene, or that between Lona and Consul Bernick—one cannot escape from the feeling that for dramatic purposes there is too much of it. Ibsen's object here is to expose the conventional

hypocrisies and prejudices with which many of the so-called "pillars of society" are clothed as with a garment; and a consequence of this object is that he must present a very large amount of subjective detail, that he may let his audience see into the working of his characters' minds. This is indispensable if he is to attain his end, and it may be marked that the tendency of this necessity seems to be to loosen his grasp on the dramatic character of the whole work.

"Nora" is the most finished of the four plays as a piece of dramatic literature. Whatever may be his opinion as to the likelihood of such a character as Nora acting as she does after the catastrophe, no one can deny the very fine effect of the climax and the skill with which it is reached. The various characters stand out distinctly from their background and from each other, as is always the case with Ibsen's *dramatis personæ*. He has a wonderful power of drawing characters in a few decisive strokes, which goes far to counterbalance the disadvantage under which the "social" dramatist must labour from the impossibility of his making use of description as freely as can his novelist fellow-worker. "Nora" is certainly the best of the four plays, as a play; and this is because it is on the whole the truest to all life, and not merely to a part of it, and also to the canons of dramatic art. For its subject is more nearly akin to those which can be and have been legitimately and successfully treated in drama.

In "Ghosts" and "An Enemy of Society," the social question begins to rank before the drama in the author's mind, and he seems to be losing his hold upon the entire mass of dramatic material in his desire to accentuate certain parts of it. "Ghosts," considered from the point of view of dramatic construction, is a fragment, an "impression." And, though it has one scene unequalled in dramatic intensity by any in the other plays, I am nevertheless forced to think there would be something very unsatisfactory about it when produced on the stage. Pastor Manders would be tiresome; and until the latter part of the play, it is difficult to think that the interest of an audience could be sufficiently maintained. But above all there is something æsthetically repulsive about "Ghosts." One need not be prudish to believe that, although it is hypocrisy to ignore the existence of certain plague spots on society, there is nevertheless

much reason in the old artistic canon as to what may be represented *coram populo*. The truth of the awful penalty which the law of heredity may exact for the sin of a previous generation is one which cannot be too openly emphasised. But we are considering how far the drama is a fit or desirable medium for the exposition of such truths; and I cannot but think that in some cases, as here, our feeling of repulsion would conquer every other. For the drama is, after all, an art; and art—*pace* MM. Sardou and Verestchagin—should not be repulsive. In an age when such scenes can be produced as the third act of “La Tosca,” he would be bold who would lay down any limits as to what a dramatist may dare to put upon the stage in the way of repulsive realism. But that scene was repulsive from its sheer butcher-like brutality. “Ghosts” would repel us by the character of its theme, that of insanity as the consummation of a hideous disease latent in a man from birth, in consequence of his father’s sin. Add to this the piteous position of the young man’s mother, sheltering for obvious reasons in her house the daughter of a woman her own husband had ruined; seeing this girl’s ruin in turn attempted almost under her very eyes by her son; and finally to learn from his lips the consequence in himself of his father’s vices, of which she had known only too much. Intensely, terribly dramatic it certainly is, and illustrates its lesson with fearful force; but it is repulsive as the theme of a drama for the stage, and an offence against good taste in dramatic art.

Not only is “An Enemy of Society” lacking in individual scenes of great dramatic power, but it is still more chaotic when viewed as a whole. Dr. Stockmann’s character is very finely drawn, but to him everything is sacrificed. Ibsen’s aim is to show the exponent of a genuinely social idea exalted into the light of a hero by the persecution he incurs by his opposition to a false and mistaken one. Dr. Stockmann’s character is doubly interesting from the fact that it probably reflects much of Ibsen’s own experience; but here more than ever does the playwright seem to be hankering after the novelist’s opportunities of description. It is the nature of the subject that produces so much conversation that is no doubt instructive, but is also undramatic, and on the stage would probably be wearisome.

I do not think Ibsen's two later plays, "The Wild Duck" and "Rosmersholm," can fairly be classed with the previous four as representative of his new departure in drama; for in both, and especially in the latter, the social question seems to have receded in favour of the dramatic instinct in the author's mind. "The Wild Duck" is a sad and somewhat tiresome play; but "Rosmersholm," though gloomy in tone, is more dramatic and more artistic than what had preceded it, for the reason, it seems to me, that the social question has passed into the background.

In coming to a conclusion as to the expediency of such experiments as this of Ibsen's, the question must be considered in two lights—with respect to the conveyance of the lesson and its probable reception by the audience, and with respect to the play. As to the fitness of the dramatic form of writing for this purpose, it would seem that on the whole its gain in the publicity it gives to the topics concerned does not counterbalance the inconveniences of the method, which, if a genuinely dramatic play is to be produced, must of necessity exclude much that is absolutely necessary to the full exposition of the subject. And if the plays lose their dramatic character, the audiences will lose their interest in the plays, and so possibly in the social topics also.

As to the other aspect of the question, the fact that in the minds of playwrights of this class the social problems must always rank in importance before the drama, points to the fact that the adoption of such a style means a certain violence to dramatic literature and to the drama as an art. For instance, in these plays of Ibsen's, one sees a great master of dramatic method forced by the nature of his subjects to subject the whole to the parts, and losing more or less his command over the dramatic whole in proportion as his particular subject demands more or less prolixity of detail. It is a very true truism that in the drama "the play's the thing;" and at the present time, when realism of every kind threatens to usurp the place of the literary and artistic qualities of the drama, all who are anxious for the future of dramatic literature will deprecate this new departure.

Since the above was written, an interesting article by Mr. Gosse, on "Ibsen's Social Dramas," has appeared in the "Fort-


nightly Review." In this Mr. Gosse has confined himself to the consideration of these dramas as a literary contribution to the discussion of social questions, and as such they deserve all the praise he gives them. But regarded in the light of dramatic literature, that is to say, as plays written for stage production—for Ibsen obviously did not intend them for "closet plays"—they seem to me rather to approximate to the "interesting novelette in dialogue," which is the apt description Mr. Gosse gives of "An Enemy of Society." Not the least interesting part of Mr. Gosse's paper is his reference to the play, "The Lady from the Sea," which Ibsen has just published. The story, which it is unnecessary to repeat here, is poetic in the highest degree, and even fantastic, and seems a curious one to be selected by such a sternly professed realist as Ibsen. But the beauty of its treatment affords additional proof of the hampering effect exercised by the social problems in his previous plays. These shackles once thrown off, pessimism and gloom disappear, and poetic and dramatic beauty revive. I shall venture in conclusion to apply to all four of Ibsen's social dramas a remark which Mr. Gosse makes on one of them, "The story would make an interesting novel; it hardly endures dramatic treatment."

R. FARQUHARSON SHARP.



The Love Lesson.

A Poem for Recitation written for Mr. Hermann Vezin.

“H, what is love?” said the maiden,
“What is it like?” asked she.
“Do let me give you a lesson,
I can teach it so well,” said he.
“Come out in the moon-lit garden,
List to the words I say,
Look in my eyes as I speak them,
You will learn it quite fast that way.
See how the bright moon is shining,
Hark! to the nightingale,
And try to make your hand tremble,
Your cheek too should turn very pale.
In your eyes should shine a strange fire;
Look how it burns in mine.
Does your heart beat like a hammer?
Palpitation’s a certain sign.
You can’t? Are you sure you’re trying?
Give your mind to the task,
If I’m the master, you pupil,
Attention I really must ask.
Here is a seat—rest a moment;
Nestle, please, to my side,
Don’t sit over there, divided
From me by a space that’s so wide.”
“How does one nestle? Good gracious!
There’s much to learn, I see.”
“That’s better! Yes, you’re improving,
With practice soon perfect you’ll be.
And now be silent a moment,
Or breathe a gentle sigh,
Soft as the wind that is stirring
The green leaves as it rustles by.

Ah ! that was too loud ! Just listen—
This is the proper way. (*He sighs.*)
Now say, 'I must leave you, *Harold* !'
Though of course you intend to stay.
Then by the hand I shall clasp you,
Thus, ah ! so close with mine,
Close, and yet closer, till blushes
Veil softly your pallor divine.
Why, you are blushing ! That's clever—
Deeper and deeper still ;
You're one of the aptest pupils
Ever bowed to a master's will.
And now quite pale you are turning,
Just as you ought to do ;
Your hand too trembles—I feel it—
For your eyes shine two drops like dew.
But don't turn away. *Au contraire*,
Look in my eyes, and hear
How I have loved you to madness
Since the day I met you last year.

* * * *

You remember ? Where the river
Murmured its sleepy song,
Under the shade of the willows,
So lonely you wandered along.
'Twas Autumn, season of mem'ries,
Happy, or sad may be
To some who have toiled, and sorrowed,
And watched the leaves fall from Hope's tree ;
Who have seen the stealthy winter
Creep o'er the dreary wold,
And have had no 'home' to go to
But a hearth where joy's ashes were cold ;
Who have heard life's storm winds roaring,
Beat at a window pane,
From which not a ray was shining,
To bid them be hopeful again.
And have longed, but ah ! how vainly,
For just one voice to say—

‘Be strong, there is one who loves you ;
She is praying for you to-day.
Her life is twined with your being ;
Then bravely face the world,
March on with your banner waving,
Ne’er retreat with your pennon furled.’
I was sad, well-nigh despairing,
Careless what fate might bring,
Choked with the dust of life’s battle,
Where the bells ever death knells ring.
Where trumpets call to the sleepers—
‘Gird you up for the fight!’
Who march forth hopeful at daybreak,
To fall by the wayside ere night.
Where victor tramples on vanquished,
Heedless to count the slain,
To bind up wounds that are bleeding,
Bid the weary be strong again.
I was wounded, almost dying,
Faith e’en in God nigh lost ;
We met—’twas like lights from harbour
To a ship on dark billows ‘tossed.
I heard you sing to the river
There in the eventide,
And lo ! all my care and sorrow
Swept away on your music’s tide—
Swept away, and left me peaceful,
As if I stood afar,
And heard the eternal music
That mounts up where the angels are.
As if all the world’s great darkness
Was pierced with sudden light—
You entered into my winter,
So it blossomed to spring’s delight !
And now—but, child, you are weeping,
As men weep at a play
Whose mimic tragedy moves them,—
You will laugh when you go away ;
Will laugh ; and forget the lesson
I fain would teach to-night—

O child, if you could but learn it
You might make such a dark life bright.
Still weeping? The play is over,
The stage is dark once more,
And we are to one another,
I suppose, as we were before.
Look up, your lesson is finished;
Sweet pupil, smile again
Through your tears, as sudden sunshine
Gleams out through the clouds and the rain.
You say you "would study longer;
Need master and pupil part?"
"O, love, then you've learnt the lesson?"
She whispered, "I know it *by heart!*"

ROBERT S. HICHENS.



A Latent Power.

BY MARIE DE MENSIAUX.



“ARE you a believer?”

“A possible one. Put me to the test and I will give you an honest answer.”

“What do you think of this man?”

“This man! I thought you were questioning me in earnest, not joking.”

These words were being exchanged in the midst of a brilliant and fashionable crowd that thronged Willis's Rooms; the occasion being a *conversazione* given by a society especially interested in literature. The evening had commenced by a lecture on old books, delivered by one of the members. He was a foreigner, and mumbled so indistinctly that this proved a powerful incentive to conversation; however, as at the conclusion of his lengthy speech the guests were thanked for their kind attention, no doubt the lecturer was satisfied. The usual mixture of people one meets at *conversaciones* was there, with a sprinkling of celebrities of the literary and artistic world.

The great æsthetic poet had condescended to come accompanied by his pretty wife, a living proof that once in his life at least his taste was indisputable. In one group, a fair man with a clean-shaven face and a quick intelligent eye was questioning one of the hosts as to the identity of some ladies belonging to the Dramatic Press; he was the great traveller and showman combined, the man of a hundred characters; while the quiet, gentle-looking dark man, conversing with both, was the anonymous author of a blood-curdling story, a little book that had recently met with the greatest success. Here, side by side, a pretty actress wearing her hair Grecian fashion, and an Indian princess in her native costume, attracting all by her wondrously soft and large brown eyes. Painters and musicians were there, altogether a rather interesting assembly.

Some of the members of the society, with all due reverence for old books, had feared they might prove rather dry if presented as the sole entertainment, and had wisely considered that one of a lighter form would not be amiss. So at their request a well-known American humorist first provoked the heartiest of laughter by his excellent mimicry, and then a mesmerist came on the scene. Partially successful in exercising his power on a young man selected from the audience, he then introduced three men whom he brought with him, acknowledging this showed him at a disadvantage. This was the man who was being discussed by one of the hosts and one of the fair guests.

Alma Power was a tall girl with a pleasant face and a bright smile; her eyes could sparkle with merriment, but now and then a dreamy far-off look would creep into them. One could not be long in discovering that whatever her mood, her striking point was earnestness.

"You think this man a charlatan?" continued her interlocutor.

"Yes, a clever one, but I can never believe in mesmerism, when it is so palpably nothing but clever deception."

"Have you never met with mesmerism that you could believe in?"

"Never." But as she spoke, a look of inexpressible tenderness came into her eyes, and adding softly, "Yes, the mesmerism of sympathy," she held out her hand to a man who

had been struggling through the crowd to reach her side. This straightforward looking young fellow, with his bright, honest face, was Alma's *fiancé*. He at once joined the conversation, irreverently expressing his opinion that it was all bosh.

Alma shook her head. "I have heard of such strange things, that I dare not pass judgment until I have seen more."

"Surely, Mr. Power, you have seen Leo Tyer, the greatest mesmerist of the day?"

"Never."

"Then make a point of doing so at the earliest opportunity, and if you can explain all he does by calling it clever deception, I shall consider you far more clever than any one I have ever met."

A few days after this conversation had taken place, the Powers went to Cliff-on-the-Sea for the remaining summer months, and Alma was much interested to find that Leo Tyer had been the talk of the town, his *séances* creating quite a sensation. It was said that at his will and command people fancied themselves to be someone else; or to be suffering from any malady he chose to name; indeed, the inhabitants of the little sea-port were beginning to be frightened, and the name of Leo Tyer was pronounced with awe. He was about to depart from Cliff-on-the-Sea, and a farewell performance was announced. To this Alma determined to go, when at the last moment, and without any special reason being given for it, the performance was forbidden by the local authorities. It was whispered that the fact of some women fainting at the last *séance* had something to do with the prohibition. However, it turned out to be simply that the mesmerist had married, and was off for his wedding trip. Alma was greatly vexed; she long had set her heart on fathoming the mysteries of mesmerism, and by a sort of ill-luck, whenever any specially interesting *séance* took place she was sure to miss it. Hal Stirling, her *fiancé*, would rail at her good-humouredly, but this time she seemed so bitterly disappointed that he resolved to try his best to satisfy her curiosity. And this is how matters came about.

Alma and Hal were to be married shortly after Christmas, and he decided to say farewell to his bachelor life by giving a party

at his chambers, to which the Powers and a large number of friends would be invited. He had met Leo Tyer at the Gipsy Club, and hoped to make him his chief guest: this, however, proved impossible, the eminent mesmerist being already engaged several times over. Stirling was expressing his vexation rather emphatically to one of the "Gipsies," when the latter said, "Why don't you get Hizer Magnet? I think him far more wonderful, for he goes in for double sight, thought-reading, and all that sort of thing. Stirling jumped at the idea, and was fortunate enough to secure this more than wonderful man.

On Christmas eve, the eventful evening, Alma was excited and nervous; she half wished, half feared, to have the proof that such a power was given to man. Everyone said that Hizer Magnet surpassed himself, but to Alma this seemed only extremely clever trickery. She was but a short distance from the mesmerist, looking intently at him. "Am I never to know the truth?" she thought. "Is this man a mere conjurer, or does he hold such a power in his grasp?" Unconsciously as these thoughts passed through her brain, her gaze assumed a staring expression; her eyes, riveted on his, seemed as if they would dive into his very soul. As he returned her look, Hizer Magnet's eyes instantly became fixed, and he made a few strides in her direction.

"Am I to learn something at last?" she whispered, stepping towards him. But as she advanced he stepped back; she placed her hand on his shoulder to detain him, and a sort of tremor shook his frame. After a short struggle the man sank into a chair behind him, but with his eyes still rigidly fixed on her face. "Are you ill?" she said. No answer. "Speak!" Hizer Magnet shivered slightly. "*Speak!*" she insisted.

"What do you want to know? Command me."

The guests began to look at each other in wonderment, but Alma was too much absorbed with her own thoughts to notice this. In a loud earnest voice she said, "What is the meaning of this? You, who pretend to such unlimited power on others, what is it that affects you so deeply?"

"Don't ask me to speak the truth."

"But I do ask you to speak the truth. It is my wish. You *must* speak!"

In slow measured tones the following words came from Hizer

Magnet's lips : "I came here to impose upon you by clever long-practised tricks, and by the help of confederates ; you have the power I pretended to possess, and the existence of which I have always denied. I am at your mercy, awake me and let me go." A sort of awe seemed to fall on all present ; Alma herself felt a strange fear creeping over her. Stirling, seeing her turn pale, seized the mesmerist by the arm.

"I say, Magnet, drop that nonsense, we have had enough of this."

Receiving no answer, Stirling, who was strong and by no means patient, raised him out of the chair to a standing posture and shook him, but to no effect ; Hizer Magnet remained rigid and speechless. Hal looked at Alma.

"There's something wrong, I'll go for a doctor."

During his absence, which was fortunately short, all kept silent as if afraid to speak. Alma was bewildered. Had not the man said to her that she had mesmerised him ? Surely this could not be true, it was part of his performance ; but in that case why had he accused himself of deception ? The doctor, after a careful examination, pronounced him to be in a cataleptic state, every means to awaken him being used in vain. This was getting awkward : the ladies began to say it was very late, the men that they mustn't lose their train. Stirling and the Powers were soon left alone, and the latter retired shortly after, Hal promising to call the first thing in the morning to report anything that might have happened during the night. Hizer Magnet had been placed on a sofa with a rug over him, and there he remained motionless until the morning.

To describe the wild dreams which haunted Alma that night would be impossible ; she arose feverish and unrefreshed, and dressed herself at an early hour in expectation of Hal's visit. Her parting words had been an attempt at a joke. "If he is my subject this man will call himself to-morrow."

"Has he been turning me into ridicule ? or is it possible that I had the power to put him to sleep ?"

These were the thoughts which now constantly revolved in her brain. "He spoke to me and refused to answer the others. They say mesmerists have power over their *subjects* even at a distance." Then with a short unnatural laugh she added aloud, "I suppose if I were to say '*Come to me, I command it !*' he would

do so, and make himself my slave; I have often read of such a scene in novels," and she shrugged her shoulders contemptuously.

A quarter of an hour after, she heard a ring and knock at the street door, and, thinking it was Hal, rushed out to meet him. On the drawing-room landing she was met by the servant.

"A gentleman has just called, miss, but he won't give his name, and" (lowering her voice) "he looks so queer, miss; and he is in evening dress."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when a step was heard on the stairs, and Hizer Magnet, apparently still in a trance, made his appearance.

"Go and tell my father Mr. Hizer Magnet wants to speak to him directly," said Alma, hurriedly, to the servant, and she retreated into the drawing-room, followed by Magnet.

"Why have you come here?" she asked him, abruptly. No answer. "Why have you come? *Speak!*"

"Did you not bid me come and be your slave?"

"When?"

"A quarter of an hour ago you uttered this command in your room. I came without delay. Will you wake me now? I am, as you bid me, your slave—your very own. Pity me!" and with these words he sank down on his knees before her. At this precise moment Hal, flushed and excited, rushed into the room. Now, Stirling had one fault among his numerous good qualities; he loved Alma with all the warmth of a generous nature, but he was jealous—at times unreasonably so. Seeing Magnet at Alma's feet, he gasped for breath, and then burst out,

"Oh! this is why you gave me the slip this morning; this is the meaning of last night's ridiculous comedy! I congratulate you on your cleverness, madam. This deep interest in mesmerism was well contrived to persuade me to facilitate your meeting with your admirer, and I must really apologise for intruding on so charming a scene."

At this juncture Mr. Power entered the room. "What is the matter, Stirling?"

"Mr. Stirling appears to have lost his reason, father. Perhaps, when he has recovered his senses, he will explain his conduct to you. I shall withdraw to my room."

“Alma, you are right—I am mad; don’t be hard on a fellow. No doubt you can explain what this man is doing here.”

“I will certainly not condescend to do anything of the kind; and you” (turning to Hizer Magnet) “leave the house—go!”

“Go where?”

“Anywhere; to the bottom of the sea, for aught I care.”

With slow, measured steps Hizer Magnet left the room, and Alma burst into tears. In a minute Stirling was at her side.

“What a brute I am! My darling, you know I trust you, the best and truest woman on earth; but all this business has unhinged me. Forgive me, like the dear, good girl you are and tell me how it all happened.”

After a little coaxing Alma consented. She had just finished relating the events of the morning when the doctor arrived. He had been to Stirling’s chambers, and finding him gone had followed him to the Powers’ house. He was at once put into full possession of the facts, which had been imperfectly explained to him on the previous night, including the last incident.

He looked grave. “I am sorry, Miss Power, that I did not understand last night that you had mesmerised Magnet, as you undoubtedly have. Experience has proved to me that such a power is given to man and woman. The power lay latent in you, and you exercised it unconsciously, still the effect was produced. The man is in a trance, and while it lasts your influence alone can control his actions. He ought to be awakened with the shortest delay. When you bid him go, did you tell him where to?”

Alma looked startled. “Oh, doctor, please say you are not serious. I was extremely angry, and said he might go to the bottom of the sea for aught I cared.”

“Then, my dear young lady, you may rest satisfied that he is on his way to get there.”

They looked at each other in consternation. “What are we to do? he has been gone more than an hour now!”

“I’ll go after him,” said Stirling.

“I beg to remark that you do not know where to look for him. No, Miss Power had best concentrate all her will and strength in ordering him back to this house, and there is no reason why she should not succeed as well as this morning.”

But she did not succeed. In vain during the day the experiment was tried, but with the same ill-success. At dinner all were gloomy and silent; Alma hardly touched any food. The night proved a sleepless one for her. When morning came she was haggard and exhausted. Stirling had not left the house, and she went down to him.

"Give me your hand, Hal; let me gain strength from your support, and try again."

With almost wild energy she sent forth her command through space, and half fainting sank down on the sofa. Still nothing. About mid-day the voice of the doctor was heard calling, "Victory! I have found him."

And truly enough here they were both together.

"No wonder, Miss Power, that you could not influence your *subject*. Do you know where I found him? At one of the police stations, where they had locked him up thinking he had been indulging too freely in drink, and where the poor devil spent his time in bruising himself by trying to force the door, no doubt to obey your command. Fearing this was a case of insanity, they sent for a doctor, and fortunately selected me. Here is our prisoner, and now to wake him."

But Alma had fainted, the reaction had been too much for her unstrung nerves.

A couple of hours' rest, however, restored her strength, and, under the doctor's directions, she awakened him by blowing gently on his eyes. Matters had to be explained to him, but he was not told of the risk he had undergone of taking an unexpected bath. There happened to be a large dinner party at the Powers' on Boxing night, and his extraordinary appetite rather startled his neighbours. Stirling told his friends that the scene at his chambers had been a practical joke arranged between him and Hizer Magnet, but the latter absolutely declined to give a *séance* that evening, and from that day entirely gave up the profession of mesmerist. As for Alma, she had too great a dread of the strange power in her to experiment with it again. The only mesmerism she has made use of since this one trial, is that of sympathy and love—one that her husband thoroughly appreciates.

"English as She is Spoke."



HERE is an old story concerning Robert Suett, the actor, better known as Dicky Suett, on account of his excellence in the part of Dicky Gossip, the barber, in the farce of "My Grandmother." Capable as the airy creature was of levity in its inoffensive and most agreeable sense, he being the lightest of light comedians, the specific levity of obtrusive irreverence was never alleged against him, and it appears to have been in serious good faith that he had cards printed in these terms:—"Rober Suett, comedian: to be heard of at the 'Cock and Bottle' in Drury Lane. Clergymen taught to read the Lord's Prayer." No doubt Mr. Suett read the divinely simple supplication better than any bishop, priest, or deacon of his day. Then, as in later times, it was not unusual for clergymen to receive lessons in declamation from actors. That finished reader, the late John Chippendall Montesquieu Bellew, studied recitation under a no less distinguished master than Macready. I stood by Mr. Bellew in Westminster Abbey at the funeral of Lord Palmerston, and we noted Dean Stanley's delivery of the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," Bellew remarking that it was magnificent, though a little too theatrical, and adding, with a somewhat amusing *naïveté*, "I ought to be a judge." Leigh Hunt, too, who has more than once repeated that story of Suett, tells us in his Autobiography, that his father, when reading the Litany, made a point, also a trifle histrionic, in pausing impressively between the phrases, "In the hour of death, and in the Day of Judgment." Perhaps the reverend gentleman, father of the poet and belle lettrist, had been wise in his generation, to the extent, at least, of "learning to read," as not every clergyman did or does. We must all confess that laxity in the observance of orthoepic rules, in and out of church, and on this as well as the other side of the footlights, is a fault of modern English

manners. For want of proper elocutionary training, some of our younger actors and actresses have provoked the protests of nice-eared critics, whose censure is not a whit too soon. Beside such down-at-heel speech as histry and mystry, for history and mystery, and the common displacement of vowel sounds, there is that horrible cockney misprision of the dog-letter, mainly brought about by the necessities of burlesque rhymes and puns. That same dog-letter is left out or dragged in, like a dog indeed, with or without warrant. I myself have certainly heard a young comedian say Mamma-r-is. But then, on the other hand, clergymen are quite as censurable as the most slipshod speakers on the stage; for do we not, some of us, often hear a certain prayer for Victoria-r-our most gracious Queen and Governor?

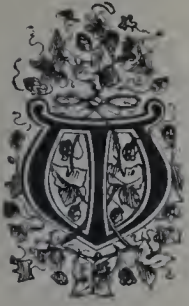
Recurring to the misplacement of vowel-sounds, I venture to say that Trinity is very often Trinaty, as pronounced by the clergyman at the reading-desk, and that everywhere one hears the word "enough" spoken of as if it were spelt *enough*.

A habit of slurred pronunciation, especially in the termination of words like these very two, "pronunciation" and "termination"—many affected young ladies withdrawing the vowel-sounds altogether and afflicting the sensitive ear with some such unmusical sound as *schm*—has grown very common of late. But the treatment of *r* by the burlesque school of playwrights, forcing upon actors a total disregard of this important consonant, or else a violent assault on the same, may, I think, be condemned as the worst of all cacophonies. Neither this nor any other of them, as I have ventured to say, is peculiar to stage, pulpit, or platform. They are all social no less than professional abominations. Thackeray ridiculed "Marire" for "Maria," and the music-hall rhyme "Leonora" and "before her;" but not all his literary brethren took the gentle hint, nor had it any marked effect on public speech. To this day the cockneyism passes current in high places. It was quite as often in lobbies and foyers as on the stage, during the long run of "Sophia," that one might have been auricularly tortured, night after night, by the worse than barbaric sound "Sophire," which calls to mind the stupid old catch, "Ah, how, Sophia," wherein our grandfathers and grandmothers were supposed to discern, for their intense edification, a resemblance to the words, "a house a-fire."

GODFREY TURNER.

"Una Preghiera."

[Suggested by a letter written from a sister of Nazareth House headed "God's will be done."]



E'VE breasted storms and wildest seas together,
He and I.

Our love prov'd faithful through the maddest
weather,

He and I.

God's will be done! Nothing can alter that on earth.

Oh, do not take him yet! The universe is great,
Can no one less belov'd be found? or is his worth
So coveted by Thee? Ah, pardon! We will wait,
He and I.

Teach me to pray, as we together prayed,
He and I,

Before our souls with grief and pain were weighed,
He and I.

Dear Lord, let me but meet him soon, 'tis all I ask.

I thank Thee for the comfort to my soul. My task
Is lighten'd by Thy heavenly strength and grace.

The day is drawing near! We both shall see Thy face,
He and I.

MARGARET BRANDON.

Our Play=Box.

“DOROTHY.”

Three-act Comedy-Opera. Words by B. C. STEPHENSON. Music by ALFRED CELLIER.

Performed for the 817th consecutive time on the opening of the Lyric Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue
Monday, December 17, 1888.

Dorothy Bantam ..	Miss MARIE TEMPEST.	Harry Sherwood ..	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN.
Lydia Hawthorne ..	Miss AMY AUGARDE.	Squire Bantam ..	Mr. FURNEAUX COOK.
Phyllis Tuppitt ..	Miss FLORENCE PERRY.	John Tuppitt ..	Mr. SEBASTIAN KING.
Mrs. Privett ..	Miss HARRIETT COVENEY.	Lurcher ..	Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.
Lady Betty ..	Miss FLORENCE NEVILLE.	Tom Strutt ..	Mr. JOHN LE HAY.
Geoffrey Wilder ..	Mr. BEN DAVIES.		

Notwithstanding the many nights and days during which “Dorothy” had been heard in London, the transfer to its new home appeared in no whit to have diminished its public favour, and it was received enthusiastically. Of the cast there is really no occasion to speak, its excellence having already been fully descanted on, but as a matter of record it is given. Mr. Ivan Caryll once more proved himself the ablest of conductors, and was warmly greeted, the author and composer were welcomed, and the fortunate proprietor of the very handsome house, Mr. Henry J. Leslie, when bowing his acknowledgments, said that his great ambition was to emulate the Opéra Comique of Paris, and that the next production would be another work by the author and composer of “Dorothy.”

The building of the Lyric Theatre commenced on February 9, 1888, from designs of C. J. Phipps, Esq., F.S.A., but was determined on four years previous to that date. The façade is in the Renaissance style, of red brick and Portland stone. It stands almost isolated, and has twelve exits from the auditorium into Archer Street, Windmill Street, and the Shaftesbury Avenue, and two exits from the stage, and is lighted throughout by electricity. Its holding capacity is nearly that of the Lyceum, and has seven rows containing 150 stalls, the pit accommodating 300, the balcony 163, upper circle 230, and the gallery 700. Every effort has been made to secure the comfort of visitors, not only as far as seating is concerned, but in the refreshment rooms and foyers, and dressing rooms with baths have even been provided for visitors. The depth of the stage is 40 feet, the width 70 feet, and height to gridiron 56 feet.

The scheme of colour of the auditorium is pale lemon, white, and gold, relieved with pale grey-blue. The hangings are gold and coral brocatelle. The seats are covered with Genoa velvet, carrying out the blue tone introduced into the decorations. The walls of the dress circle, private boxes, second circle and staircase are covered with a gold-stamped leather paper. The frame of the proscenium is of a brown and white alabaster, and the sides of the stalls and pit are lined with panelled walnut and sycamore,

with handsome carved mouldings, specially designed and manufactured in Germany.

The grand hall in the second circle is early French Renaissance of the Henry II. period, with geometrically ribbed ceiling and cornice, tapestried walls, panelled dado, doors and fireplace. The colour is a turquoise-blue and green. The windows are filled with leaded glass, and the vestibule, crush room, stall entrance, and passages outside the auditorium are decorated in Pompeian style; the royal room is panelled on walls and ceiling with wood mouldings and carton-pierre in the Adams' style, the colours being blue, white, and platinum. The walls have Venetian mirrors in the centre of panels.

The stall foyer and smoking room is an imitation of an early Dutch interior. The whole of the building is heated by hot water. The greatest credit is due to Messrs. Campbell, Smith, and Co. for the tasteful manner in which they have carried out the decorations from their own designs. Messrs. Clark, Burnett, and Co. furnished the iron-protected curtain, and Messrs. Shoolbred supplied the handsome furniture, drapery, upholstery, &c. The progress of the work was energetically watched by Mr. M. Levenston, the proprietor's trusted business manager.

"THE SILVER FALLS."

New and original Drama in four acts, by GEORGE R. SIMS and HENRY PETTITT.

First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, December 22, 1888.

Eric Normanhurst ..	Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS.	Seth	Mr. VAUGHAN.
Marcos Valles	Mr. CHARLES CART- WRIGHT.	Slim Jim	Mr. DOUGLAS.
Jack Slingsby	Mr. J. L. SHINE.	Rodriguez	Mr. STEVENS.
Bob Maguire	Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE.	Diego	Mr. R. PRINCE.
Dick Redmayne	Mr. ROYCE CARLETON.	Ramon	Mr. HARRIS.
Lord Avondale	Mr. J. CARNE.	Lopez	Mr. H. COOPER.
José	Mr. CHARLES EATON.	Primrose Easter- brook	Miss MILLWARD.
Sheriff Dixon	Mr. WILLIAMS.	Lola	Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE.
Inspector Robjohn ..	Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.	Norah	Miss CLARA JECKS.
Tennessee Bill	Mr. EARDLEY TURNER.	Slim Jim's Wife ..	Miss GEORGIE ESMOND.
Yokohama Joe	Mr. JAMES EAST.	Marie	Miss ADRIENNE DAIROLLES

It is rather contrary to the usual order of things at the Adelphi that the fortunes of the evil characters of the play should be followed with even keener interest than the illused hero and his trusting sweetheart, yet such is the case in Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's last success. This can only be accounted for from the fact that the adventuress Lola is so bold and yet so fascinating in her wickedness, and that the suspected murderer Marcos Valles has more than one redeeming point—he loves with a blind passion the woman who betrays him, and he has a nobility of soul that makes him repair as far as lies in his power the wrong he has done to one whom he imagined was his enemy. As briefly as it can be told the plot runs thus: Lola, an abandoned creature, has in Mexico been the mistress of Marcos Valles. Tiring of him, she comes to Europe, and there, her past unknown, she wins the love of Eric Normanhurst, an honest young English fellow of good family, who makes her his wife. Marcos at length tracks her to her home and implores her to return to him, but she hungers for the position

of a lady, and so through the agency of Dick Redmayne, a former associate of hers, Marcos is handed over to justice for complicity in robbery and murder. Eric's uncle, Lord Avondale, is informed of his nephew's marriage, and has made such inquiries as to Lola's antecedents that he soon convinces his nephew what a wanton he has taken to himself, and so the young fellow then and there leaves her, amply providing for her, but hoping never to look on her again, and this brings the curtain down on a very powerful first act. Three years elapse, and we are then transported to the mining districts of Mexico. Eric having met with a serious accident is nursed back to life by Primrose Easterbrook (a charmingly drawn character very sweetly filled by Miss Millward). They fall in love, but, prompted by honourable feelings, Eric is about to leave her, when Redmayne, who is also attached

to Primrose, but is disliked by her, to gratify his revenge leads Eric to believe that Lola is dead. So Eric and Primrose are wed, and are arrived at their own home. Bob Maguire, her uncle (a genial Irishman capitably played by Mr. Beveridge), is returning to his house, and Eric will see him part of the way home. During his absence a travel-worn woman craves shelter; it is given her, and on Eric's return he is horrified to find that the wayfarer is Lola. He contrives to keep the secret from Primrose, and agrees to meet Lola next day, he himself rushing off on the plea that he has been called out to join a vigilance committee. At the trysting-place, "Three Pine Gulch," Lola is awaiting Eric, when Redmayne warns her that Valles is on her track. She says that she does not fear him; she has given him to the law once and she will do so again if he thwarts her. As soon as she is alone Valles comes from his hiding-place: he has



Primrose
Easterbrook—
(Miss Millward.)

overheard all, he learns the utter baseness of the creature he has adored, and, though she pleads for mercy, he stabs her to death, and then, when he discovers that he has done his work but too well, sinks upon her corpse overwhelmed with grief and forgiveness for her. The death of Lola clears the path for the happiness of Eric and Primrose, who, from a letter received from Lord Avondale, we learn is to be welcomed to England, and Redmayne for his numerous treacheries is dragged forth to be lynched. Marcos Valles gives himself up for the murder of Lola, clearing Eric of the suspicion which Redmayne had endeavoured to fix upon him. The loves of Jack Slingsby and his sweetheart, afterwards wife, Norah, give the comedy scenes, to which Mr. Shine and clever Miss Jecks lend their valuable aid. Mr. Terriss was earnest, but missed a great opportunity in

the third act, where he encounters the wife whom he believed to be dead. Mr. Charles Cartwright, in a comparatively new line to him—for there is a vein of romance and passion running through all his part—was never seen to such advantage; he and Miss Nethersole, who displayed a power



and an insight into the character of Lola that astonished her audience, fairly earned the honours of the evening, and were awarded a special call. Mr. Royce Carleton was excellent as Redmayne, a more hardy villain than he generally portrays, and Miss Adrienne Dairolles, though with only a small part, played it effectively. The general cast was good (Mr. Eardley Turner distinguished himself as Tennessee Bill), the scenery was beautiful, and the authors had done their work so well that they were summoned most heartily to bow their acknowledgments. There is little doubt but that "The Silver Falls" will fill the Adelphi for months to come.

"BOB."

Three-act Play, by FRED MARSDEN.

Produced for the first time in London at the Jodrell Theatre, December 26, 1888.

Wybert Romayne ..	Mr. WILLIAM FARREN, JR.	Miss Rich	Miss MABEL HARDINGE.
Major Jasper Elden	Mr. FRED MERVIN.	Miss Volney	Miss EVA JOHNSTONE.
Lieut. Frank Elden.	Mr. WALLACE ERSKINE.	Miss Parker	Miss MAUD BURNAND.
Professor Doremese		Miss Gleason	Miss ETHEL RICHARDSON.
Sharp	Mr. WILLIAM FRIEND.	Miss Smith	Miss MAY BROWNING.
M. Victor Dulpuis ..	Mr. JOHN W. DUNNE.	Miss Carter	Miss KITTY ROGERS.
Jansen Garnet	Mr. THOS. H. M'GRATH.	Miss Graham	Miss Flo Jennings.
Edna Garnet	Miss AMY MCNEILL.	Miss Higgins	Miss IRENE VALROY
Mrs. Major Elden ..	Miss ELSIE CAREW.	Bob	PATTI ROSA.
Miss Plum	Mrs. JULIA BRUTONE.		

"Bob" is the nickname given to Robertha for her tomboy propensities. Brought up in the colonies and summoned to England by her stepfather

to be educated and trained in a civilised manner, she proves herself to be "a wild flower transplanted to a conservatory," but a very sweet wild flower, for with all her love of mischief, her mimicry of her schoolmistress, and her egging her companions on to all sorts of enormities, she is always a little lady and a noble one, as she afterwards proves by begging herself in asserting the rights of a girl whom she almost fancies is her rival, and likely to take from her a young lieutenant on whom she has set her heart, and who fortunately really cares for her. Of plot there is but little; the piece is essentially of the American "variety show" order, and written to bring out the special qualifications of a particular actress.

Miss Patti Rosa, who made her *début* in London as Bob, created a most favourable impression. She is undoubtedly clever, is pretty, graceful, and ladylike, sings well, dances well, and plays the banjo well, has a distinct humour of her own, and shows aptitude in the various sides of the character she undertakes. Miss Rosa has good support. Mr. Fred Mervin is very amusing as a choleric major who snubs his meek wife. Mr. William Farren, jun., gave a finished picture of the scheming, deceitful Wybert Romaine, the stepfather. Mr. William Friend was original and droll as the Professor, and will decidedly make his mark in London. Mr. John W. Dunne as a dishonourable plotting French scoundrel also deserves favourable mention; and Miss Amy McNeill was gentle and pathetic as Edna Garnet, the girl whom Romaine tries to despoil of her property. Mr. Wallace Erskine was a chivalrous, frank young *militaire*."

"Bob" was preceded by "Apollo, M.D.," a weak production by Sir Randall Roberts, played for the first time, but which did not meet with approval.

CECIL HOWARD.

"MACBETH."

SHAKESPEARE'S Tragedy in six acts and twenty-one scenes.

Revived at the Lyceum Theatre, Saturday, December 29, 1888.

Duncan	Mr. HAVILAND.	A Sergeant	Mr. RAYNOR.
Malcolm	Mr. WEBSTER.	A Porter	Mr. JOHNSON.
Donalbain	Mr. HARVEY.	A Messenger	Mr. COVENEY.
Macbeth	Mr. HENRY IRVING.	An Attendant	Mr. ROE.
Banquo	Mr. WENMAN.	Murderers	(Mr. BLACK.
Macduff	Mr. ALEXANDER.		Mr. CARTER.
Lennox	Mr. OUTRAM.	Gentlewoman	Miss COLERIDGE.
Ross	Mr. TYARS.	A Servant	Miss FOSTER.
Menteith	Mr. ARCHER.	Lady Macbeth (for the first	
Angus	Mr. LACY.	time)	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Caithness	Mr. LEVERTON.	Hecate	Miss IVOR.
Fleance	Master HARWOOD.	1st Witch	Miss MARRIOTT.
Siward	Mr. HOWE.	2nd Witch	Miss DESBOROUGH.
Seyton	Mr. FENTON.	3rd Witch	Miss SEAMAN.
Two other Officers	(Mr. HEMSTOCK.	Apparitions	(Mr. BAIRD.
A Doctor	Mr. CASS.		Miss HARWOOD.
	Mr. STUART.		Miss HOLLAND.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Apparitions, &c.

The Overture, Preludes, and Incidental Music composed expressly by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The following music was composed expressly for the play:—Overture; Act I., Incidental Music; Act II., Prelude; Act III., Prelude and Incidental Music; Act IV., Incidental Music with Chorus; Act V., Prelude; Act VI., Prelude and Incidental Music.

During the intervals between the acts the following selections from Arthur Sullivan's Shakespearian music were performed:—Between Acts I. and II., Water Music ("Henry VIII."); between Acts II. and III., Martial Introduction ("Henry VIII."); between Acts III. and IV., Prelude to the Fifth Act ("The Tempest").

The remarkable representation of Macbeth given at the Lyceum has already engendered an amount of description and discussion that would

almost fill a small volume. Much of this is engrossed by criticism on the conception of their characters taken by the two leading performers, which, it is insisted, amounts to the abolishing of the old heroic reading.

The Scotch chieftain and his lady are shown, not simply as mere human, but almost creatures of necessity, subservient to the pressure of a weak, nerveless nature in the one case, and of a devoted conjugal affection in the other. It would need a Hazlitt, or a Lamb, or a Coleridge, to discuss this question in satisfactory style; but what a testimony to the depth and largeness of our great poet's characters that such a disquisition should become reasonable, or possible! The two great performers, it may be said, were perfectly consistent and homogeneous in their interpretation, and the issue corresponded to their intention.

Miss Terry's more feminine conception is supported in a remarkable way by the incident of



Lady Macbeth fainting on the discovery of the murder. No ingenuity can get over this inconsistency; and performers who have adopted the heroic masculine view have turned the difficulty by leaving the passage out altogether. The performer is wise indeed who follows the light of his own inspirations. Any *adapted* interpretation, however correct, will have an artificial air, and carry no conviction to the audiences. On a first night particular effects are more employed than is originally intended, but with repetition comes modulation as it were, and more reserve. Both were, beyond dispute, fine, striking, very original, and interesting performances. One of the most striking situations, and where they were at their best, was the almost agonising moment of preparation for the murder. There was



Miss Terry

Lady Macbeth

here the uncertainty, the feverish hurry, the sense that the opportunity, if not seized now, would be gone: the general impression of midnight, the

castle all at rest, and the king asleep close by. The sense of impending crime was in the air. In conveying such general impressions as these, without the aid of speech, the Lyceum management is unrivalled. It shows the true dramatic instinct.

The ghost has been much criticised, and it is certainly a *crux* of extraordinary, if not of insurmountable difficulty. Some would have him present to the "mind's eye" alone—a cutting of the gordian knot. An actor in the flesh is unghostly enough; spectral illusion suggests the magic lantern of the late Pepper. Ascending through the floor must suggest the agency of ascent, "the harmless necessary" trap. The solution lies, I fancy, in making the figure misty, more or less, revealing him gradually, and there is some agency of gauzes by which this can be done. Were he at the *other* side of the table he would be more tractable.



HENRY IRVING AS MACBETH
ACT V. SC. 4

The other performers were excellent in their way. Duncan exhibits proper senility, with a sort of feebleness, even to the quavering tones of his voice, which added to the enormity of the crime perpetrated on his helpless person. Mr. Alexander was a valiant, solid Macduff, without any of the declamation (and often ranting) associated with his character. Banquo was efficient.

All kept a due reserve. No one was blatant. The witches were performed by ladies, for the first time it is said.

As for the scenery, all previous efforts have been excelled. A new drop scene has been supplied, representing simple amber draperies hanging in rich folds, the work of Telbin, an admirable artist. There are no less than nineteen distinct scenes, each of which is a study for originality. Two of these are extraordinary efforts, perfect triumphs of constructed or "built-up" stage architecture. We have "The Court of Macbeth's Castle," with its corner tower and massive gallery running round, and mysterious looking portal. At the side is seen a winding stair leading to Duncan's chamber, which furnishes Lady Macbeth and her guilty mate with some picturesque and appropriate "business," hesitation and reluctance, as, with tottering steps and glances back, they ascend, and are gradually lost to view. It would be difficult to say how much is suggested by this arrangement. Something of the same sense of guilt and mystery is experienced as the visitor ascends the winding stairs in the Tower of London. The confusion of the night alarm on the discovery rouses all the retainers, who are seen crowding out on the gallery with torches, and looking down with eager eyes into the hall. All this is *legitimate* illustration, and is indeed conveyed in

the text. The other scene is the great Banqueting Hall; the table for the feast being drawn across the centre, with such detail and "admired disorder" as to suggest a confused crowd of guests, abundance of barbarous fare; a wonderful reform of the old system, when a bald table and a few so-called "goblets" supplied the idea of a banquet. In the old dispensation the property man did everything, literally and upon his oath, as Lamb would say, and coldly furnished forth the table. Another scene, conceived in a happy spirit of illustration, was the arrival of the King with his retinue at the gate of Macbeth's castle, and the description of its inviting calm and tranquillity has always seemed one of the most exquisite passages. The smiling *paysage*, the balmy air, the innocent look of the hospitable mansion, were intended to contrast with the black deed that was meditated, and no more perfect realisation of the spirit of the scene could be imagined. As the scene revealed itself, the old snug-looking castle seemed to repose in the sun, the balmy gentle breezes to be wafted across the distant champaign. Then the travellers came up, ascending from below in dropping fashion, and pleased with the aspect of their newly reached shelter; so that naturally and most appropriately one of the party gives expression to the well-known beautiful lines—

"This castle hath a pleasant seat."

Thus is shown the mode in which scenery should aid the interpretation. Another remarkable set piece is that of the witches' cavern, truly picturesque, and which also interprets the situation. Sheltered in a corner, behind a great hill or mountain, the hags pursue their work, while Macbeth surveys their proceedings from the opposite side, as though he had surprised them. There is an impressive air of chilling mystery, not untinged with melancholy, in the ghostly passage of the Kings—grey shadowy things. I could dwell long on the series of fine characteristic landscapes, painted in a bold striking fashion, and which express now Scotch, now English scenes, in the most forcible way, set off with strange atmospheric effects—witness the patch of water on which the light shines. Mr. Craven would surely make his mark as a painter "an he listed," and indeed the stage is an admirable school for breadth of style and effect, as Stanfield proves. More remarkable in these efforts is the absence of the conventional treatment of landscape. It may be added here, in opposition to Mr. Telbin's view, set out in the current number of the "Art Magazine," that the scenes here painted on "cloths" are even more effective and realistic than the "modelled" or built-up structures.

The dresses it would be vain to praise. They are all in a low "key," as it may be termed—dull browns and dust colour. Miss Terry's rich and beautiful combination, with a tint of the Japanese, was, as the French have it, of a "seizing" kind. We have seldom seen anything more effective for its purpose. One little point may be noted to show the judiciousness with which tragic effect has been sought. Usually "the daggers" are

mean little skewer-like weapons, which suggest a vulgar "sticking," here they are formidable knives, of a barbarous and efficient kind.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

"FIRST MATE."

Comedy-Drama, in two acts, by RICHARD HENRY.

First produced at the Gaiety Theatre, December 31, 1888.

Jack Braddock	Mr. HARRY PARKER.	Letty Lansdell	Miss JENNY McNULTY.
Jack (his son)	Mr. H. GRAHAM.	Fred Finch	Mr. GEORGE STONE.
Deborah	Miss MARIE ILLINGTON.	Brogden	Mr. E. H. HASLEM.
Mrs. Braddock	Miss MARIA JONES.	Slive	Mr. C. WALKER.

Mr. George Edwardes moves with the times, and provides for the early attendants at his theatre something that is fresh and enjoyable, and such is Richard Henry's comedy-drama. Pleasantly interweaving grave and gay, the piece goes from start to finish briskly, and thoroughly interests the audience. Jack Braddock, a sailor, Letty Lansdell's sweetheart, has left in his sister Deborah's care a hundred pounds. Letty's home is likely to be sold up by Brogden out of spite for the rejection of his suit by Letty, so Deborah comes forward and saves her friend. By so doing she is unable to assist the elder Braddock, her father, a cheery old salt, who has turned farmer, and who has relied on this money to pay his rent, also due to the vengeful Brogden. Further trouble appears to have fallen upon the family from the report that young Jack has been killed when just reaching port. But things end happily. Brogden, the stony-hearted, relents, Jack turns up safe and sound, and Deborah, nicknamed "First Mate" from her being her father's right hand, promises to give that hand to Fred Finch, an amusing dog, a lawyer's clerk with an unfortunate propensity for betting on any event, an evil practice which he promises to forego. Mr. George Stone was genuinely funny in this character. Mr. Harry Parker was a genial old fellow as Braddock, with some rough touches of pathos that were very natural. Miss Marie Illington was a natural honest-hearted English girl as Deborah, and carried the piece along on the top of the wave. Mr. Haslem played well as Brogden, and Miss Jenny McNulty was a pretty Letty Lansdell.

On this night Miss Violet Cameron assumed the title-*rôle* in "Faust up to Date," and was cordially received. Other changes in the cast have been introduced. Mr. Harry Parker makes quite a feature of the Lord Chancellor, and has an excellent topical duet, "I take an objection to that," by Robert Martin, with Mephistopheles. Mr. E. H. Haslem now plays Old Faust, and Miss Fanny Robina Siebel. Miss St. John has another new song, fresh dances have been added, and Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's burlesque is even brighter than it was originally.

"BETSY". AT THE CRITERION.



Cecil Barth.

Edith Penrose.

Herbert Standing.
Fanny Moore.
George Giddens.

Rose Saker.
Lottie Venn.

William Blakeley.
Anbrey Bonicant.

Madeline Viney.
Fanny Robertson.

Alfred Maltby.
[From a Photograph by Barraud.]

"PAUL JONES."

Opéra Comique, in three acts, after CHIVOT and DURU, written by H. B. FARNIE.
First produced in London at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, January 2, 1889.

Paul Jones	Miss AGNES HUNTINGDON.	Mignonne	Miss FORBES.
Rufino de Martinez	Mr. TEMPLER SAXE.	Estelle	Miss GLADYS KNOWLES.
Bicoquet	Mr. HENRY ASHLEY.	Ramez	Mr. SHALE.
Don Trocadero ..	Mr. FRANK WYATT.	Don Antonio ..	Mr. PEARCE.
Kestrel	Mr. HENDON.	Jeanne de Kerbec	Miss STANFORD.
Bouillabaisse ..	Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE.	Coralie	Miss DASHWOOD.
Petit Pierre	Mr. ALBERT JAMES.	Alva	Miss MINNIE HOWE.
First Lieutenant..	Mr. GEORGE PRESTON.	Fernando	Miss GWYNNE.
Chopinette	Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.	Marion	Mr. SEFTON.
Malaguena	Miss KATE CUTLER.	Gougon	Mr. R. MASON.
Guava	Miss MIMI ST. CYR.	Don Riboso	Mr. BOTTRILL.
Captain Octroi ..	Miss JEANNIE MILES.	Louise de la Forte	Miss BELL.
Yvonne	Miss WADMAN.	Val de Penas.. ..	Miss DOUGLAS.
Delphine	Miss FLORENCE WILTON.	Maroona.. ..	Miss LILLIE LEVINE.
Nichette	Miss FITZHERBERT.		

After being closed for a short interval, which was devoted to the general re-embellishment of the house, Mr. Horace Sedger re-opened his theatre with "Paul Jones," produced by the "Carl Rosa Light Opera Company." This "opéra comique," as it is termed in the programmes, was originally played with a prologue at the Folies Dramatiques, Paris, October 6, 1887, under the title of "Surcouf." Mr. H. B. Farnie, as is his wont, has freely adapted the libretto of MM. Chivot and Duru, and made his book a fairly amusing one. Though there is not anything wonderfully original in the story, yet it serves its purpose. The hero Paul Jones and Yvonne, the daughter of Bicoquet, a ship chandler of St. Malo, are desperately in love with each other, but her father intends her for Rufino, a Spanish grandee. However he promises to give his consent to the union if at the end of three years Paul can return with a fortune of a million francs. So Paul volunteers on board an American privateer with his cronies, Bouillabaisse, an old smuggler (who is only too glad to escape from his young and pretty but termagant wife, Chopinette), and Petit Pierre, who forms one of the party. In Act II., after a lapse of three years, Malaguena, Rufino's sister, has married old Bicoquet, and is pressing forward the betrothal of Yvonne and her brother: Paul Jones arrives just in the nick of time with the fortune he has amassed as captain of the United States corvette, the "Bon Homme Richard," and is challenged to a duel by Rufino. This is only a pretence, however, for Paul is made prisoner and carried off in Rufino's frigate to the island of Estrella in the West Indies, where the marriage between Rufino and Yvonne is to be solemnised. Act III. in the island introduces Trocadero, the Governor, whose peace of mind has been constantly disturbed by Paul Jones's squadron. He is delighted, therefore, to hear that the rover has been captured, and gives a fête on the island. Paul, however, escapes, and to see Yvonne daringly enters the Governor's house. Fortunately Trocadero mistakes him for Bicoquet, and pays him



every attention, and when Bicoquet arrives he is gagged and imprisoned for Paul Jones, Malaguena, who finds she owes a deep debt of gratitude to the latter, aiding in the deception. Bouillabaisse and Petit Pierre have escaped to their ship, and to obtain the release of their commander disguise themselves as the savage king of the neighbouring island of Mosquito and his son, who are expected on a political visit. They thus obtain admittance to the palace, and, with the aid of the American crew that has landed, overcome the Spaniards and free Paul Jones, who carries off Yvonne.

The opening night will be a memorable one as being that on which Miss Agnes Huntingdon made her *début* on the lyric stage in London, though she had been heard some six years ago at a concert given by M. Ganz. Since then Miss Huntingdon has made a reputation with

the "Boston Ideals," and been favourably received in Germany and Paris. Very tall but graceful, with prepossessing features and a handsome stage presence, Miss Huntingdon possesses an exceptionally charming contralto voice, and excellent method and style. She at once established herself as a favourite, and her success increased as the evening wore on, one air, "Ever and ever thine," a gem in the opera, being specially redemanded, and at the final fall of the curtain it was evident that Miss Huntingdon had made the hit of the season. Miss Wadman acquitted herself well as Yvonne. Mr. Henry Ashley showed some humour as Bicoquet, and Messrs. Harry Monkhouse and Albert James were very droll in their parts. It was universally regretted that Mr. Frank Wyatt was not seen till the third act as Trocadero, so much life and spirit did he infuse into the scene by his singing of "Open the council now," and his dancing and acting afterwards. Miss Phyllis Broughton



Miss Phyllis Broughton in her Sabot song.

has a bright lilting air to sing, "He looked at my sabots," to which her voice unfortunately was not equal, but the favourite actress redeemed any shortcomings by her exquisite dancing of a "Bourrée." Miss Kate Cutler was a decidedly attractive Malaguena, and the minor parts were well filled, the choruses being specially well rendered.

Though perhaps not altogether so attractive as the "Cloches de Corneville," M. Planquette's music in "Paul Jones" is very melodious, and gains upon one. The opera was superbly mounted; the dresses by Alias were marvels of beauty, richness, and taste; the orchestra, under Mr. Stanislaus, was a well-selected one, and the principals, the composer, Mr. Sedger and Mr. Carl Rosa, acknowledged the persistent calls. "Paul Jones" promises to have a run.

"THAT DOCTOR CUPID."

New and Fantastic Comedy in three acts, by ROBERT BUCHANAN.

First produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Monday afternoon, January 14, 1889.

Sir Timothy Racket..	Mr. FREDERICK THORNE.	Dr. Cupid	Mr. THOMAS THORNE.
Harry Racket	Mr. FRANK GILMORE.	Miss Bridget Con-	
Charles Farlow	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.	stant	Miss F. ROBERTSON.
Barney O'Shea	Mr. J. WHEATMAN.	Mrs. Veale	Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND.
Lord Fungus	Mr. SCOTT BUIST.	Mrs. Bliss	Miss MARION LEA.
Plastic	Mr. PAGDEN.	Kate Constant ..	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.
Beau King.. ..	Mr. F. GROVE.		

If continuous laughter is any proof of a success, Mr. Thorne has surely secured one in "That Doctor Cupid." Mr. Buchanan has rightly named his comedy fantastic, for it combines the supernatural with the every-day life of the beginning of this century. Whether the general public will be attracted by this strange mixture, which at times reminds us of "The Bottle Imp," "Creatures of Impulse," and even "The Sorcerer," remains to be proved. Certainly the author sprung his mine for the introduction of the supernatural in a deft and clever manner. The scene opens in Harry Racket's rooms at Cambridge. Their occupier is a young gentleman who has devoted his time to drinking and gambling, and has been compelled to have recourse to money-lenders. One of them, Plastic, has been summoned to supply his necessities, and advances him £200 on the condition that he purchases certain articles. These are duly sent in, and prove to be various stuffed beasts, birds, skulls, and sundry specimens preserved in spirits of wine in bottles. Harry is engaged to Kate Constant, a charming, artless girl, who evidently prefers a dashing fellow of those days to a milksop, and has given him all her heart. She calls with her aunt, Miss Bridget, just when Harry has heard from his uncle, Sir Timothy, a gouty hypochondriac, that he has discarded him on account of the evil reports of him. Kate declares she will be true to him despite all his misfortunes, but her aunt jumps at Harry's generous offer to release her from her engagement so that she may marry the rich Lord Fungus. When they are gone Harry looks round on the bill discounter's rubbish, and takes up a bottle to which is attached a label bearing a Latin inscription, that love conquers the world, but science conquers love. Harry says it is wealth that conquers love, and in a fit of rage dashes the bottle into the fireplace, a crash is heard, and there appears a strange figure dressed in Elizabethan costume, who announces himself as Love. He tells how, having fallen from high Olympus, he became an imp, and that an alchemist of Queen Elizabeth's day had entrapped him, and sealed him down in the bottle. As a recompense to Harry for freeing him, he offers him his services; though he cannot give him wealth, he will, by his power over all creatures animate, bring him good luck, and secure him his uncle's good graces and his sweetheart's hand. And so they fly off to Bath, whither Kate is gone with her aunt, and where also is staying for the benefit of the waters. Sir Timothy Racket, attended by his sycophantic, wheedling nurse, Mrs. Veale, whom he thinks of marrying. Here Doctor Cupid, introduced by Harry as his tutor, proceeds to try and put matters straight for his pupil, but Cupid is so elated by his release from long confinement that he mismanages matters.

Possessed of his invisible bow and arrows, he shoots his darts astray. He makes Mrs. Bliss a comely young widow, whom Charles Farlow, Harry's friend, has been worshipping for years, fall in love with Harry, so does Mrs. Veale, so does Miss Bridget, until at last Kate is bound to believe that her lover is a deceiver, and accepts Lord Fungus. Doctor Cupid is dismissed in disgrace and with a curse, but he will not accept his dismissal till he has mended affairs, so in the third act he draws the current of love of all the ladies on himself in a most amusing scene, and then diverts their affection into its proper channels. Kate is reconciled to Harry, Mrs. Bliss to Farlow, the duplicity of Mrs. Veale is unmasked, and Sir Timothy is cured of his ailments, and taught that the true happiness of the old is not in selfish matrimony for themselves, but in witnessing its blissful results in the young. Taking the characters as they stand in the programme that deserve special mention, Mr. Frederick Thorne was excellent as the irascible gouty Sir Timothy, and gave some charming little touches, particularly when Kate intercedes for her lover. Mr. Frank Gilmore was a fine, impulsive young fellow as Harry Racket, and shows that he is rapidly advancing in his profession. Mr. Cyril Maude's characterisation of Charles Farlow, a stuttering beau, was a perfect gem in acting, and Mr. Thomas Thorne was full of high spirits and dry humour as Doctor Cupid. In the third act, when he is scarcely absent from the stage, his "go" and vivacity were irresistible. Miss F. Robertson played well as a maiden lady of a certain age. Miss Dolores Drummond hit off to a nicety the fawning, deceitful attendant on Sir Timothy, and forcibly betrayed her real character when exposed through Doctor Cupid's spells. Pretty Miss Marion Lea was a captivating Widow Bliss, and Miss Winifred Emery was a frank, loving girl as Kate Constant. I was sorry to see Mr. Scott Buist had not more to do as Lord Fungus; he was thrown away on so small a part, and one which gave him no opportunities. Mr. F. Grove did not quite picture to us Beau King. Messrs. Nathan must be complimented on the costumes, which, designed by Karl, brought before us so vividly the appearance of our dandies and ball-room belles when George was King, and King ruled over Bath. "That Doctor Cupid" was placed in the evening bill on Thursday, January 17, 1889.

"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

Comedy, in three acts, by TOM TAYLOR.

Revived on January 19, 1889, at the Criterion Theatre.

John Mildmay	Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.	Langford	Mr. E. EMERY.
Captain Hawksley ..	Mr. HERBERT STANDING.	Markham	Mr. S. HEWSON.
Mr. Potter	Mr. WILLIAM BLAKELEY.	Jessop	Mr. G. B. PHILLIPS.
Dunbirk	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.	Mrs. Mildmay ..	Miss MARY MOORE.
Gimlet	Mr. E. DAGNALL.	Mrs. Sternhold ..	Mrs. BERNARD BEERE.

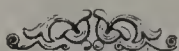
"Still Waters Run Deep," one of the best plays that the late Tom Taylor ever wrote, was first produced at the Olympic nearly thirty-four years ago (May 15, 1855). Mr. Alfred Wigan made a name as John Mildmay, Mr. George Vining was highly spoken of as Captain Hawksley, as were Mr. S.

Emery as Mr. Potter, Miss Maskell as Mrs. Mildmay, and Mrs. "Melfort" as Mrs. Sternhold. In those days and in most subsequent representations the latter character has been represented as an almost puritanical woman, though strong-minded, as one to whom the loss of her good name would be more bitter and ruinous than to an ordinary human being, and John Mildmay's "Villa at Brompton" gave one the idea of that of a man in comfortable, but not extraordinarily affluent circumstances. But we must have new readings of plays nowadays, and so at the Criterion the modest villa is changed into a luxurious "boudoir," with all the wealth of colour and ornament that Messrs. Liberty can introduce. Japanese monsters, china plates, and etchings adorn the shelves and walls, and Mrs. Sternhold and Mrs. Mildmay are in keeping with their surroundings, and appear in "Worth" costumes that only the richest could command. A corresponding change takes place in the character of Mrs. Sternhold. She is evidently a society dame, fearing the scandal that would arise from the fact that it would probably depose her from being a leader in the set among which she moves, and she rules Mildmay's household not so much from a domineering spirit as that from her doing so she will be able to make sure that only her own favourites shall be received as visitors. In the last act, too, Mildmay does not prove his courage when challenged by Hawksley by offering to fight him across a handkerchief with only one pistol loaded. Yet with these changes the play is so well written that all seemed perfectly natural. Mr. Wyndham perhaps took John Mildmay at rather too slow a measure, the result probably of nervousness that will wear off, but gave an excellent idea of a shrewd man with a cool head and a warm heart, content to bide his time till the proper moment arrived to assert himself, and then proving equal to the occasion, and with a deep abiding affection for the woman to whom he has given his love. Mrs. Bernard Beere's reading of Mrs. Sternhold was quite original, but lost none of its force through that. Her self-contempt at having thrown her love away on such a despicable creature as Hawksley was finely expressed, and certainly her great scene with the forging adventurer has never been more perfectly played. Mr. Herbert Standing, too, in outwardly faultless get-up, was very good, not only in *the* scene with Mrs. Sternhold, but in the second act in his interview with Mildmay, and his detection by and submission to the stronger mind and hand. Miss Mary Moore, looking very lovely, fitly conveyed the impression of a weak, loving nature that could easily be imposed upon by the admiration of a romantic-looking, plausible admirer. Mr. W. Blakeley did well as Potter, the doddering old gentleman with such an intense reverence for his stronger-minded sister, until the third act, and then he rather caricatured the part. The remainder of the cast was thoroughly efficient.

"A Pretty Piece of Business," by Thomas Morton, a comedietta of the old-fashioned school, was merrily rattled through by Mr. E. Emery and Miss Rose Saker. Mr. George Giddens gave a clever sketch of the nervous, retiring Dr. Shee, Miss Fanny Moore looked pretty as Miss

Charlotte Shee, and Miss Emily Vining was amusing as Dobson, the slavey, though her get-up was a little extravagant for such a household. During the short recess the Criterion Theatre has been redecorated in the most perfect taste, and looked charming. The panels of quilted crushed strawberry silk, and the hangings and upholstery to correspond, reflect the greatest credit on Messrs. Campbell, Smith, and Co., who designed the work, and on Messrs. Maple and Co., who furnished the upholstery. A very fashionable audience was present, including the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Lord Londesborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, the millionaire Colonel North and his very lovely daughter, and a host of celebrities.

CECIL HOWARD.



A Glance Round the Galleries.



THE twenty exhibitions of works by the Old Masters that have been held at Burlington House would, one would almost suppose, have exhausted our national stock, but as year after year goes by we are astonished at the many priceless works never before exhibited. Apart from the general excellence of this year's collection, apart from the magnificent Rembrandts and beautiful Watteaus, a melancholy interest attaches to it, for on the walls of two galleries hang the works of one who a year ago was painting in our midst, and transferring to canvas the great men around us. Death has removed Frank Holl from us in the prime of his life and at the matured height of his power, but by dint of unceasing activity he has left us a grand legacy, a portion of which is now to be seen. Deeply interesting are the subject pictures painted before he devoted all his attention to portraits, and containing immense dramatic power, strength of design, and affecting pathos. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," is the title of the picture that won the painter the Royal Academy Travelling Studentship in 1868, and the prize was worthily bestowed. The solemn tragedy, the unutterable pent-up grief that are depicted in the faces of the bereaved ones, arrest your attention at once. Frank Holl had the rare faculty that genius has of redeeming the commonplace in life by triumph of art, and "Want—The Pawnbroker's Shop" is a powerful instance in point. The sad girl with the child in her arms is the centre of interest, and the clothes on the counter, the callous broker behind, and his assistant, tell graphically the mournful tale. The handling of the background and the subserviency of the details are masterly managed. "No Tidings from the Sea," "Newgate," and "Gone" alone would have made the painter famous, while "Hush" and "Hushed" show his tender

poetic feeling. Out of the fine selection of portraits it is difficult to allude in a brief notice to even the principal ones, but for power of painting, mastery of brush work, and strength of likeness, the portrait of the Duke of Cleveland is perhaps the most remarkable. Those of Lord Trevelyan, Lord Spencer, and Captain Alexander Mitchell Sim are worthy examples of portrait painting.

To the Queen, Sir Richard Wallace, and the Earl of Ilchester especially we are indebted for some magnificent Rembrandts, which are alone worth a visit. The "Portrait of the Painter" by himself is a marvel of genius, as are also the Queen's "Portrait of a Lady" and the famous Mother. Sir Richard Wallace and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild lend a most interesting collection of pictures by Watteau, Nicholas, and Lancret, of whose works the National Gallery is so bare. A charm, grace, and exquisite delicacy mark all Watteau's subjects, and their beauty makes us indifferent to the artificiality of style and life they portray. They are things of beauty, and that is sufficient. Jan Steen, Hobbema, Wouverman, Romney, Cuyp, Linnell, Gainsborough, and many others, including inexhaustible Reynolds and Etty, make up a very strong exhibition, and the thanks of the public are due to the owners who have so generously lent the pictures, and to the members of the Royal Academy, whose energies have succeeded in giving us such an artistic banquet.

HERBERT LEE COLLINSON.



Our Omnibus-Box.

A correspondent writes me:—"Wednesday, December 5, was Speech Day at King Edward VI.'s School, Stratford-on-Avon, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.C., presiding. The Memorial Hall, excellently fitted for dramatic purposes, was used for the first time. The first thing given was a scene from the 'Antigone of Sophocles,' in which Mr. H. R. Bigg (son of the Rev. C. Bigg, vicar of Handley, Wilts) won golden opinions in the character of Antigone, wearing the long white, gold-embroidered Greek dress with much grace. The scenery in this act was charming. Mr. Dennis as the Watchman had an elaborate part, and presented a very picturesque appearance in his dress of leopard skins. He acted with much earnestness. Mr. Samman as Kreon, the King of Thebes, was painstaking, but hardly up to the level of the other two. At the fall of the curtain plaudits were long and loud, and it rose again to show a very charming *tableau vivant*, the two men regarding Antigone with anger and detestation, while Antigone, with head bowed upon her arms, knelt upon the ground in an abandonment of grief. A scene from 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' of Molière followed the Greek play, and in this Mr. Van Courtlandt Philips carried away the

honours, his rendering of the part of the Maitre d'Arme being really admirable, and his pronunciation excellent, while Mr. Samman's *gaucheries* as Mons. Jourdane were delicious. The by-play of the secondary characters was good, and Mr. Norman Griffith as Le Maitre de Philosophie was duly pompous and dignified to begin with, and proportionately violent to finish with. There was an audience of more than three hundred. The music of 'The Antigone' (Mendelssohn) was well rendered, Miss Laffan taking the piano part, and Mr. Callaway the violin, on which he is a proficient. Altogether the first dramatic representation in the Memorial Hall may be said to have been a complete success.

At Drury Lane the pantomime "Babes in the Wood" is certainly a very "new version" of the old story, for Mr. Augustus Harris, in collaboration with the veteran E. L. Blanchard, and the more modern Harry Nicholls, has contrived to mix up the fortunes of the hapless children with the love affairs of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, the latter being made the nursery governess to the infants. It is while they are out in their perambulator in Sherwood Forest that they are decoyed away by the robbers, and eventually covered with leaves by the robins under the fostering care of Robin Redbreast (Mdlle. *Ænea*). The wicked uncle, the Baron (Mr. Victor Stevens), the Baroness (Mr. Dan Leno), their factotum Jeames (Mr. Walter Andrew), and their Poodle (the inimitable Charles Lauri, jun.) figure to the greatest advantage in the comic scenes, and of course we have Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell as the Babes, one in a dainty white frock, broad sash, and fair hair hanging down the back, the other in a "Master Bardell" suit sucking lollipops. That these two excellent comedians make plenty of capital out of their "situations" can well be imagined, and their principal topical song, "We're mistaken," goes splendidly every night. Miss Harriet Vernon makes a handsome Robin Hood, and Miss Florence Dysart a bewitching Maid Marian, in which character she sings very charmingly. Then we have a host of pretty young ladies as some of Robin Hood's merry men and their sweethearts, among whom may be mentioned Miss Maggie Duggan as Will Scarlet, Miss Sybil Grey as Toxophila, and Miss Nelly Huntley as Draw-the-Bow. Mr. Tom Pleon is a droll Friar Tuck, and the Griffiths Brothers have a genuinely funny and clever fight as the Two Robbers. Miss Theresa Mayer is a graceful Eglantine, Queen of the Fairies. It is, however, the spectacle which we now look for at old Drury, and in this Mr. Harris has surpassed himself. In the "Palace of Games" is shown not only every toy ever invented by Cremer or seen in the Lowther Arcade, but dominos and packs of cards are represented in costume and perform dances. In the "Glade in Sherwood" the outlaw and his band form a most picturesque *coup d'œil* from the taste displayed in their sylvan dresses. The panorama of woodland scenery (by Kautsky) is certainly one of the most beautiful on record, and the "Paradise of the Birds" beggars description. Books on ornithology must have been ransacked to



Drury Lane. "The Babes in the Wood."

furnish the numerous specimens of the feathered tribe. Ostriches and cranes, lyre birds and birds of paradise, the different species of pheasants, secretary birds, macaws, cockatoos, love birds, and so in a descending scale to the size of the tiniest jewel-hued humming birds, take part in a picture that, gorgeous as it is, is relieved from garishness by the exquisite harmony of the plumages. This alone is worth a visit, and when to this is added Mr. Emden's transformation scene, leading to the welcome arrival of our old friend Harry Payne and his efficient harlequinade, no wonder that the large theatre is crowded twice daily, and from the booking is likely to be so for many weeks to come.

"Alice in Wonderland," so charmingly adapted by H. Savile Clarke from Mr. Lewis Carroll's delightful story, was revived at the Globe on Boxing Day, and has since afforded the greatest treat to numerous children and adults who patronise afternoon performances. It was fully commented on two years ago when it was produced at the Prince of Wales's, and though only three of the original cast remain, Mr. Sidney Harcourt (Hatter and Tweedledum), Master Charles Adeson (Cheshire Cat), and Master Stephen Adeson (King of Hearts), the characters are no less well filled. We have a charming *spirituelle* Alice in Miss Ida Bowman, who sings sweetly and dances gracefully, a quaint Dormouse in tiny Miss Emmie Bowman, and a funny little White Rabbit in Master Charles Bowman. Then Mr. T. P. Haynes figures conspicuously as Mock Turtle and Tweedledee, and Misses Edith and Irene Vanbrugh exhibit their dramatic capabilities, the former as the Cook, and the latter young lady as the Knave of Hearts and the White Queen. Mr. Walter Slaughter's tuneful music is done full justice to, the scenery is excellent, and the dresses and appointments in the best taste and harmony. "Alice in Wonderland" was produced under the direction of the adapter and Mr. Edgar Bruce.

Miss Rosina Filippi had previously shown herself to be a most capable actress, and has now in her writing of "Little Goody Two Shoes" proved herself to be a very pleasing authoress. Her work, though intended for the amusement of children, is such that it cannot fail to charm grown people, and clothes a favourite nursery story in bright and often poetic language, through which runs a vein of delicate humour. Mr. Andrew Levey has specially composed some very delightful music for it, and the whole has been produced under the direction of Mrs. John Wood. The clever manageress has assembled an excellent troupe of children, whom she has trained with her well-known skill. Goody Two Shoes and her brother Tommy Meanwell are sheltered by kind-hearted Farmer Jones, but the terrible Sir Timothy Grind and his overseer Graspall insist on their being driven forth. So the good fairies assist them and start them on the road for the "Land of Leisure," giving them as companions Jack Jumps the Raven, the Cat, and the kind spirit Harmony. Their object is to find the

"wishing flower," which with its magical properties will enable them to set all things straight. In this "Land of Leisure" Miss Flimsy, the Queen, learns the useless existence she is leading, and becomes quite an industrious little body to win the love of Tommy. On the road they meet with Molly, a most uncompromising young lady, and her conical mule Jibber, that cause much laughter. Everything, I need hardly say, ends happily, the wicked fairies and their *protégés* being defeated "all along the line." Among those to be singled out as most promising children must be Miss Dot Hetherington as Goody, a charming little actress, singer and dancer; Tommy Tucker, as Graspall; Molly, Miss Celia Tucker, a born comedienne; Harmony, Miss Daisy Ashton, with a very sweet voice; Miss Flimsy, Miss Georgie Martin, a very pleasing child; Jack Jumps, Charles Groves; Jibber, F. Kitchen; and the Cat, S. Solomon. The scenery and dresses are beautiful. "Mamma" is still a great success in the evening, and great improvements have been made for the comfort of the pit.

Refinement and elegance in the treatment of the subject are always looked for at the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Horace Lennard, bearing this in mind, has daintily dished up the old but ever welcome story of



"Cinderella" in neat and graceful lines, introducing a good amount of wholesome, honest fun in the character of the two Sisters and the Baron. With due deference to the spirit of pantomime, she is summoned by Father Time and the Seasons to decide upon what shall be the subject chosen for

the revels, and their deliberations form the opening. In the development of the story Cinderella is discovered by the Prince when out hunting, and this gives the opportunity for a real stag and hounds to be introduced, and this is followed by a charming ballet, in which the dancers appear representing fern and bracken, oak leaves and acorns, &c. Another very pretty



and novel scene is in the Bou-doir, where the little fairies, summoned to deck Cinderella for the ball, emerge from gigantic fans, bouquets, jewel boxes, &c., in costumes that illustrate their several callings. The "transformation" is a very beautiful one. Mr. Oscar Barrett, who produces the pantomime, has also selected and arranged the music with his usual good taste, and has engaged a bewitching Cinderella in Miss Edith Bruce, a handsome, dashing Prince Felix in

Miss Susie Vaughan, two most comical sisters in Mr. Edward Righton and Miss Amy Liddon, and a very amusing Baron and his servant in Mr. Clarence J. Hague and Mr. D'Auban, the latter of whom, with Miss D'Auban and the Fairy Godmother, are responsible for the ballets.

"The Begum's Diamonds," an original three-act comedy-drama, written by J. P. Hurst, announced for production at a *matinée* at the Avenue Theatre on January 22 by Mr. Samuel French, and in which Messrs. Yorke Stephens, Lewis Waller, W. F. Hawtrey, Sydney Brough, Eric Lewis, and Hamilton Knight, and Misses Florence West, Norreys, Violet Vanbrugh, and Ethel Hope are to appear, together with "April Showers," by the authors of "Flirtation," a three-act comedy to be played at Terry's on the afternoon of Thursday, January 24, and for which Messrs. John Beauchamp, Lewis Waller, Albert Chevalier, Walter Everard, Charles, and Misses Norreys, Maud Millett, and Mrs. Edmund Phelps, will be noticed in the next number. "The Love Story," Mr. P. Leclercq's play that achieved such a success at a Strand *matinée*, will be played on the afternoons of February 18 and four following days at the Vaudeville, Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington resuming their original characters. They will be assisted by a strong cast, and subsequently take the piece on tour.

Mr. Richard Mansfield commenced his season at the Globe Theatre, of which he is sole lessee and manager, on Saturday evening, December 22

1888. Though he had only obtained possession some thirty-six hours, he had in that incredibly short time accomplished marvels in cleaning, re-upholstering, and carpeting the house, which, with its handsome new curtain, presented quite a fresh and bright appearance. "Prince Karl," transferred from the Lyceum, went splendidly, Mr. Mansfield carrying the piece along in one continued ripple of laughter. The cast was the same with two exceptions. Miss May Whitty, a young lady possessed of considerable personal attractions, was a very piquant and animated Alicia, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith was excessively droll as Howard Algernon Briggs. "Prince Karl" was preceded by "Editha's Burglar," already seen and appreciated at the Princess's Theatre. The short but telling scene had the advantage of Mr. Lionel Brough's valuable aid in the character of the burglar, which was played with that keen sense of humour and fidelity to nature that distinguishes this clever actor's performances. The child Editha was charmingly and naturally portrayed by little Miss Lily Bowman, who was remarkably free from that parrot-like delivery so often heard in stage children. In consequence of Mr. Richard Mansfield having been peremptorily forbidden to act on account of an affection of the throat, on Saturday, January 12, 1889, Miss Kate Vaughan appeared as Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," which showed great improvement on her former representations of the character, exhibiting much vivacity and feeling. Mr. L. Brough's Tony Lumpkin is too well known to require comment. We had a Mrs. Hardcastle for the first time in Miss Carlotta Leclercq that was instinct with true comedy, and this most excellent actress may certainly look upon it as one of her greatest successes. Miss May Whitty was a very bright and intelligent Miss Neville. Mr. William Herbert's Marlow would have been improved by a little more dash. Mr. Mansfield has added to the enjoyment of his audiences by providing almost a concert from a specially selected programme of music, most efficiently executed by a first-rate orchestra. Selections from Bizet, Gounod, Sullivan, and Ambrose Thomas were warmly applauded. Mr. Edward German was the conductor.

A Dramatic and Musical Recital was given by two young artists at the Steinway Hall on Thursday afternoon, January 17, 1889, with unqualified success. Miss Patrice Boucicault's sweet voice and good expression charmed her audience in the "Chanson de Florian" and "Te souviens tu," and with Mr. Mowbray Marras in a duet, "Only for You," by Stefano Kardys, who accompanied, and which was heard for the first time. The melody is pleasing. Miss Rosa Kenney gave a very naïve rendering of "Echo's Oracle" (Charles Lamb Kenney) and "Ask and Have" (Lover). But it was in "The Passing of Arthur," arranged from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," that the talented young lady showed herself possessed of a true feeling of poetry; the pathetic dignity of the wounded King's words was expressed in a manner worthy of the highest praise. The two beneficiaires

had the assistance of Mr. Aubrey Boucicault, who recited with racy humour "The Moderate Man" and other pieces. Miss Mary Kenney gave an organ solo that was much appreciated, Mr. Charles Reginald Davison proved himself an accomplished pianist, and last, not least, Miss Ada Cavendish, who has lost none of her dramatic fire, taught the younger generation what elocution should be by her magnificent delivery of two poems of Tennyson's, "The Victim" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The hall was crowded, and by a fashionable audience.

Some most excellent "Tableaux Vivants" were given at the Village Hall, Cobham, on January 11. Mr. Combe, of Cobham Park, who issued the invitations, had entrusted the arrangements to Mr. W. P. Warren, who acquitted himself so well that everything went without a hitch, and the different tableaux gave the greatest satisfaction. The grouping was in every case most artistic. In all there were six. The most noticeable were "Mary Queen of Scots and her four Marys," represented by Mrs. Royle and the Misses Evelyn, F. Ethel and G. Combe being the first. Mr. Harvey Combe and Master Herbert Combe appeared as "Hubert and Arthur" ("King John"). A scene from "Carmen" elicited great applause, as did that from "Undine," and the final tableau from "The Winter's Tale" was well managed. Messrs. Nathan were responsible for the dresses, &c., which were very handsome and appropriate.

Friday, January 11, saw the 300th representation of "Sweet Lavender" at Terry's Theatre. In honour of the event the exterior of the house was most brilliantly illuminated, and the sight of thousands of gas-jets and the large braziers on the summit of the building attracted great crowds. The fortunate lessee presented each of the ladies of his company with a charming bouquet, from which streamed a "Lavender" sash, and he entertained the entire working staff of the theatre at a handsome repast. The American and touring companies are doing excellent business, and at the original home of Mr. Pinero's comedy the booking is still so great as to promise a very extended run.

Covent Garden is occupied by Hengler's Circus, which has greater scope in the larger arena than it had at the old house in Argyll Street. Mr. Freeman Thomas has arranged that portion of the theatre usually occupied by the stage in a handsome and convenient manner. Under the raised seats are the stalls occupied by the magnificent stud of eighty horses and ponies, and the building is brilliantly lighted. Caviar, a bear that performs on horseback in a wonderful manner, is a great attraction, and it is most amusing to witness his gambols in the circle with his companion, a large boarhound. Mr. George Lockhart's elephants, "Waddy," "Molly," and "Boney," are marvels of intelligence. There is a very



MR. CHARLES COLLETTE.

"There ain't no knowin'."

BOOTHIE'S BABY.

clever trick pony, "Robin," who goes through some amusing experiences with one of the clowns, of whom there are four—Valdo, Anderson, Frisky, and Walker. A comical donkey, who joins in a song, causes much laughter, and among the company may be found some of the cleverest male and female riders, acrobats, and equilibrists in the world.

Mr. Charles Collette, who, previous to his adopting the theatrical profession, had held a commission for some years in the Dragoon Guards, made his first appearance in London at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, in "Tame Cats," a comedy by Edmund Yates and the late Palgrave Simpson, under Mr. Bancroft's management, in December, 1878. He remained several years under the same management, playing in "School," "Ours," "Society," "M.P.," "Money," "Merchant of Venice," "Man and Wife," "School for Scandal," &c., and numberless farces and comediettas. About this period Mr. Collette was also a member of Mr. Charles Wyndham's Crystal Palace Company; he has also served under Miss Ada Cavendish, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Wybrow Robertson, the late Alexander Henderson, John Hollingshead, Messrs. Russell and Bashford, Edgar Bruce, Edith Woodworth, J. and R. Douglas, F. J. Harris, and Mary Anderson. Having earned an enviable reputation, Mr. Collette tempted fortune in the provinces, and for five years travelled with his own company over the three kingdoms and Channel Islands, and especially scored in revivals of pieces made famous by the late Charles Mathews, including "Used Up," "The Critic," "Game of Speculation," "Contested Election," "The Liar," "My Awful Dad," "Cool as a Cucumber," &c., &c. One of his happiest efforts was in "Bounce," a musical play by Alfred Maltby, in which he sustained seven distinct characters; and who has not marvelled at the lingual prodigies of his famous farce, "Cryptoconchoidsyphonostomata"? During his engagement with Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Collette played in most of that popular comedian's pieces. Mr. Collette managed Mr. Edgar Bruce's company on tour, and played Colonel Woodd in Burnand's comedy "The Colonel" many hundred times, pronounced a masterly and most artistic conception. More recently his marked successes have been Bishopriggs in "Man and Wife" at the Haymarket, and Autolycus at the Lyceum during Miss Anderson's seven months' season in 1887-88. In May last Mr. Collette created the part of Saunders in "Bootle's Baby," and earned unqualified praise from press and public. Mr. Collette has also appeared in comic opera, his most conspicuous successes in this line being Cabriolo in "The Princess of Trebizonde," and quite recently Patricho in "Carina." Mr. Collette is now appearing in "Cool as a Cucumber" at the Opéra Comique, where his daughter, Mary Collette (lately introduced to the stage under the wings of Mrs. Kendal), is now acting in Mrs. Beringer's play, "Tares."

Mr. J. L. Toole reappeared as "The Don" on Boxing Day at his own theatre in King William Street after a most successful tour in the provinces, and was almost affectionately received. Mr. and Mrs. Merivale's comedy went capitally, and there appears no likelihood of a change in the bill being required for some time to come. Mr. C. Wilson is now the Horace Milliken; Miss Eva Moore, Dora; and the Hon. Bob Joy is pleasantly rattled through by Mr. Lytton Grey.

Mr. Charles Wilmot could not have entrusted the book of his pantomime "Sweet Cinderella" to an abler writer than Mr. Geoffrey Thorn, for he



SWEET CINDERELLA. Miss DOT MARIO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W & D DOWNEY.

well knows that Islingtonians, though they can thoroughly appreciate the highest class of drama, yet in a pantomime look for plenty of smart writing and fun, and they certainly have got it from commencement to finish. Though the story is old, the business is fresh and novel in its treatment. A more charming, dainty Cinderella than Miss Dot Mario could scarcely be found, and her dancing of a minuet in particular was the perfection of grace. She has a most captivating lover in Miss Julia Warden as the Prince, and the two sisters provoke shouts of laughter, so ridiculously funny are they made by Mr. Mark Kinghorne and Mr. Fred Williams.

There is a very pretty ballet of butterflies in the "Silver Moonbeams" scene, and the Sappho ballet is distinguished by its gorgeousness of colour. A kindergarten school is very cleverly represented by children, who fill the stage and sing nursery rhymes and appear to play various instruments;



this is repeatedly encored. The Baron (Mr. Joe Burgess) and his page (Mr. W. Crackles) are very droll, and have a very novel scene together, and the transformation is particularly worthy of notice, recapitulating as it does in some beautiful pictures and tableaux the events of "Cinderella."

The members of the Scarborough Dramatic Club gave four representations of the burlesques "Bombastes Furioso" and "Anne Boleyn" in the Londesborough Theatre, Scarborough, on Boxing and three following nights, December 26, 27, 28, and 29, 1888, being the 68th, 69th, 70th, and 71st performances of the club. Miss Mabel Line scored a great success as Distaffina in "Bombastes," and also in "Anne Boleyn," her dancing being much admired. The men's parts were well taken by Mr. R. C. Hope (manager and stage director) and Messrs. W. and T. Wilcox. "Anne Boleyn," the cast of which numbered about fifty, was admirably staged and dressed. The ballet—entirely amateur—was encored, and had to be repeated each night. The text had been carefully written up to date, and literally sparkled with topical and local hits, interspersed with songs and choruses. Like all of the entertainments given by this old-established and well-known

club, the "show" was in every way an unqualified success, and was produced under the sole direction of the manager, Mr. R. C. Hope, F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

On January 4, 1889, the occasion of the 250th representation of "Joseph's Sweetheart" at the Vaudeville, a new comedietta by Mr. F. W. Broughton was produced as a *lever-de-rideau*. It is entitled "The Poet," and its dialogue is smart and amusing. One, the Hon. Arthur Fayne, having been smitten by Kitty Ferriby, an actress who appears under another name at the theatre, comes to the house where, unknown to him, she lives, with a view of getting some verses written to soften the obdurate fair one. "The poet" is her father, a cynical, rather bibulous gentleman, who writes verses for quack medicines and extensively advertised goods. He discovers that the "honourable" has made love to a niece of his, Winifred Grey, whilst she was in the country, and had even promised her marriage, so that, when the lines are written and are read to Arthur Fayne, they only express contempt for him and his dishonourable attentions. Moreover, Winifred's eyes are opened to the fact that she has given up an honest young fellow's love for the admiration of a designing *roué*, and, fortunately for her, her lover forgives and overlooks her rather strong flirtation. The part of Kitty Ferriby, a sensible, honest-hearted girl, was very brightly played by Miss Annie Irish, and Mr. F. Thorne was excellent as the rhymester. The little piece appeared to be much approved of, and the author was called for.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" has been given during the month of January at the Haymarket Theatre on the Wednesday *matinées*. The cast was much the same as that when the piece was played at the Crystal Palace, except that we had a perfect Host of the Garter in Mr. Lionel Brough, and most excellent comedy from Miss Lingard as Mistress Ford. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Sir John Falstaff was immeasurably superior to his first appearance in the character. It was distinguished by a rich vein of humour, and, if not quite what we picture ourselves the fat knight should be, it was a most enjoyable performance. Mr. Macklin was a manly Mr. Ford, and Mr. Vollaire was a sound Justice Shallow. Mrs. Tree sang very sweetly as Anne Page. The fairy revels around Herne's Oak presented a charming scene, Madame Katti Lanner's trained children figuring as the little elves. Shakespeare's comedy was played to overflowing houses.

Miss Jessie Bond received her musical education at the Royal Academy, and made her *début* in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the Opéra Comique, and, with the exception of creating the rôle of Maud Charteris in "Mr. Barnes of New York" at the *matinée* given at the Olympie,

in which she scored a great success, has appeared elsewhere but once besides in the entire series of the operas by the same author and composer. In all of these Miss Bond has distinguished herself, and become such a popular favourite that a production at the Savoy without her name appearing in the bills would induce not only surprise but much disappointment. The following are the characters filled by this talented young lady in the various operas. Hebe in "H.M.S. Pinafore," Edith in "The Pirates of Penzance," Lady Angela in "Patience," the title-*rôle* in "Iolanthe," Melissa in "Princess Ida," Constance in the revival of "The Sorcerer," Pitti Sing in "The Mikado," Mad Margaret in "Ruddigore," Phoebe Meryll in "The Yeomen of the Guard." Miss Jessie Bond also "created" the part of Maria in Alfred Cellier's "After All," and her career has been one continued success.

Commencing Monday, January 28, Mr. Wilson Barrett is announced to appear as Hamlet for twelve nights at the Princess's Theatre, with Miss Eastlake as Ophelia. "Good Old Times," the play written by Wilson Barrett and Hall Caine, is to be produced there on February 11, and later on "Nowadays," of which the talented actor is the sole author. During the run of "Hamlet," "The Lady of Lyons" will be played on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Mr. Wilson Barrett's engagement will extend over twelve weeks, and I feel sure that everyone will be delighted to welcome him back to London, and to wish him success when he sails for America again in the autumn.

Mrs. Oscar Beringer commenced her management of the Opéra Comique on Monday evening, January 21, 1889, with the production of "Tares," a play written by herself, and which was tried at a *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's in January of last year. The piece was fully noticed in the March number of THE THEATRE, and it will not therefore be necessary to go into the plot again, except with reference to one or two alterations, and indeed improvements, that have been made. The love-making between Bessie Kingsmill and Harry has been done away with; the young lady is now wooed by the Doctor, a fresh natural character well played by Mr. J. G. Grahame. Rachel Denison is made the wife of Luke Chester, the scheming cousin of the hero, and, in lieu of being strangled by him, as was the case when the piece was originally played, quits the scene repentant and softened, and leaving the impression that she will never more trouble the woman who has been a mother to her child. Miss Kate Rorke was the Margaret Gyde, and won the entire sympathies of the audience by her womanly tenderness and truth to nature. It was, however, Miss Gertrude Kingston who fairly took the house by storm. As Rachel Denison, the cool, calculating adventuress, she, with marvellous subtlety, gave those fleeting touches of a better nature which are never entirely uprooted from

even the most debased, and in the recognition of her child Jack there was a depth of passion and maternal feeling with which this clever actress would hardly have been credited, her acting hitherto having been tinged with an unsympathetic hardness at times. Miss Kingston has shown herself capable of great things in the future. Mr. C. W. Somerset reminded one occasionally of the old earl in "Lord Fauntleroy," and was not quite at his best as Luke Chester. Mr. W. Guise and Mr. E. Hendrie gave some clever character sketches as Giles, the gardener, and Job, a labourer, and Miss Mary Collette made a most promising *début* in London as Rosie. Mr. Forbes Robertson as Nigel Chester repeated the success he gained when he first played the part. The rest of the cast was good, and the play was beautifully staged, and was well received. The principals and the authoress were called. "Cool as a Cucumber" was the first piece, and in it Mr. Charles Collette reassumed the character of Plumper, and played it in a manner that would have made Charles Mathews, the original, envious.

New plays produced, and important revivals in London, from December 11, 1888, to January 21, 1889.

(Revivals are marked thus *)

- Dec. 17.* "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," play, in three acts, by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. Opéra Comique.
- „ 17.* "Dorothy," three-act comedy opera, words by B. C. Stephenson, music by Alfred Cellier. Lyric.
- „ 22. "The Silver Falls," new and original drama, in four acts, by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Adelphi.
- „ 22.* "Prince Karl," farcical play, in four acts, by Archibald C. Gunter. Globe.
- „ 22.* "Editha's Burglar," one-act play, by Edwin Cleary. Globe.
- „ 22. "Beauty and the Beast," pantomime, by J. T. Denny. Sadler's Wells.
- „ 24. "The Forty Thieves," pantomime, written by George Conquest and Henry Spry. Surrey.
- „ 24. "The Babes in the Wood; or, Baron the Knave, the Two Ruffians, and a Fairy Hand at Nap," libretto by John Jourdain, music by Henri C. French. Elephant and Castle.
- „ 24. "Cinderella," new version by Horace Lennard, music by Oscar Barrett. Crystal Palace.
- „ 24. "Whittington and his Cat," pantomime, by W. Muskerrey. Marylebone.
- „ 26. "Little Goody Two Shoes," fairy story, book written by Miss Rosina Filippi, music specially composed by Mr. Andrew Levey. Afternoon performances, Court.

- Dec. 26.* "Alice in Wonderland," musical dream play, adapted by H. Savile Clarke, music by Walter Slaughter. Afternoon performances, Globe.
- „ 26. "Babes in the Wood, Robin Hood and his Merry Men, and Harlequin who killed Cock Robin," pantomime, re-written, arranged, and produced by Augustus Harris in collaboration with E. L. Blanchard and Harry Nicholls. Drury Lane.
- „ 26.* "The Don," three-act comedy, by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale. Toole's.
- „ 26.* "East Lynne," four-act drama, founded on Mrs. Henry Wood's novel. Olympic.
- „ 26. "Apollo, M.D.," one-act farcical comedy, by Sir Randall Roberts, Bart. Jodrell.
- „ 26. "Bob" (first time in London), three-act play, by Fred Marsden. Jodrell.
- „ 26. "Sweet Cinderella," pantomime, written by Geoffrey Thorn. The Grand.
- „ 26. "The Babes in the Wood," pantomime, written by Geoffrey Thorn. Pavilion.
- „ 26. "Robinson Crusoe, or Harlequin Man Friday and the King of the Cannibal Islands," written by William Muskerrey. Sanger's Amphitheatre.
- „ 26. "The Magic Dragon of the Demon Dell," pantomime by J. Addison. Britannia.
- „ 26. "Tricoche et Cacolet," comedy, in five acts, by MM. Meilbac and Halévy. French Plays. Royalty.
- „ 29. "Dan the Outlaw," drama, in prologue and four acts. Kilburn Town Hall.
- „ 29.* "Macbeth," Shakespeare's tragedy. Lyceum.
- „ 31. "First Mate," comedy-drama, in two acts, by Richard Henry. Gaiety.
- 1889.
- Jan. 2.* "The Merry Wives of Windsor." *Matinée*. Haymarket.
- „ 4. "The Poet," new comedy, in one act, by Fred W. Broughton. Vaudeville.
- „ 7. "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," four-act comedy, by MM. Labiche and Ed. Martin. French plays. Royalty.
- „ 12. "Paul Jones," opéra comique, in three acts, after Chivot and Duru, written and produced by H. B. Farnie, music by R. Planquette. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 12.* "She Stoops to Conquer." Goldsmith's comedy. Globe.
- „ 14. "That Doctor Cupid," new and fantastic comedy, in three acts, by Robert Buchanan. *Matinée*, Vaudeville.
- „ 16. "La Cagnotte," comedy, in four acts, by MM. Labiche and Delacour. French Plays. Royalty.
- „ 19.* "Still Waters Run Deep," comedy, in three acts, by Tom Taylor. Criterion.

Jan. 19.* "A Pretty Piece of Business," comedietta, one act, by Thomas Morton. Criterion.

„ 21.* "Tares," play, in three acts, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Opéra Comique.

In the Provinces from December 10, 1888, to January 15, 1889.

Dec. 13. "The Almighty Dollar," melodrama, in five acts, by W. Wood. T.R. Barnsley.

„ 22. "After Long Years," comedietta, by Gerald Godfrey. T.R. Dewsbury.

„ 22. "A Sailor's Fortune," drama, in five acts, by F. A. Barnes. Public Hall, Wrexham.

„ 24. "Simple Hearts," domestic drama, in six acts, by C. H. Lorenzo. Public Hall, Wrexham.

1889.

Jan. 4. "In the Wrong Box," comedietta, by Richard Leach. T.R. Lowestoft.

„ 4. "Irish Eyes," comedietta, by Sir George Douglas. Corn Exchange Hall, Kelso.

„ 15. "A-Lad-In and Well Out of It," burlesque extravaganza, by Bruce Smith. Town Hall, Folkestone.

In Paris from December 5, 1888, to January 12, 1889.

Dec. 8. "Sire Olaf," in three scenes, in verse, by M. André Alexandre, music by M. Lucien Lambert, Lyrique. Vaudeville.

„ 10. "Germinie Lacerteux," by M. Edmond de Goncourt. Odéon.

„ 13. "La Sécurité des Familles," comedy, in three acts, by M. Albin Valabrègue.

„ 14. "L'Escadron Volant de la Reine," comic opera, in three acts, libretto by M. D'Ennery and others, composed by M. Litolff. Opéra Comique.

„ 19. "Le Clos Fleuri," one-act comic opera, words by MM. Maxime Dubreuil and R. Guy, music by M. Petrus Martin. Menus-Plaisirs.

„ 21. "Le Renouveau," in one act, in verse, by MM. Joseph Guida and Adolphe Ribaux. Odéon.

„ 26. "Isoline," fairy tale, in three acts, poem by M. Catulle Mendès, music by M. André Messager. Renaissance.

„ 28. "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge," drama, in five acts, by Alexandre Dumas and Auguste Maquet. Porte-St.-Martin.

1889.

Jan. 5.* "Henri III. et Sa Cour," five-act drama, by Alexandre Dumas and Auguste Maquet. Comédie Française.

„ 11. "La Porteuse de Pain," drama, in a prologue and five acts, by MM. Xavier de Montépin and Jules Dornay. Ambigu.

„ 12. "L'Affaire Edouard," comedy, in three acts, by MM. Georges Feydean and Maurice Desvallières. Variétés.



MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

“ One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.”

SCOTT—*Old Mortality*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR “THE THEATRE”
BY BARBAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

THE THEATRE.

.....

Polyhymnia in Comic Opera.

BY CECIL W. FRANKLYN.



THE muse of lyric poetry has many devotees, but to find her enthroned in fullest state one must go to the librettists of comic opera and study their inspired effusions. She is equal to all their requirements, and in love, patriotism, what you will, she alike condescends to direct the flight of their pen. She permits, indeed, to these favoured of her worshippers a license as regards metre that makes them the chartered libertines of the poets, and a latitude, where reason is concerned, that is the despair and envy of workers in other poetic fields.

Some specimens of the lyrics of a few of these authors cannot but be acceptable to those who may chance to have made acquaintance with them only when rendered unintelligible by the vocal deficiencies of singers, or overlaid with the melodic resources of the composer of the music. From the love-songs we shall naturally cull the choicest specimens. We may pause to inquire, what are the requisites of a love song? Simplicity, of course, passion, tenderness, delicacy of thought displayed in exquisite music of word. Now comes Polyhymnia to the aid of her adorers, and in "Our Diva" we find a gem which is the result of her inspiration:—*

"Once on a time your pretty face and form bewitching
Rosy lips, and brilliant eye,
Attractions rare would prove to all who to see stitching
Their pretty Marie would hie!

* The quotations are exactly copied from the libretti, punctuation and all.

Charms have not fled, since you were all the beaux enchanting,
 Gay still that laughing glance,
 Destruction rare could work to those who gallivanting
 Think you the pride of France."

This for simple grace and unaffected charm is probably unsurpassable. It surely fulfils all the conditions.

"La Béarnaise" gives us the following example of what a love song ought to be:—

"Sleeping under the spell entrancing
 Of thy beautiful face,
 Sleeping while thy bright eyes are glancing,
 Would I were in his place !

"Such a prize of heav'nly rapture
 On this laggard does wait,
 Were another his charmer to capture,
 He would merit his fate.

.

"Ah, if this brimming cup of pleasure
 Had been offered to me,
 How had I bless'd the gods for the treasure
 I should have found in thee."

Then for a duet between a passionate swain and scornful maiden, what could be better than this from "Erminie"? :—

"RAV. The blissful pleasure I profess
 Of such a meeting *overjoy's* me
 I have not language to express
 The *joy* I feel and that annoys me
 Though with blessings beset
 As I roam the world through
 I can never forget
 My first meeting with you
 ERM. I beg, I beg that you'll not now
 Some other day when more collected
 You may declare protest and vow
 With metaphors you've recollected"

The italics are ours. It is difficult to say whether the lady or gentleman were more to be congratulated on this effort of the muse. But the former had another chance in a charming love duet from the same melodious opera, containing the lines :—

"Our destinies the unseen future hides,
 The coming gloom we cannot, cannot see—
 And cheering hope for e'er with us abides,
 Foretelling thoughts (*sic*) of joys to be."

The last line is quite too lovely !

“Les Cloches de Corneville” is not without beauties of its own. From its embarrassing riches we may select one of Germaine’s songs :—

“From pallid cheek you may be telling,
With fear, not courage now I thrill,
My timid heart ’gainst me rebelling,
Is throbbing fast, do what I will!
And tho’ my coward heart fain wou’d not,
In vain to stay away I tried,
Let you come alone—Ah! I could not!
And I’m by your side!

And this from “Dorothy” is worthy of preservation :—

“Oh! tell me why if you intended,
Thus to treat my love with scorn
Such rents as will never be mended,
In this poor heart you’ve torn.”

The boldness of the metaphor quite deserved to be allied to such originality of metre.

In “Babette” we find :—

“For, orange-blossom, now, at length, I know
Souls dull with sorrow
Vainly attempt to borrow
A glory from thy buds of snow;
The heart, alas! may heavy be
Although the head is graced by thee;
And thy beauty so rare
For a girl is oft a snare.
But, precious flow’r, I’ll love thy fragrance yet,
Nor will thy brightness forget
If thou wilt hear my prayer when I pray
That I may wear thee for him I’ll love away!”

This combines tenderness with grace of expression, but for pure passion we prefer some lines from “Indiana” :—

“There at the dreamy hour of gloaming,
When roses die upon the gale,
There, with the loved one to be roaming.
Tell o’er and o’er the old, old tale!
Ah, sweet it were, the world forgetting,
There linger (*sic*), by the world forgot;
The star of true love never setting,
Life’s fray and fret remembered not!”

It is impossible to be blind to the devotion of lovers who would willingly meet during a “gale,” and roam about in it, moreover. Doubtless it is the strength of their affection that would render them less fragile than the “roses,” which, poor things, have to

“die upon” it. These subtle meanings should not be passed over by the reader, but carefully sought for, and earnestly studied. Justice should be done to the poet, at whatever cost to the brain.

In that charming opera, “The Beggar Student,” we find :—

“When a rosy light, gay herald of the morning,
Glimmers in the east, and darksome night dispels,
The lark t’wards heav’n her flight directs, the dull earth scorning,
And as she soars, in song her tale of gladness tells.
No plaintive ditties issue from her warbling throat
She loves to live, and grateful joy inspires her ev’ry note.”

The originality of the rhythm is very noticeable. Again we have :—

“Oh happy bride, Oh fair and gracious maiden,
See, we are here With flowers laden
Full soon shalt thou pronounce thy marriage vows
We wait to conduct thee to thy spouse.”

The polish of these lines is delightful. Yet it may be remarked that, though the German composer thought fit to make his first four phrases identical with the second four, the lyrist submits to no such restriction, but sets lines of one metre to the former, and of a different metre to the latter, and neither lacks originality. The same praise may be awarded to the following from “Nell Gwynne” :—

“Run little brook, Run with thy silver feet,
Fast thro the forest, and fast o’er the lea,
And when thou’rt come where dwells my sweet,
Tell her I wait at the trysting-tree.”

From “Erminie” we may choose some lines from a pathetic lay :—

“Darkest the hour ’ere light of dawn beameth
Deepest the gloom ’ere the storm-clouds divide
Be that my faith. In the adage there seemeth
Hope, to be cherished, whate’er may betide.
Vain, vain the dream, my loved one can never
Mine be ; as vain is the once plighted vow
What pow’r can change the doom ; we must sever
Ah, could the future look blacker than now ?

“Life’s light has gone ; my pathway is lonely,
Dreary ! the star of my life’s brightness gone,
Set ne’er to rise. T’would seem my hope only
Rests in the thought—the belief, there is none.”

It may be objected that the pause after “mine be” in line 6,

and after "dreary" in line 10, is awkward for the composer, but it is no part of a librettist's duty to make matters smooth for the musician, and if Mr. Jakobowski elected that no pause should be made there, so far as he was concerned, why, so much the worse for the singer! That is all.

And a singer is a long-suffering individual, inured to much hardness. To be sure, too, we have heard "Mine be as vain is the once plighted vow," and "Dreary the star of my life's brightness gone," sung with the singer's face expressive of no intellectual disturbance whatever. Nor did the artist's assertion that his *hope* only rested in the *thought* that the star of his life's brightness had set, since he had no belief in the idea, appear to cause the slightest mental throe. The understanding between vocalist and poet is invariably complete—apparently founded on a perfection of sympathy not always attained by mere auditors. It is possibly not necessary to point out the special effect gained by the juxtaposition of the two phrases, "Life's light has gone" and "My life's brightness gone." This is a touch that reveals the favoured worshipper of Polyhymnia.

One last example of the love-song must suffice. It is from "The Old Guard":—

"The lover's hour is nigh,
From belfry old, hark! the angelus is chiming,
Light foot, and glancing eye,
With shepherd pipe, upon the village green, are rhyming.
And thou, oh my darling, dost thou not hie
Where for thee the dancers delay?
Or dost remember (and remembering sigh)
He who lov'd thee well is gone away?"

The somewhat peculiar use of the verb *rhyming* reminds us that one of the most useful functions of comic opera librettists is the invention of new words, or new ways of using words. How successful they are in this department can be easily proved.

In "Ruddigore" we read:—

"She was in a pretty pickle,
As she well might be—
But his gallantries were mickle (*sic*),
For Death followed with his sickle," etc.

In "Carina":—

"Within the Halls of Memory
We oft hear echoing still,

Some lingering strains of melody,
To (*sic*) which our pulses thrill."

In "Mynheer Jan" :—

"Churls despising,
Sweetness prizing,
Joys devising,
All would vie
Every state in,
Courtesy great in,
Bred innate (*sic*), in
Days gone by."

We have here also to notice the ingenious manner in which the preposition "in" (line 5) is made to govern two words. Ordinary poets would almost certainly have placed a second "in" before "joys," but it would be commonplace in the extreme. We can fancy a prose-writer arranging the words thus: All, in every state, would vie in devising joys. How lamentably wanting in invention would that be! Now, as we see it above, it irresistibly reminds us of the dear "word-jumble" puzzle of our innocent childhood! Then, "bred innate!"—courtesy bred innate!—how great must that courtesy be which is both innate and the result of breeding!

In "Indiana" we read that "the maid lay in slumber spell'd;" and in "Pepita" "Sancho and Juan would din her"—that is, another maid. How beautiful to be a maid spell'd and dinned! As for new words, in "The Yeomen of the Guard" alone we get "*peerly* proud," and "virginity seeks, all *coyful*, man's affinity!" In "Mynheer Jan" there is "Our vessel glides through the water's *lave*."

Possibly the beauties of the love-songs must yield to those of the patriotic lyrics. This, for instance, from "Nell Gwynne," is calculated to rouse the purest emotions of our nature :—

"England! Thy hero-children never forget,
Deep in thy heart of hearts thy soldiers oh set!
Mother! Thy sons have kept thee safe mid alarms,
In thy turn take them to thine arms."

If such a lyrical outburst does not procure for our army recruits glowing with military enthusiasm, it cannot be the fault of the poet!

Humour is not, apparently, frequently demanded from a comic-

opera librettist, but that it comes within his range is abundantly proved by our next quotation, from "The Beggar Student":—

"Just see how that fellow thumps at his big drum,
He makes din enough to strike one deaf and dumb,
To give the city band its due
It is indeed a deuced noisy crew."

The idea of a din striking one dumb is a very delicate and original piece of wit.

A chorus of *girls* from "Les Cloches de Corneville" is perhaps something more than humorous:—

"Scandal-monger, gossip, gadder,
With the biting tongue (*sic*) of adder,
Her there's nothing so much cheers,
As setting people by the ears!
Positively she does revel
In her ill work, little devil!
Like a clapper in a bell,
Her tongue goes wagging on pell-mell!"

The daintily minute observation of a poet who has seen—or should we say *heard*?—a clapper "wagging on pell-mell" is greatly to be commended. The language, here and there, is doubtless a trifle outspoken, but much must be forgiven to a lyrist capable of presenting a sufficiently familiar, and usually uninteresting object, in so new and poetical a light. The effort is almost equalled by the poet who writes thus in "Indiana":—

"Hark, the trill of bird through woodland whirring,
And lo! the sun wheeling (*sic*) high o'er the hill;
Yet no one in the mill seems to me to be stirring,
The busy wheel is silent; are you dreaming still?"

The "busy wheel" may refer to the motion of the sun; we are confirmed in this idea by the fact of the wheel being *silent* though *busy*. By poetic license the wheel (or wheeling) of the sun might easily be called silent, since the motion is too distant to be audible to our ears. We have not before met with any poet who has observed that the sun has the power of wheeling; the sight must be beautiful and impressive.

Humour, without any particular power of observation, is to be found in a passage from "Mynheer Jan":—

"There's the woman with the baby,
Who will take the infant, may be,
On the street-cars or to church, whate'er the case
How the ears of all its dinnin',
Dirty paws upon clean linen;
You wish the mother kept it in its place."

A few instances of a masterly command of rhythm, showing how a true poet may subdue the ordinary rules to the promptings of his own genius, may now be brought before the reader. "Our Diva" supplies a charming example :—

"My dear sister, I am ready,
In here is my wardrobe complete.
A strange dread comes o'er me, my gait is unsteady,
With dread my poor heart in sadness will beat."

It is not, of course, every poet who could hope so entirely to rid himself of the usual trammels, nor would all think of the pathetic effect gained by the repetition of the word "dread" in two successive lines. There are, however, some fair attempts at rhythmical freedom in "Dorothy" :—

"Her varied charms such joy to me impart
That I have given her my heart."

And once more :—

"We must all to bed again
Till the sunshine thro' the pane
And the bright morning light
Brings (*sic*) us day again."

Tautology is a favourite device of our poets. Witness the two *again*s, not only occurring within four lines, but also answering for rhymes. Nevertheless, the latter effect has been gained by other lyrists, as the following will conclusively prove. It is culled from "Manteaux Noirs" :—

"I sing love's dulcet, softest lay,
Beneath the pale and waning moon!
Inspired by silvery, lunar ray
My passions pent up pangs allay—
This dashed thing's out of tune!"

We scarcely know what most to admire in this excerpt. Besides the delightful assonance caused by "lay" and "allay," there is the daring rhyming of "moon" and "tune," to say nothing of the humour thrown in, as it were, at the end. A second verse we must permit ourselves, noticing the clever use of the verb "scoff" :—

"Love's sigh's alone shall fill my throat,
Let stupid seers my efforts scoff,
Sweet warbling, zephyr-like, shall float
And love shall mellow ev'ry note!
My upper G's gone off!"

It would be a stupid seer, indeed, who would "scoff" such an effort as this.

From the same opera we may select a further example of original rhyme, for it has perhaps never been used before :—

" His [Cupid's] perception is so clear
He is proof against illusion.
Why, when lov'd one grows more dear
Still be cold and undeceiving ? "

The question is unanswerable.

In a concerted piece from " Nell Gwynne " we find the following—admirably arranged for a contrast between the happy lovers and designing villains :—

FALCON. To-night thy love-watch be keeping
JESS. When all the jealous world is sleeping
FALCON. And ev'ry watch-dog is dumb
JESS. Silence ! for they I love not now come !
ROCH. The maids don't show ! Tis absurd !
BUCK. Lay you a thousand these dames keep their word."

The first four lines leave nothing to be desired as a love-duet of singular simplicity of thought and expression, besides which we have a piquant freedom of rhythm, and an ingenious repetition of the word " watch " in two different compounds.

A choice example of bold rhythm may be taken from " Babette " :—

" Now the competition is over !
Ended alike the hope and fear ;
And the proud and gratified lover,
Gains as his prize his girl so dear !

" So in grateful chorus we're singing,
Long success to custom so rare ;
While the wedding bells wish in their ringing,
Happiness ever to the fair !

" Ah, the cluster ! [of grapes]
Excellent cluster !
Laden with love the prize,
In its berries sparkles the lustre
Glancing from the fair one's eyes."

These poets embarrass us with riches. Here is a changeful rhythm, so well expressing the bounding rapture of the lovers ; and here, too, we are compelled to admire the fancy that sees " lustre *glancing* " from the eyes !

Referring once more to new rhymes, let us give a moment to
 “Mynheer Jan” :—

“We are not the sole offenders,
 For society will lend us
 Of instances to suite the case a score.”

“We are here, being called by our Governor who’d send a
 Detachment to keep back the crowd from the splendour
 Of one whose connections Castillian lend a
 Great charm to the zeal of each trusty defender.”

A soldier’s zeal should have a charm of its own ; no doubt
 its charm is subtly enhanced by the Castillian connections of a
 Governor. It behoves all Governors, therefore, to acquire such
 connections, if possible.

Then we find in “Indiana” :—

“For himself, administrators and assigns, said Mate agrees
 To observe all the covenants set out in the said lease.”

In simile and metaphor our poets abound. Some examples
 have already been given, and we have space but for one or
 two more choice specimens. From “The Yeomen of the Guard”
 we take :—

“The rose’s sigh
 Were as a carrion’s cry
 To lullaby
 Such as I’d sing to thee,
 Were I thy bride !”

From “Pepita” :—

“And still the stream doth onward roll
 Unceasing in its flow,
 Of those who battle for the goal
 Decreed for overthrow.”

From “Mynheer Jan” :—

“Nor the mighty inundation
 Be restrained by mortal hand.”

“Thy fertile plains, thy sunny skies,
 Thy lofty mountains, snow-clad peaks,
 We love—oh feast of mem’ry’s eyes,
 That to the yearning heart e’er speaks !”

This feast has not only to feed memory’s eyes, but speak to
 the heart ! Whom the poets love, work hard !

The sly humour of our lyrists is frequently displayed by a
 malicious use of grammar, calculated to tease the purists, or by

a meaning so recondite that it would probably prove a tough task for even the Browning Society. Of the former we may select one amusing specimen from "Rip Van Winkle":—

"There all nature slumbers,
Torren's still their numbers.
Never mortal daring
Thither reckless faring
E'er returned the tale
To tell to maiden pale."

And one from "Dorothy" follows:—

"Pleasant dreams attend your slumber,
Happy fancies without number
Guide you in the land of sleeping,
While the fairies vigil *keeping*."

The italics in these are ours.

Then the lady's-maids in "Erminie" make us acquainted with their accomplishments in terms that would puzzle any but scientists accustomed to the solution of the stiffest problems:—

"Yes, though fashion often ranges
We are equal to its changes,
Though the waist prevailing's high up
Or the skirt accepted short;
Alter bonnets, cap or head-dress,
Tuck or lace confine, or spread dress,
Branching pull back, puff or tie up,
And improving quick as thought."

Some may have their attention diverted by the rhyming of "short" and "thought," but the verse merits consideration on other grounds. Ladies would probably be the best authorities on the identity of a "branching pull back."

In "The Yeomen of the Guard" we read:—

"When a jester
Is outwitted,
Feelings fester (*sic*),
Heart is lead!
Food for fishes
Only fitted (*sic*),
Jester wishes
He was dead!"

And in "Pepita":—

"For the evils we see around,
As life progressing (*sic*),
Modes of cure will have to be found,
They want suppressing."

And in "Mynheer Jan" :—

"Oh wondrous love, to what a height
On patriotic wings your flight!"

And—

"No breath of air makes the ripples flee,
And no clouds the sun's brightness is dimming."

The next specimens, from "Dorothy," contain more than one interesting enigma :—

"WILDER. Oh fly not yet, 'tis not too late
To bid me hope, or mourn my fate
For lovers learn from early morn
The cruel hand of time to scorn.
SHERWOOD. What matters what the hour may be,
Time was not made for you and me."

.

"For from daylight a hint we might borrow
And prudence might come with the light;
Then why should we wait for to-morrow;
You are queen of my heart to-night."

The puzzle contained in the third and fourth lines is not to be compared with that in the final quatrain. Putting aside, as an additional charm, the favourite tautological use of the word "light," we come at once to the absorbing problem—what is the hint we are to borrow from daylight?

Mr. Coffin sings with an impassioned earnestness which affords convincing proof that he knows all about it, but he probably had a private "tip" from the poet; and, unless he can be induced to communicate it, there are doubtless many who will get grey hairs during the attempt to discover the secret.

Reluctantly we leave our authors. There are many comic operas into which we have had no time to dip, but which, we are sure, would afford matter for meditation, and a reverent amazement, to any who may have leisure to peruse them, and become acquainted with their hidden beauties!

Told to the Tribe.

THE SPANISH GYPSY'S STORY.*



WHEN the Frenchman's host
O'er our frontier crost
(Full eighty years ago),
Men clapped a musket in my hand,
And bade me fight for Spanish land—
A pure-bred Zíncalo !

O, the Gypsy's trade is not to war,
Chachipé ! †
It is to lie, and cheat, and chore;
Chachipé !
And if the Busné all were dead
'Twould be a fine fair world ? I said ;
Chachipé !

O, the bread was poor,
And the thin wine sour
('Twas eighty years ago).
Full lean the Gentile waxed, I wot,
While savoury stew smoked in the pot
Of the pure-bred Zíncalo !

For where the dead horse lies, is meat ;
Chachipé !
And the hedgehog's flesh is white and sweet ;
Chachipé !
And he who knows to *loure* ‡ and *gin* §
Need never wear an empty skin ;
Chachipé !

* An incident of the Peninsular War of 1808-14. See "The Zincali," by George Borrow, published by John Murray & Co.

† Literally "Truth," a confirmatory ejaculation, synonymous with the *Ta hipen* of the English Romany.

‡ Steal.

§ To reckon, or barter.

Down the rocky height
Came the bayonets bright—
('Twas eighty years ago).
Navarras' sandy plains ran red ;
Five Gabiné fell to the blade
Of the pure-bred Zíncalo !

For the Gypsy loves not open strife,
Chachipé !
But *drao* * and the stealthy knife;
Chachipé !
Though, set him face to face with Death,
He'll fight while he has blood and breath !
Chachipé !

It was breast to breast
That we swayed and pressed
(Full eighty years ago) ;
I fought, and cursed, and thrust, and gored ;
Then cast away my broken sword—
Ah, the true-bred Zíncalo !

And, naked-handed, strove and smote,
Chachipé !
A Frenchman gripped me by the throat ;
Chachipé !
I slipped upon the bloody field,
Upon my breast the Frenchman kneeled—
Chachipé !

Then one long last look
At the sky I took
('Twas eighty years ago),
I saw the gleaming bayonet rise—
I met the Frenchman's glossy eyes—
And shrieked out, " Zíncalo ! "

The spirit of the Gypsy race—
Chachipé !—
Looked through the windows of his face ;
Chachipé !

* Poison.

And by this sign Egyptians are
Known brothers under every star!
Chachipé!

Then he raised my head—
I was almost dead,—
('Twas eighty years ago).
I saw the drops of silver creep
Down his dusk cheek and fained to weep
With the pure-bred Zíncalo.

And "Let the lean dogs fight," said he;
Chachipé!
"What matters that to thee or me?"
Chachipé!
"For no king born of Busné brood
Shall the true Rom shed brother's blood!"
Chachipé!

Till the round red sun
In the west sank down
('Twas eighty years ago);
We sat upon a grassy knoll,
I shared my flask and broke my roll
With the pure-bred Zíncalo!

We sat together there and spoke,
Chachipé!
Of strange things known to Gypsy folk,
Chachipé!
Like music was the Gypsy's voice;
His secrets made my heart rejoice—
Chachipé!

Did the French retreat?
Were the Spaniards beat?
('Twas eighty years ago?)
The fierce fray thundered to its end . . .
He pressed me in his arms—my friend,
And my brother Zíncalo!

“Farewell ! Farewell !” again cried he.

Chachipé !

We kissed ; I felt his tears on me.

Chachipé !

He waved his hand aloft—was gone !

I joined the Spanish *battalon* !

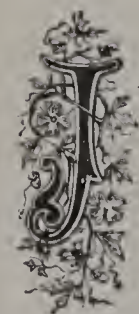
Chachipé !

CLO GRAVES.



“ An Organised Opposition.”

BY FRED. W. BROUGHTON.



ACK TATTERSAL and I were inseparable friends until—— But this is the point of my story, and wants, of course, properly “leading up to.”

He was a bit of an author, so was I ; though both bits put together made, I suppose, a very small fractional part of a real orthodox—perhaps I ought to say *author-dox*—literary man. But we were both young, high-spirited, ambitious, and (*we* thought) clever, so that it was impossible to say what, in course of time, we might be in the great world of letters. At the particular period of which I write we were both obscure, but not absolutely unknown. Jack had published a novelette (at his own expense), which had been favourably noticed, and so artistically if not financially successful, whilst several fugitive poems from my own pen had appeared in periodicals of unimpeachable status and respectability. On the whole, therefore, each of us was fairly justified in calling himself a bit of an author, and feeling, to the extent of that bit at any rate, superior to the ordinary humdrum level of our fellow men and women. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that neither of us felt contented to remain in these very outskirts of journalism, and if we could not, so to speak, win a handsome residence in the heart of the city of literature, we would at least strive hard for a habitation in a respectable suburb. The one question which it seemed desirable for us to settle was what particular line of work we proposed respectively

to adopt in order to reach eventually the happy terminus of our hopes and aspirations. We discussed the matter very seriously and very often, and at last Jack decided, after searching self-examination, that the novelist's laurels were accessible to him, whilst I, after an equally diligent scrutiny of my own abilities, resolved to fight earnestly for the playwright's wreath. Our minds thus commendably made up, we set our backs, as literary pilgrims, to the City of Obscurity, and manfully turned our faces to the Zion of Fame, which we intuitively felt could be our only real abiding-place.

About six weeks after this notable determination I was in a position to tell Jack that by dint of much thought and hard work I had all but completed a one-act comedy, which I purposed sending to the manager of the Royal "Thalia" Theatre, for his perusal and consideration. I may have been mistaken, but it somehow occurred to me that he didn't receive the news with that cordiality and warmth which one expects in such circumstances to find in an old friend and sympathetic fellow-worker, but I considerately attributed his apathy to the natural concern which at this time he must necessarily feel for the progress of his own work—a mighty romance just then, as I understood him, in the early and difficult stage of evolution.

When, a week later, I was enabled to inform Jack, with some show of pardonable pride, that I had just posted off my play to the "Thalia," I was considerably taken aback to hear that he also had left a comedietta at the same house.

"You never said anything about this a week ago, old man," I said, with just a touch of reproach, if not actual sulkiness, in my tone.

"N—no, I never thought of it," he answered. Now, I'm not a particularly moral man, and by no means methodistically accurate in all I say myself, but I confess I felt a trifle shocked at Jack's reply. I was convinced it was a lie, and his own fidgety manner and nervous way of speaking confirmed me in my conviction. I was simultaneously savage and sad; savage that he should descend to such an untruth at all, and sad that it should be deliberately told to *me*, his own familiar friend, of all persons in the world. However, I swallowed my pique with an effort, turned the subject off with some platitude of the "room enough for all" type, and went my way.

My revenge, however, came a few days afterwards in the shape of a letter from the "Thalia" management intimating the glorious fact that my piece had been read and approved, and that on my acceptance of certain terms (in which, of course, I readily acquiesced) it should be produced on the earliest possible opportunity. This was victory indeed, and in my triumph I felt that I could afford to forgive Jack Tattersal his falsehood, and even to regard him with a sentiment akin to magnanimous pity. By the good office of a journalistic friend the forthcoming production of my little work at the "Thalia" was paragraphed in two or three of the theatrical papers, and I showed these to Jack when I next met him. I think it is as impossible for me to forget, as it is for me to describe, the expression that overspread his face on that occasion, but from that moment I instinctively felt he hated me. There could be no question on that point. When a man begins to studiously and persistently avoid one with whom he has been wont to seek constant companionship, there is something radically wrong between the two, and, as I have declared, I was sure that that "something" in our case was a fierce and unwholesome enmity on Jack Tattersal's part. However, so far as our literary rivalry was concerned, I had hitherto undoubtedly the best of the quarrel, and the advantage, I admit, afforded me substantial consolation for the loss of my old chum's friendship and goodwill.

Time went on, and, insomuch as it brought me no further tidings of my play, it went on with irritating tardiness, as it always does to authorlings in my suspensive and hope-deferred condition. At last I ventured to write a timid inquiry to my manager as to how matters were progressing, and though his reply was not exactly unsatisfactory, still it created within me certain vague feelings of uneasiness and misgiving. Miss Montgomery, he explained, a promising young actress who was cast to play the heroine in my comedy, had been seized with sudden indisposition, which had necessitated for a time the suspension of rehearsals, to which, by the way, it struck me I certainly ought to have been invited. In these circumstances he had considered it advisable to be prepared with another curtain-raiser, in which the lady in question would not be required; but I might rest assured that this provisional second piece would only be given priority of production in case

of emergency—that is, in case of Miss Montgomery's unduly prolonged illness. This information was unpalatable, but then its reason was unexceptionable, and however much I might deplore the circumstances I could not reasonably blame anyone. Happily, I was soon relieved from the agitation into which the explanation had thrown me, for very shortly afterwards I saw with delight an advertisement in the morning papers, definitely announcing the first representation of my comedy on a specific date. Matters had now indeed assumed an appreciable form, and I lived from day to day in a Paradise of joyful anticipation and pride. Every night, before my bedroom mirror, I practised the modest bow I should so soon be called upon to make in front of the curtain before a well-pleased audience, the while picturing to myself, a little ungenerously, the chagrin and envy of Jack Tattersal as he would in rage and jealousy eye me from some secluded corner in the pit.

At last! at last the eventful evening came, and, at a quarter to seven o'clock, found me in brand new dress suit, specially ordered and made for so auspicious an occasion, at the stage door of the "Thalia" theatre. I flew upstairs to look if the scene were set as I opined it ought to be, and to inquire if all the "properties" had been provided and were ready to hand. A sensation of faintness came over me and my legs trembled violently beneath me, when I discovered that, although the scenery was arranged in every detail, and all was prepared for the raising of the curtain, it was not the scene of *my* play. I sought the stage-manager, and from him learned the explanation in all its hideous and horrible truth.

Miss Montgomery had suffered a sudden relapse and could not appear! I went out into the street, and seeking a quiet court, my pent-up grief found escape in a short but violent childish flood of tears. I know this is a shameful confession to make, but then I was only a youngster, and it seemed as if my whole life and welfare were wrapped up in that first dramatic effort of mine. Besides, the thought of Jack Tattersal's gleeful triumph at my disappointment bitterly tormented me, and, I fancy, really occasioned me deeper grief than even the blow that was dealt to my own individual feelings.

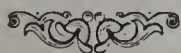
When I had decently recovered myself I sought my stall in the theatre, and awaited curiously the performance of the piece

substituted for my own. As I looked round the auditorium, it seemed to me that the pit and gallery had not, in the matter of occupants, that appearance of intelligence and respectability one is accustomed to see in a first-class West End theatre. Every other person had about him that peculiar, indescribable *je ne sais quoi*, which you somehow associate with Drury Lane, or Clare Market, or the minor thoroughfares of the Borough. Collectively and individually, too, they seemed disposed to be noisy, and exclamations were uttered, and remarks exchanged, more in keeping with the gallery of the old "Vic" than a house of the "Thalia's" aristocratic stamp.

The conclusion of the overture by the orchestra diverted my attention from the motley assembly behind and above me to the stage before me. The "ting" of the prompter's bell sounded, and the house for the moment was hushed to silence. Instead of the immediate rise of the curtain looked for by the audience, there was a pause, during which the gentleman, who had overwhelmed me with such ill tidings half an hour before, stepped to the footlights, and very nervously, almost inaudibly, announced Miss Montgomery's indisposition, and the unavoidable substitution of a different first piece from that officially billed and advertised. At this moment I caught a glimpse of Jack Tattersal, who was sitting at the back of the dress circle, and I almost forgot my own trouble in the shock which the ghastly pallor of his face gave me. And when the nervous and indistinct stage-manager further gave forth that the substituted play was an untried one, by a new author, namely "Mr. John A. Tattersal," my friend of yore looked as if he would have fainted outright.

The curtain rose, and my rival's piece opened, freshly, brightly, wittily—I was constrained in spite of everything to admit—yet the pit began to "chaff" and the gallery to grow noisy, and despite the "hush, hush" protests of the sensible and appreciative of the audience, the hubbub waxed livelier and louder. Little touches of pathos were received with derision, sharp sallies of humour only welcomed with a howl or a hoot. The performers, at the outset naturally nervous in tackling an entirely new piece after irregular rehearsals, became in turn uneasy, frightened, and at last altogether dazed and oblivious. Demoralisation reigned supreme until the curtain fell amidst a

perfect hurricane of merciless yells and hisses. Indignation at the unjust treatment the play had received, and pity for Jack Tattersal, struggled for the topmost place in my heart. All acrimonious feeling had fled, and my old love for my pal came back to me with all its tenderness, and I hastened to offer him what poor sympathy I might. But he had fled, and well he might, poor devil! I found out the next day that he had arranged what theatrical folks know as an organised opposition to my piece, and paid a couple of hundred uneducated and unscrupulous roughs to ruin its reception with indiscriminate rowdyism and riot. His gang had either incompletely understood his iniquitous instructions, or failed properly to hear the stage-manager's nervous and almost whispered explanation. At any rate, Jack was completely hoist with his own petard, and though his little comedy was full of excellence, it was absolutely ruined on its first night beyond hope of redemption, and was never tried again, either at the "Thalia" or any other theatre. As for me—well, Miss Montgomery never recovered, and I am to this day one of the noble army of the great unacted.



Willy Bland.

BY HERBERT VERE.



WHEN the tempest blows its trumpet and flaps its wings of cloud,

The wild North Sea, off Yorkshire coast, roars angrily and loud;

Then many a ghastly tribute the sea gives to the shore,

In drownèd folk, and battered wreck, and shattered spar and oar;

And by the fisher's fireside, when the nights are long and cold, Full many a tale of rescue brave and daring deed is told;

But never feat of bravery was done on sea or land

To match the deed that wrought the death of little Willy Bland.

The home returning fisher fleet had battled all the night
With wind and wave, and now at noon, wrecked, shattered,
 hove in sight,
In sight of anxious crowds on shore, who loud to heaven prayed,
The wife for son or husband brave, for sweetheart fond the
 maid;
But vain were prayers or woman's tears to still the tempest's
 roar;
One thought prevailed—save as a wreck no smack could reach
 the shore.

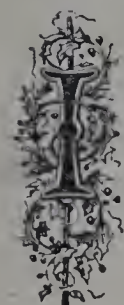
The lifeboat! Ho, the lifeboat! manned by a hardy crew,
With lips firm set and eyes that said "We go to 'die or do,'" "
Skims o'er the waves, now tumbling on a mountain-crest of
 white,
Now plunging headlong downward in the watery womb of
 night,
But ever bravely onward, cheered by the crowds on shore,
Who rose and bent, and bent and rose, as though each pulled an
 oar;
Onward and ever onward till evening's lid of grey
Drooped down the sky and folded up the weary eye of day.

"Lost, lost! all lost!" the cry that mixt with the storm's angry
 roar,
"There's not a soul afloat to-night will live to see the shore."
Pained eyes from land streamed eastward to catch the op'ning
 eye
Of dawn, that flushed with silver light the angry sea and sky;
And never brought the gentle dawn a fairer, dearer sight,
Than the lifeboat riding bravely thro' the op'ning gates of
 night.
"The lifeboat! Ho, the lifeboat!" rang out from hearts elate,
Safe from the ocean's thousand graves it brings a precious
 freight,
With laughter and hand-clapping and cheers both long and
 loud
The lifeboat and its human freight were welcomed by the
 crowd.

But 'mong the happy voices that cheered along the strand
 One gladsome voice was missing—the voice of Willy Bland.
 He went not with the fishing-fleet—a weakly lad of ten
 Were little worth to rough it in the work of sailor men.
 They searched the village, searched the shore, down where the
 skiffs were moored,
 And all save little Willy's boat were firm and fast secured ;
 At once it dawned upon the crowd that, 'mid the tempest's roar,
 The lad had put to sea to bring his father safe to shore.
 And so he had—unseen, unknown—he urged his cockle-shell
 Into the ocean's yawning womb, into the tempest's hell.
 A wave brought in a message from the demon of the storm
 That filled the coast with sorrow—'twas Willy's lifeless form !
 Oh ! never deed of bravery was done on sea or land
 To match the deed that wrought the death of little Willy Bland.



A Glance Round the Galleries.



N the second series of "A Century of British Art, from 1737 to 1837," Sir Coutts Lindsay has gathered together at the Grosvenor Gallery a collection of pictures, every one of which possesses distinct interest, and many superlative beauty. Hogarth and William Blake span a wide gulf in art, and when we pass in review the great ones who have come and gone in the century, leaving priceless treasures behind them to the world, we can reflect with no little pride on our English School. The chief feature in the galleries is the landscape art of such men as old Crome, John Cotman, Bonnington, Morland, and others, whose genius, never recognised or appreciated by the Royal Academy of that time, set the seal of immortality on this branch of painting. Excellent examples by George Morland are here, including "The Carrier's Stable," a subject after the painter's own heart, though probably painted from memory in the King's Bench Prison. Full of grace and delicate beauty

are his little subject pictures also which adorn the walls, "The Surprise" being an exceptionally beautiful work. Had George Romney painted no other portrait than that of Mrs. Jordan, he would have carved himself a niche in the temple of fame. Bewilderingly fascinating in graceful simplicity of dress, its whiteness relieved only by a pink sash, the lovely actress gazes with soft dreamy eyes out from the canvas, and we can imagine how, nearly one hundred years ago, she brought London to her feet as Peggy, in "The Country Girl." We are indebted to the Queen for two famous pictures by Sir David Wilkie, "Blind Man's Buff" and "The Penny Wedding," both in excellent preservation, while the Earl of Aylesford enriches the gallery with Sir Joshua Reynolds' superb portrait of Frances Countess of Dartmouth, a woman who knew trouble if the rather sad expression in the face is any index. "The Masters Gawler" shows the same painter in equally strong light, the faces of the two boys being a triumph of art, and the expression in the eyes marvellously caught.

"Gibraltar Watering Place, Back River, Norwich," by John Crome, is a sunset poem on canvas, full of suggestions, and luminous in the depth of its tone. Constable's own description of the famous "Lock" picture is true and unexaggerated: "it is silvery, windy, and delicious; all health and the absence of everything stagnant, and is wonderfully got together." It is a great work of a great master. To those who are not familiar with Cotman's best works, the "Scene on the East Coast" will be a pleasant surprise, and it is as fine and powerful an example of the Norwich painter's genius as could be desired. Reminding one at first of Watteau in its graceful and dainty beauty, is Gainsborough's "The Mall in St. James's Park," with its beautiful and yet artificial landscape background. Hogarth is strongly represented with the "Thornhill Family," while, in striking contrast to this picture of orthodox respectability is the equally fine "Punch Club," drawn with all the keen humour and satire of the painter. Etty, Vincent, Wilson, Blake, and Stothard are amongst the many in this goodly company, not forgetting Sir Edwin Landseer and John Linnell, but space in which to mention their works is not at our disposal, and we must reluctantly draw our visit to a close.

THE NEW GALLERY.—Probably not even the most sanguine

members of the Committee of the Stuart Exhibition ever thought that the various relics of the ill-fated Royal House now exhibited in this gallery would awaken such an interest, and prove such a success as they undoubtedly have done, and are doing daily. Those who were more or less indifferent before to the great House have had their sympathy kindled when brought face to face with the royal portraits, and surrounded with the trappings and the suits of kingly woe. Only a Philistine could fail to be moved by these relics, which give flesh and blood as it were to history; and, whether we be Montagues or Capulets, time has cast a halo of reverence around them. From the long past of three hundred years Mary Queen of Scots, wearing the "Deuil Blanc" for her first husband, Francis II., gazes scornfully out from the dark canvas queenly, dignified and pale, as she probably looked on the last morning; when six hours only before her death she wrote to Henry III. of France the touching and pathetic letter which is here exhibited, protesting her innocence, and which she signed "Mercredy, à deulx heures après minuit Vostre très affectionné et bien bonne sœur Mari R." The omission of the final letter e in her name is of deep interest, as, being accidental, we can understand how the torrent of thoughts rushing through her racked brain would cause such a blunder. The carved oak cradle and this letter are the Alpha and Omega of her sad history.

Among the pictures stand out in princely prominence and splendour Sir Antony Vandyck's several portraits of Charles I., Henrietta Maria, and their two eldest children, so well known to art lovers, while Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller give us interesting portraits of the beautiful and brilliant Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, often called "La Belle Henriette," who inspired Waller's verses; of Mary, Princess of Orange; of Charles II., and of his neglected wife, Catherine of Braganza, whom Evelyn described as "prettily shaped, languishing eyes; for the rest lovely enough." Deeply interesting are the many priceless relics belonging to Charles I., and although some may be tempted to regard those worn on the day of his execution in the same generous spirit as the "wood of the true cross" is viewed in, they are nevertheless of pathetic import. The Duke of Portland lends the famous rosary which Queen Henrietta

Maria is said to have in her necessity pawned for £3,000; Lord Balfour of Burleigh consents to part with for a time the exquisitely enamelled Ciborium of Limoges manufacture, given to one of his ancestors by Queen Mary; and one case is filled with the personal relics of Flora MacDonald and of Prince Charles Edward. To enumerate all that is interesting here would require a volume the size of the well-compiled catalogue of the exhibits, and the visitor would be robbed of many a pleasant surprise. The new gallery will well repay not only one but many visits.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S GALLERY.—At this tasteful little gallery in New Bond Street may be viewed, in addition to other attractions, the most remarkably fine and powerful dry-point etching we remember to have seen for a long time. In etching Frans Hals' famous picture of "The Banquet of the Officers of the Archers of Saint Adrian," one of Haarlem's treasures, Mr. Mortimer Menpes has proved himself a great master of this difficult art, and has succeeded in transferring to his plate not only the boldness and picturesque strength of the painting, but has suggested, and, in fact, reproduced as far as possible its luminous tone and colour. Every face has its own striking individuality, and the drawing of the ruffs is a triumph of the etcher's needle. Mr. Menpes will print only a limited number, and each with his own hands, on Japanese paper, the mellow quality and softness of which are of great advantage to the etching. The list of subscribers is being rapidly filled up.

At the sign of the Rembrandt Head, in Vigo Street, Mr. Robert Dunthorne is publishing five important and masterly etchings which Mr. Macbeth, A.R.A., has executed from the following famous pictures by Velasquez and Titian in the Madrid Gallery:—The "Alonzo Cano," the "Tapestry Weavers," the "Surrender of Breda," by Velasquez; the voluptuously beautiful "Garden of Love" and "Saint Margaret," after Titian. These are, beyond doubt, Mr. Macbeth's greatest works, and form a valuable addition to the world's art treasures.

HERBERT LEE COLLINSON.

Our Play-Box.

"HAMLET."

Princess's Theatre, Monday, January 28, 1889.

That enthusiastic and floral welcomes should be showered on Mr. Wilson Barrett on his reappearance in London was but natural. The gifted actor's visits are all too fleeting, nor is he likely to cease roaming yet awhile. As he informed us in a speech, which of course was insisted upon, Miss Grace Hawthorne, owing to whose courtesy he was able to be at the Princess's for twelve weeks, having elected to stay there, he must perforce be much away from London, unless some millionaire, "some Colonel North, is willing to build him a theatre." Let us hope that this day is not far distant; we cannot spare Mr. Barrett for long.

'Tis over four years since the "newHamlet," as it was termed, first appeared in London. Since then, Mr. Barrett also told us, it has travelled in his company some 25,000 miles, and evoked about one mile of criticism. Although it was quite impossible to follow all the hints contained therein, he had grafted on his first conception as much of the good advice as was not entirely at variance with his own convictions, thus showing an earnest desire to succeed. If any actor could again face a London audience, in such a part as Hamlet, without some trepidation or even terror, he was not that man. Mr. Wilson Barrett was deeply moved as he spoke, and added that his fear was like that of the child of a good father, for, whatever his shortcomings, he knew that judgment would be tempered by kindness and mercy.

And now what is the outcome of these concessions to criticism that was written in all good faith and fairness—of added thought and study given to a part which can no more be perfected by rehearsal away from the critical influence of audiences than all the parade drill in the world can make a good soldier until he has been repeatedly under fire? The outcome is a new and matured reading, far more artistic and far more human than that to which, four years ago, many of us took exception. First of all, let us not forget that to Mr. Wilson Barrett is due the best acting version of "Hamlet" that has ever been put on the stage. No part is sacrificed to give undue prominence to the leading character. And surely by this time one has seen the folly of raising the red rag of controversy over such things as the selection of one word in lieu of another, of carrying on raging warfare on the subject of Hamlet's age. Our convictions may be with or against the actor's; but what matter such trifles? We want to see the working out of the problem of Hamlet's inward man; we want to know if to us will appear only a counterfeit presentment of the poet's ideal hero, or whether

we shall see him wakened into life. Histrionically speaking, Mr. Wilson Barrett's Hamlet has always been a fine performance, and from an elocutionary point of view good. This was enough for the general public, but the Shakespearean student missed something. Hamlet had become a resolute man biding his time for revenge, hard to the woman he was supposed to love, and merely assuming madness for a purpose; there was more anger than bitterness in his soul, and we seemed to have lost the poetical side of the character. Not so now. That Hamlet is really mad is an unsustainable theory, and shows but a very superficial understanding of Shakespeare. But it does not follow that his mind is in a healthy state; it is as much unhinged as his nerves are unstrung. This is now well-defined. The first speech, "Seems, madam," given rather monotonously on the first night of this revival, did not lead us to expect the light and shade given to the rest of the performance, but as the scenes followed each other we were delighted to note the newer and truer reading. The exit at the end of the first act was excellent. Next, the scene with the Ghost was far more impressive, the cry of agony was indeed wrung from his heart; we now felt that, although resolved to obey, the dire task was crushing his soul and withering his young life. Then in the scene with Ophelia, what a welcome change was here! Hamlet was no longer simply irritable; his tenderness and sorrow brought back all the poetry we longed for. The scene with Yorick's skull was given in a poetical and touching vein. His great soliloquies and his speech to the players were admirably delivered; his scenes with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern subtle and deeply thought out. Another improvement is the greater outward show of friendly affection to Horatio, who, in the person of Mr. S. M. Carson, hardly responded to this. Space precludes my going into further detail, but Mr. Wilson Barrett's Hamlet, as it now stands, should win the approval of those who, four years ago, refused to accept his reading, I being one of the number. It is a fine and artistic impersonation. Where we remained unmoved we are now touched and impressed, because the actor now gives us a Hamlet who feels not merely with his brain, but also with his heart. And is it not from the heart that all true poetry springs?

Miss Eastlake is again one of our very best Ophelias; her mad scene is touching and highly effective. It would be impossible to find a more perfect Gravedigger than Mr. George Barrett. Mr. Hudson's mannerism is rather painful, but Mr. Cooper Cliffe's Laertes deserves praise. Polonius is well represented by Mr. A. Melford, and so is the Ghost by Mr. Elliot. By the by, the slight break in the voice at the line, "Speak to her, Hamlet," was good; it was like a sudden remembrance that once he loved the guilty woman.

"THE LADY OF LYONS."

Princess's Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, 30th January, 1889.

Cast precisely as it was at the Globe Theatre, "The Lady of Lyons" calls forth almost the very same words I used last year. Mr. A. Melford is again an excellent Deschappelles, Mr. Cooper Cliffe a remarkably good Glavis, and Mrs. Henry Leigh and Miss Alice Cooke do well as Madame Deschappelles and Widow Melnotte. Mr. S. M. Carson now undertakes the part of Gaspard, in perhaps an over-boisterous manner. Mr. Hudson would do well to mend his gait; it was bad enough as King Claudius, but as Beauseant it is far more pronounced. Such a slouch—I am sorry to have to use the word—is entirely out of place in an ex-aristocrat and a man of fashion. Mr. George Barrett's Colonel Damas is far better for having gained some ruggedness, still the occasional touch of the martinet might be more conveyed. Miss Eastlake has improved in her rendering of Pauline, but the last act remains her best effort because the most true. In the first act she looks inexpressibly sweet, but the pride and vanity are not sufficiently depicted. The cottage scene is unequal; excellent in her rebuke of Beauseant, her "All is forgiven, I am thine!" was not given with that rush of feeling, that sudden awakening of love, that would give the whole world for Claude. It seemed impossible that Mr. Wilson Barrett should improve on his already great creation of Claude, still I think it has gained in finish without losing any of its freshness. In the face of all the Claudes that are and have been, Mr. Barrett has made the part specially his own. By the intensity of his acting, which discards all point-making (what other Claude before him has not described his Palace to the *audience*?); by the true pathos and the real dignity wherewith he has clothed the character he makes us forget that this rather stagy hero is speaking lines that are artificial and stilted. Under his touch Claude becomes very human indeed, his words are true and touching, and tears of sympathy come into our eyes. Striking the right key at the outset, there is not a discord throughout. Mr. Wilson Barrett truly begins his short season in a masterly manner, for he has never acted better.

"A FOOL'S PARADISE."

An original play, in three acts, by SYDNEY GRUNDY.

First produced in London, at the Gaiety Theatre, on the afternoon of February 12, 1889.

Lord Normantower.. ..	Mr. E. W. GARDINER.	Price	Mr. MARTIN.
The Hon. Tom Verinder	Mr. R. SAUNDERS.	Mrs. Selwyn.. ..	Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
Sir Peter Lund, Bart.,		Kate Derwent ..	Miss KATE RORKE.
M.D., F.R.S.	Mr. T. M. WENMAN.	Mildred Selwyn ..	Miss MARY COLLETTE.
Philip Selwyn	Mr. H. B. CONWAY.	Johnson.. ..	Miss EMILY WARD.

This play first saw the footlights, for copyright purposes, October 7, 1887, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Greenwich. It was then called "The Mousetrap," and has also been acted under that name in America. To London it is now presented as "A Fool's Paradise." What's in a name? After all, the play's the thing; and in this case it truly asserts itself by its

excellence. We are introduced to a home of perfect happiness, were it not that its master, Philip Selwyn, is out of health. Married to the most fascinating of women, whom he adores, and who appears all tenderness and devotion to him; his sister, dear little Mildred, has for governess a sweet true woman, Kate Derwent—one who has endeared herself to Philip and Mildred, and is looked upon more as a friend and sister than as a dependent. Philip is expecting the visit of his greatest friend, Lord Normantower, and we feel ready to agree with Sir Peter, the eminent physician, when he remarks, “I seem to have dropped into a small Paradise;” but, “Where’s the serpent?” queries the astute man of the world. We are not long in discovering that the beautiful reptile is no other than Mrs. Selwyn, familiarly called Mousie. In her, Normantower recognises the flirt, the garrison hack, who once fascinated him, then threw him over because he was poor and she had the chance of marrying money; until now he ignored who was her husband. He no longer loves her, but he will not betray the woman who was false to him, and wreck Philip’s happiness, so he is silent. Not so the fair siren; as soon as they are alone she pleads for his forgiveness, tells him she hates her husband, and still loves him. Repulsed, she will not believe his love is dead, but that he is loyal to his friend, and, were she not a wife, it might be different. What little feeling her hard, ambitious, selfish heart is capable of is centred in Normantower, and the additional attraction of his having come into a title. Philip has made a will in her favour, and Sir Peter, baffled at first by strange symptoms, discovers that this model wife is slowly poisoning her trusting husband. Sir Peter is possessor of a family secret. Philip’s father on his deathbed confessed to him that he had committed bigamy, deserting his wife and daughter, and leaving the money which came from her to Philip. Sir Peter has traced the daughter, and found her to be Kate Derwent, one of his nurses at Guy’s Hospital. It is he who has placed her near her brother and sister, that friendship might spring up between them before any revelation was made. When Kate learns the truth, her generous nature refuses to disgrace her father’s memory, and to impoverish those she has learned to love. Sir Peter, however, sees in this restitution the means of shielding Philip’s life, for his wife will then gain nothing by his death, and he speaks out. But Kate again refuses that the truth should be openly known, the only compromise being that Philip is to make a new will in her favour. Mousie apparently consents to this, but determines he shall not live to sign it. Infuriated at the discovery that Normantower and Kate love each other, she tells him that Kate is her husband’s mistress, and nearly succeeds in parting them for ever. But Sir Peter, who has been watching her like a cat, and dexterously laying traps for her, at last openly convicts Mousie of being a liar and a poisoner. And the woman, braving it out, drinks that last fatal double dose of poison, and, with a bitter cynical “Good night to all of you,” goes off the stage to die. A commendable *finale*. Such is the very bare outline of an interesting, fascinating, and well-constructed play, full of excellent detail

which it is impossible to mention in a brief review. Admirably drawn characters, and dialogue that is both natural and witty, show Mr. Sydney Grundy in his very best manner. Such a play should prove greatly attractive when placed in some regular bill. It gives remarkable opportunities for good acting, nor were such opportunities lost. Miss Mary Collette was a dear little girl, and Mr. Saunders amusing as her boy lover; Mr. Gardiner a gentlemanly and genial Normantower; and Mr. Conway showed great earnestness and depth of feeling as Philip. A most difficult part is that of Sir Peter, requiring subtlety and bluntness, sharp wit and kindliness. To personate in an absolutely natural and true manner the man clever enough to outwit such a woman as Mousie requires an actor of the greatest merit. Mr. Wenman was simply perfect; it was a magnificent creation in every point. The beautiful serpent of this fool's paradise found an able exponent in Miss Gertrude Kingston, who, from the moment when Mousie feels the ground slipping from under her feet, was admirable; the recklessness of the bad woman at bay could not have been better depicted. But Miss Kingston has made such rapid strides of late that she deserves to be criticised as a clever artist and no longer as a promising beginner. She must therefore be told of her mistake in the early part of the play by giving to the character the same cold, hard, cynical tone which did so well later on. Mousie is above all a siren; she has fascinated and charmed two honest men; men of that stamp could not love her did they not believe her to be a good and sweet woman. Miss Kingston forgets that, if from the first the audience sees the serpent lurking under the flowers, it should not be made so apparent to those on the stage. Mousie is a perfect actress, she should charm all; and even in her passionate appeal to her old lover there was scarce one touch of tenderness. Last, but not least, comes the Kate Derwent of Miss Kate Rorke, a most sympathetic and earnest performance, pathetic in her scenes with Philip and Sir Peter, charming in the short love scene. Her great opportunity came when, overhearing a conversation, she fancies Normantower wants to marry her for her money alone. The girl wishes to carry it off with a high hand; gives him back his own words in cold, dignified irony at first, warming into anger, and finally breaking down into sobs of deepest grief. Miss Kate Rorke has never done anything better than this; indeed, she was truly grand, and has perhaps never shown so great a power.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

"THE BEGUM'S DIAMONDS."

Original Comedy-Drama, in three acts, by J. P. HURST.

First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, January 22, 1889.

Edward Seymour Tem- pleton	Mr. YORKE STEPHENS.	Theodore Cowley ..	Mr. ERIC LEWIS.
Colonel Brudnell, M.P.	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Mr. Cumberland ..	Mr. HAMILTON KNIGHT.
Mr. Ferdinand Bickleby	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.	Catherine Templeton	Miss FLORENCE WEST.
Tom Bickleby	Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH.	Mrs. Bickleby	Miss NORREYS.
		Flossie Bickleby ..	Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.
		Mrs Cowley	Miss ETHEL HOPE.

There was a strange mixture of the laughable and the serious in this piece; both were good, but they were not happily blended. There was a

certain amount of revulsion felt when the audience was suddenly plunged into a most dramatic incident, the moment before they having been hugely tickled at some ludicrous situation. Templeton is canvassing the county, and has invited his friend Colonel Brudnell to assist him ; the latter, an old Indian officer, strikes up a Platonic attachment with Mrs. Templeton, and confides to her the cause of his persistent melancholy. After a few months of happy married life his wife had returned to Europe and died without his seeing her again, but among her papers he discovered a portion of a letter which proved to him not only that she had been false, but that her lover had stolen from her some valuable jewels known as the "Begum's diamonds." The Colonel's mission in life is to hunt out the betrayer and thief. He shows the letter to Mrs. Templeton, and she, to her horror, recognises in the handwriting, a most peculiar one, her husband's. Though scarcely believing in all the baseness come to light, she cannot but despise him, yet to save the father of her child she destroys the letter. Her end is not accomplished, however, for Templeton writes a list of the people that Colonel Brudnell is to see in town who will be useful as political allies, and though the Colonel does not look at it at once, but puts it in the pocket of his overcoat, the wife feels that this must be obtained at all hazards. With this view, after all are supposed to have retired, she finds the paper, but the Colonel has been watching her, and taking it from her, immediately knows who it is that has dishonoured him. Mrs. Templeton is pleading on her knees to Brudnell that he will not bring disgrace upon her child, when Templeton, who has been roused to jealousy by the confidences between his wife and his friend, comes upon them and puts the worst construction upon what he sees. The Colonel, on his part, brands him as a seducer and a thief, forming a strong tableau. In the last act it is made known that Templeton as a very young man was tempted by Mrs. Brudnell, and that she herself, to satisfy her reckless extravagance, had parted with the diamonds, causing paste to be substituted for the real stones. For the comic element we have Mrs. Bickleby, a staid little woman who, having married her guardian, the father of a family older than herself almost, thinks that she should assume the most matronly airs. Her stepson and daughter, full of high spirits, cannot help laughing at the demure manner and sapient advice that their little mother affects, and Tom finishes up one of her lectures by bodily lifting her off the ground and placing her on the top of a cottage piano. Later he plays a terrible joke on her by persuading Theodore Cowley, an æsthetic poet, that Mrs. Bickleby is in love with him, and that he must point out to her that he cannot respond to her passion. So when the poet asks for an interview Mrs. Bickleby grants it, believing that he is going to propose for Flossie, her step-daughter, and is scandalised when she learns the real object of his mission. These five light-comedy parts were capitally played, as was also that of Mr. Cumberland, the jeweller, who is the means of bringing to light the misconduct of the deceased Mrs. Brudnell. Mr. Yorke Stephens had a difficult character in Templeton, but did all that was possible with it.

Mr. Lewis Waller was a little starchy as the Colonel, but still was forcible, and Miss Florence West strong in her impersonation of Mrs. Templeton. Mr. W. F. Hawtrey was genially humorous as Mr. Ferdinand Bickleby. "The Begum's Diamonds," I fear, will require considerable alteration before it can be made acceptable for a London theatre.

"APRIL SHOWERS."

New and Original Three-act Comedy, by Messrs. ROMER and BELLAMY.

First produced at Terry's Theatre, Thursday afternoon, January 24, 1889.

Lord Lacy	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Servant	Mr. CHARLES.
Frank Lacy	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Mrs. Laurence	Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS.
Mr. Clincher	Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER.	Queenie Laurence	Miss MAUD MILLETT.
Charlie Clincher	Mr. WALTER EVERARD.	Maggie Lacy	Miss NORREYS.

"Oh how the spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day."

The couplet on the programme fitly explains the plot of this very prettily written play, which, though containing much clever epigram and witty repartee in its dialogue, and causing much laughter, and an occasional lump in the throat, is of too flimsy material for reproduction, except in the drawing-room, where it should prove very acceptable. Frank Lacy, who has been rusticated for some slight escapade, comes home to find that his father, Lord Lacy, intends to take a new wife in Queenie Laurence, a very charming girl to whom Frank has given his heart; so he determines to go abroad, and Queenie, on the persuasion of her mother, accepts the elder gentleman, all the while loving the son. Charlie Clincher, a callow youth, fancies he is "spoony" on Queenie, and to pique her, and in the hope of kindling a flame in her bosom, persuades Maggie Lacy to allow him to pay her marked attention. He soon discovers that he really cares for Maggie; but, though she dotes upon him, she avenges herself for a long time by setting down all his ardent protestations as only make-believe, though of course she takes him into favour again at last, and Lord Lacy, when he learns the true state of Queenie's affections, gracefully resigns her to his son. The doings of these, and of a shrewd but rather mercenary lawyer, Mr. Clincher, who imagines every woman wishes to entrap him into marriage, and of a worldly mother, Mrs. Laurence, whom Clincher firmly believes has designs upon him, make up the incidents of the plot. The excellence of the acting was a theme of universally favourable comment. Miss Maud Millett was as winsome and tender as possible; and Miss Norreys had, in the part of Maggie, to blend considerable pathos with that arch piquancy of which she is so capable an exponent. It was strange how the characters of Lord Lacy and his son were changed by the authors in the course of the play: the first was an irascible, cantankerous creature, and the other a light-hearted fellow, somewhat of a scapegrace. Later they became respectively a suave, polite old gentleman, and a Byronic, melancholy lover, though neither Mr. Beauchamp nor Mr. Waller could be blamed for this. Mr. Walter Everard was very happy as the un-

decided Charlie Clincher, and Mr. Chevalier clever as the suspicious lawyer, but his make-up was exaggerated. Actors and the surviving author were called for. It was said that "April Showers" was written years ago, with a view to its acceptance by the Bancrofts, who then ruled the destinies of the little theatre in Queen Street, Tottenham Court Road.

"THE BALLOON."

Farcical Comedy, in three acts, by J. H. DARNLEY and G. MANVILLE FENN.

First produced at a matinée at Terry's, November 13, 1888.

Placed in the evening bill at the Strand Theatre, Wednesday, February 6, 1889.

Dr. Glynn	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.	Grace Wentworth ..	Miss ELLALINE TERRISS.
Captain Cameron ..	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.	Mrs. Theresa FitzJohn	Miss EMILY MILLER.
Mr. Aubrey FitzJohn	Mr. ALFRED MALTBY.	Mrs. Rippendale ..	Miss ROSE SAKER.
Dr. Boyton	Mr. GEORGE RATEMOND.	Miss Vere	Miss GABRIELLE GOLD- NEY.
David	Mr. S. WHITAKER.		
Todd	Mr. WILTON HERIOT.		

"The Balloon" was so highly spoken of on every side when it took its first voyage, that nothing but success was anticipated for it when it should be despatched on a longer flight. But, from some cause or other, on its second start there must have been something wrong with the aeronaut or the air currents, for it did not sail away as merrily as it should have done. It will be remembered (as noticed in the December, 1888, number of *THE THEATRE*) that the complications arise from Dr. Glynn imagining that he has poisoned the aunt of his intended, and from his being so worried by the return of Mrs. Rippendale, a supposed widow, with whom he has flirted in the past, and by a bibulous ne'er-do-well, Aubrey FitzJohn, that the wretched doctor cuts, as he hopes, the knot of his troubles by taking flight in the balloon; that he is given up as having been lost at sea, but, having escaped, returns to behold, as he imagines, the ghost of his murdered victim.

At the Strand Mr.

George Giddens impersonated the doctor, and though his performance was good, he did not rattle through the part with that spirit that the plot requires, nor was there that intensity in the description of his experiences when in mid-air that carried conviction of the torments he had gone through. Mr. Maltby, the Aubrey FitzJohn, was very amusing, but he too



wanted more dash; and as so much depended on these two characters, the play naturally suffered. Miss Rose Saker was a fascinating Mrs. Rippendale, persistent in gaining her end—either marriage or a comfortable sum as hush-money. Miss Ellaline Terriss was a natural and pretty *ingénue* as Grace Wentworth. Miss Emily Miller was rather extravagant as Mrs.



Theresa FitzJohn. Only praise must be accorded to Messrs. Forbes Dawson, George Raimeond, and Miss Gabrielle Goldney, the original representatives of their respective characters. Since the first evening representation, actors and actresses have shaken more into their places, and "The Balloon" now goes well and strongly.

"PICKWICK."

New one-act "Dramatic Cantata." Words by F. C. BURNAND. Music by EDWARD SOLOMON.

First produced at the Comedy Theatre, Thursday afternoon, February 7, 1889.

Mr. Samuel Pickwick	Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.	Mrs. Bardell	Miss LOTTIE VENNE.
The Baker	Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.	Tommy	Master ARTHUR KNIGHT

A series of afternoon performances has been arranged at this theatre, the principal feature of the programme being provided by the editor of "Punch," and this clever writer has never shown himself more happy than in turning to account the unfortunate predicament that befalls the gallant old Mr. Pickwick through the misconception that Mrs. Bardell sets upon his words. Mr. Burnand has brought into a prominent position the

"baker" that is only incidentally mentioned in the famous trial of "*Bardell v. Pickwick*." Mrs. Sanders says in her evidence, "She did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man and is now married. Couldn't swear that Mrs. Bardell was not very fond of the baker, but should think that the baker was not very fond of Mrs. Bardell, or he wouldn't have married somebody else." The scene opens in Mr.



Tommy & Mrs. Bardell

Pickwick's lodgings, when, after Mrs. Bardell has explained how she put up a "card"

"to catch the eye
Of the honest passer-by,"

which eventually obtained for her Mr. Pickwick as a tenant, and fore-shadows her hopes as to his intentions, Master Tommy appears, and in recitative with his mother explains his mission to the Borough. He subsequently tells how the generous Pickwick has bestowed on him a shilling, when his fond mother asks—

"Would'st thou thy mother this shilling lend?"

Tommy replies—

"Mother, dear mother, he gave it to me,
Why should I lend it, dear mother, to thee?"

thus showing the astuteness of the London youth.

After his departure Mrs. Bardell warbles forth "*My Next*," a song which clearly expresses her intention to enter a second time into the marriage state, and her speculations as to what manner of man her future will be. That she has already one in her eye is at once apparent from the *barcarole* or *baker-roll* of the baker outside, who first serenades her with—

"Morning breaks, I must awake her,
Wake her, tra la la la !
In the yeast the sun's a baker,
Ba-ker, tra la la la !
You are crumby and full weighted,
Hear your baker-laureate troll,
Tra la la !
Would you crusty be if mated,
Listen to my baker-roll,
Baker-roll, baker-roll !"

The refrain is then taken up by the object of his admiration as follows—

MRS. B. (*at window*). So the baker aerated,
Sings his morning baker-roll,
BOTH. Tra la la !

- BAKER. Did French bred man come a-wooing,
He would say, *Je suis à toi!*
- MRS. B. But the baker parley-wooing,
Swears he loves me more *meal fois*.
BOTH. *Meal fois, Tra la la*
- BAKER. Did a sportsman come a-courting,
He would talk of heart and roe.
Tra la la!
- MRS. B. But the baker who's now sporting
Calls his love "his gentle dough"
BOTH. Tra la la!
- BAKER (*as before*). Did a gardener come this way, in
Flowery language he would plead,
Tra la la!
- MRS. B. But my Baker's simply sayin',
"You're the 'flower' that I need"!
Tra a la!
- BAKER. Arab calls his loved one merely
"Milk-white steed!" and strokes her head.
Tra la la!
- MRS. B. Ah! a Baker's wife should, clearly,
Nothing be but thorough-bred.
Tra la la!
- BOTH. Thus the Baker doth awake her, &c.
Tra la la! Tra la la!

and finishes with a ridiculously funny minuet and some very droll business with the long rolls which the baker carries. Pressing his suit, he asks the widow to be his, saying that he has provided the licence, to all of which he only gets the tuneful reply, "Not to-day, Baker. Away! away!" and eventually goes off with the determination to return in half an hour to learn his fate. Then enters Mr. Pickwick, who declaims in song on the packing of his portmanteau, and has, after some dialogue with Mrs. Bardell, two capital songs, the one a "Romance," "The Boy and the Borough," and the other a ditty, "The Happy Valley," full of quaint rhymes and merry conceits, and he then descants on the joys of "The Bachelor." Following this comes the momentous interview with Mrs. Bardell, which is capially worked up, and in the course of which "The Bardell Bolero" is sung and danced, and finally Mrs. Bardell sinks into the astonished Mr. Pickwick's arms. Tommy returns and attacks Mr. Pickwick; the Baker honourably returns for his answer, and, taking in the situation at a glance, goes off, merrily singing his "Baker-roll," to wed another more faithful lady, who is willing to accept him, and the curtain falls on Mr. Pickwick, happy in the assumption that he is still free, whilst the wedding bells chime out for the marriage of the baker.



Well as Mr. Burnand has done his work and afforded a most amusing sketch, but little less praise must be awarded to Mr. Solomon for the music he has composed; it is throughout bright and lively, and so



“catchy” that many of the airs—the “Baker-roll” in particular—were being hummed by the audience as they left the house. But this is not all; by the quaintness of some of the orchestration the composer has accentuated the comic situations and humorous lines.

The characters were excellently represented. Miss Lottie Venne looked fascinating enough to bewitch a score of elderly widowers or amorous bakers, and played and sang with such vivacity and sprightliness as to carry the piece along perfectly. Nor was Mr. Rutland Barrington one whit behind her in his humorous and easy method of courtship, and has never been seen to greater advantage. Mr. Arthur Cecil was a thorough realisation of our ideal Pickwick, both in dress and manner, though on the first performance he was not quite at home in his words, and Master Arthur Knight was a sturdy Tommy, and sang tunefully and acted with spirit. “Pickwick” was a complete success, and when its run comes to an end we may hope that Mr. Burnand will turn his talent for comic writing to further account by introducing us to some of the doings of Messrs. Tupman, Snodgrass, and Winkle, whom at present he has not brought “any further than the landing;” for he says in a footnote that “it is not improbable that we may see something of them on a future musical occasion.”



The “cantata” was preceded by Brandon Thomas’s charmingly written.

"Highland Legacy," in which the author again scored a success as the pseudo "Tammy Tamson," and Miss Jessie Lee, the daughter of a well-known journalist and dramatic author, made a most favourable *début* in London as Clara, and showed herself possessed of a very charming presence, sweet voice, and agreeable style of acting.

"GOOD OLD TIMES."

New Drama, in four acts, written by HALL CAINE and WILSON BARRETT.

First produced at the Princess's Theatre, Tuesday evening, February 12, 1889.

John Langley, J.P. ..	Mr. WILSON BARRETT.	Cupid	Mr. STAFFORD SMITH.
Mary Langley	Miss EASTLAKE.	The Oysterman ..	Mr. J. A. WELCH.
Crosby Grainger ..	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Sandy	Mr. HARTLEY.
Parson Langley ..	Mr. S. M. CARSON.	Colonel Wayne ..	Mr. T. W. PERCYVAL.
Amos Barton	Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD.	Mr. Horrocks ..	Mr. F. PITSTON.
Inspector Braithwaite	Mr. CHARLES HUDSON.	Mr. Chard	Mr. WARREN.
Nat Latrigg	Mr. H. HODGES.	Mr. Jenkins ..	Mr. A. E. FIELD.
Coldbath Joe	Mr. GEORGE BARRETT.	Sergt. Lloyd ..	Mr. ROYDON ERLYNNE.
Spot	Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN.	Lucy	Miss WEBSTER.
Rev. W. Moore	Mr. H. COOPER-CLIFFE.	Biddy	Miss L. BELMORE.
Nick Baker	Mr. T. NYE.	Martha Troutbeck	Miss A. COOKE.
The Fiddler	Mr. W. A. ELLIOTT.	Sally	Miss A. GAMBIER.

Though scarcely possessing the sustained interest which so distinguished "Ben-my-Chrec," the same collaborators in "Good Old Times" have given us some stirring scenes, which occur in a plot that is not always as clear as it might be; the dialogue at times is very good, but the whole requires condensing. There are also two or three rather improbable occurrences: the first, that a man holding the hero's position should marry a woman without making any inquiry as to her antecedents; the second, that after the lapse of only three years he, when brought into contact with her, should not even faintly recognise her; and the third, that bushrangers in endeavouring to escape should make for the very point where they are most likely to be caught—the police-station. But with all this, "Good Old Times" is exactly suited to display the manly heroic character that Mr. Wilson Barrett can so well sustain, and the long-suffering tender woman in impersonating which Miss Eastlake has become so great a favourite. The numerous wreaths and floral offerings presented at the close of the performance testified that they had again been most successful in their efforts to harrow the feelings of their audience. We are given to understand that John Langley, J.P. and Sheriff of Cumberland, has married Mary



Langley without knowing anything of her past life. That past contains one terrible crime, imputed, though wrongfully, to her, but she has taken another name and so has escaped detection. Her father was murdered, and she was looked upon as at least an accessory, the criminals really being Amos Barton and Crosby Grainger, a former lover of hers whom she had discarded when she discovered he was already married to Lucy Barton. She has taken Amos into her service, presumably forced to do so by his knowledge of her secret. Grainger, fleeing from justice, comes to her home in Cumberland, and at once renews his protestations of love and induces



her to meet him in the grounds, then when he attempts to seize her she fires on and wounds him. John Langley, who has been brought to the spot by Grainger's wife, overhears much, and when the shot is fired and the police arrive, quixotically takes upon himself the crime. He, Grainger, and Barton are all sentenced to transportation, and are sent to Tasmania. Amos has risen to be a warder, and, from some unexplained reason, hating Langley, has him chained to Grainger; the men quarrel; there is a general mutiny among the convicts; Langley saves the governor's life, and is assigned as a servant to his own wife, who, under the name of Mrs. Morgan, has followed him to the penal settlement with a view of having him allotted to her, as was frequently compassed by the friends of convicts in those days. Grainger and Amos, with some other desperadoes, have escaped from Macquarie, the penal settlement, and have determined to rob Mrs. Morgan's house. Grainger, having learned

from Lucy his wife, who is servant to Mrs. Morgan, that her mistress is no other than Mary Langley, after a sharp struggle with Langley carries her off. Fortunately, through the timely warning given by Spot, an aboriginal, Langley has been able to send off Coldbath Joe, another convict servant, to call in the aid of the mounted police. They start in pursuit, but Spot induces Langley to follow them by river, this being a much shorter route to Bridgwater, the point for which the robbers are heading. In the supposed voyage in the boat a most beautifully painted panorama of Tasmanian scenery is unrolled before us, which has but one fault, that there is rather too much of it. Arrived at Bridgwater, the bushrangers rush with their captives into the *cordon* of police that is in waiting for them. Grainger

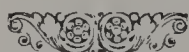
escapes for a moment only, but is shot down by Amos Barton out of revenge for the neglect shown to his daughter by his confederate, but not before Grainger has cleared Mary Langley of any participation in the crime of her father's murder. The mutiny on the breakwater, Macquarie Harbour, is a well-worked-up and realistic scene, so is the attack on Mrs. Morgan's house, and also the pursuit of the bushrangers—real horses being introduced for the use of both the pursuers and pursued. Mr. Lewis Waller was a grim determined creature, at war with society, as Crosby Grainger, and threw an intensity of passion into his mad love for Mary Langley, and Mr. Austin Melford in the hateful character of Amos Barton gave a vivid picture of a cold calculating villain. Mr. George Barrett as Coldbath Joe, a convict whose better nature has been roused by the kindness of Mrs. Langley, has some quaint sayings redolent of "the Dials," but a little too modern for the era of the play. He was as usual very amusing, and had a merry, bright little sweetheart in Miss L. Belmore as Biddy, an Irish "colleen." Mr. Robert Pateman made a distinct hit as Spot the aboriginal, an almost impossible character, displaying infinitely more intelligence than his tribe are usually given credit for. Another very clever impersonation was that of Mr. W. A. Elliott as The Fiddler, a cockney convict, and Miss Webster was unaffectedly tender and womanly as Lucy. The cast was generally good, and the piece was favourably received.

"THE LOVE STORY."

This play of Mr. Pierre Leclercq's was noticed in the July number of THE THEATRE of last year, it having been produced at a Strand *matinée* on Wednesday, May 23, 1888. There is therefore no occasion to refer further to the plot than to mention that the heroine, Madeline Borth, has just received an avowal of affection from Paul Falshawe, a young author who has secretly loved her for two years, but has hidden his passion on account of his poverty. She is made genuinely happy until, through the scheming of Marchcastle, an adventurer, who has learnt that she is an heiress, she is led to believe that Paul has only proposed to her on account of her wealth. She at once breaks her engagement with Paul, and accepts the hand of Marchcastle, who had offered himself when she thought she was poor, though he knew that she had inherited her uncle's fortune. The marriage is hurried on, and Madeline and Marchcastle start immediately after the ceremony for North Wales. At Plas Dyfi there is an accident to the train, and bride and bridegroom come to the house at which Paul is staying. There Marchcastle, pursued by detectives for his defalcations in the bank of which he has been manager, blows out his brains; but Madeline, by the accidental discharge of a pistol, is led to believe that she has killed her husband, and falls in a dead swoon. Paul, entering at the time, gives himself up to the police as having fired the shot. By an ingenious reasoning it is proved that Marchcastle committed suicide, and the lovers are

reunited. Some exception has been taken to the fact that Madeline so readily believes the charge brought against her lover, but it should be borne in mind that his avowal appears so sudden to her after two years of apparent coldness, that she may readily imagine it must have been some very strong motive that brought about the offer; and her idol being shattered, to reward the man who had appeared to love her for herself alone and to punish the one who seemingly was so contemptible, in a *moment* of pique she accepted Marchcastle; had she taken a half-hour to think, her course would probably have been different, and she would have weighed the value of the evidence against her lover. As on the first occasion, Mr. Charles Charrington and Miss Janet Achurch appeared as Charles Marchcastle and Madeline Borth: the former played incisively; the latter was excellent in many respects, but a little uneven at times in her acting. Mr. Lawrence Cautley was a little too melodramatic as Paul Falshawe. Mr. Fred Thorne was fairly good as William Trett, and Miss Dolores Drummond was a kindly Mrs. Falshawe. Mr. W. Lugg was excellent as Sergeant Jones. The closing of the play might with advantage be embodied in one scene in the last act, and the Welsh dialogue of the voluble landlady, Mrs. Jones, should be materially curtailed, though perhaps these blemishes would not be so apparent to the provincial audiences to which Mr. Charrington purposes presenting the piece. "The Love Story" was very favourably received, and the principals were honoured with calls after each act. The *matinées* were under the able business management of Mr. Harrington Bailly, who took care that the press at least should not be in want of programmes.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Omnibus=Box.

"The Silver Falls" at the Adelphi is a pronounced success. Mr. W. L. Abingdon has replaced Mr. Royce Carleton as Dick Redmayne, and plays with much subtlety and vigour. At the neighbouring little house, the Vaudeville, "That Doctor Cupid," with Mr. Thomas Thorne as the elderly and mischievous God of Love, is being played to excellent audiences. Mr. Charles Wyndham did wisely in reviving "Still Waters Run Deep;" the booking at the Criterion is equal to if not surpassing anything yet known at this theatre. "Tares" nightly fills the Opera Comique, and there appears no diminution in the attraction of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the afternoon performances. "The Armada" has started on its provincial tour, commencing at the Grand Theatre, Islington. "Babes in the Wood" at Drury Lane is still filling the national theatre, and appears likely to do so as long as Mr. Augustus Harris desires to keep it in the bill.

At the Globe Theatre "The School for Scandal" has been revived pending the return of Mr. Richard Mansfield and the production of "Richard III.," which will be staged in the most complete and elaborate manner. The principal feature worthy of notice in Goldsmith's comedy is the decided advancement of Miss Kate Vaughan as Lady Teazle, which is now an excellent performance. Mr. Lionel Brough resumes his racy impersonation of the Jew Moses, Mr. William Herbert is a gay and manly Charles Surface, Mr. T. J. Sullivan's Joseph Surface is a careful and appreciated study. Mr. J. Burrows as Rowley is very good indeed.

On February 11 "Nadgy" reached its 100th performance at the Avenue, and went splendidly, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mdle. Vanoni, Mr. E. D. Ward (who now plays the Margrave), and Miss Annie Halford having introduced some new songs, and the first two some exceptionally clever fresh business. The occasion was celebrated by the presentation to everyone in the house of a souvenir, a descriptive booklet excellently got up by Raphael Tuck and Son, illustrated by A. Frederics and A. J. Finberg, words by Alfred Murray.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" proved such an attraction at the morning performances at the Haymarket that on Saturday, February 9, it was placed in the evening bill. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Falstaff has ripened into a thoroughly genial and effective representation, and he is very ably supported by a well-selected cast in the other characters. The piece is splendidly mounted.

"Macbeth" is drawing overflowing houses at the Lyceum. For, it is said, the first time in Mr. Irving's London career, he was compelled to absent himself from the theatre on Thursday, January 17, as he was suffering from loss of voice. Mr. Hermann Vezin was fortunately at liberty to take the part of Macbeth, and was eminently satisfactory. Mr. Irving resumed the character on January 26. Miss Ellen Terry has added many artistic touches to her embodiment of Lady Macbeth.

Mr. Edwyn Shrympton, who gave a dramatic and musical recital at the St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, January 22, under rather adverse circumstances, for his audience was discourteous and noisy, proved himself a good elocutionist in his recitals of Adelaide A. Procter's "A Legend of Provence," "The Road to Heaven" (G. R. Sims), and "The Spanish Mother" (Sir F. Hastings Doyle); in all of these he exhibited intelligence and feeling. A one-act play, "So Runs the World Away," was tried for the first time, and its author, Mr. G. Phillipson, who does not claim, for a wonder, that his piece is either "new or original," may be

congratulated on very neat construction and good dialogue. A young fellow, who has made a little fortune in the colonies, returns to England to find his sister engaged to a man whom he at first has reason to believe had deserted a girl with whom he, the brother, had fallen in love. The lover, however, proves that he was as much sinned against as sinning, and so his misdoings of the past are forgiven. Mr. Shrympton was rather amateurish as the brother, Dick Jordan, but was earnest and pathetic. Miss E. Gregory played naturally as the sister.

There will be given at the Wandsworth Town Hall at eight o'clock on Friday, March 1, "Tableaux Vivants" in aid of the funds of the Art Classes, Science and Art Department, of Wandsworth and Barnes. The tableaux will be the same as those performed at Kingston-on-Thames before H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck, and which were so highly spoken of. They are arranged by Mr. Walter P. Warren; the music is under the direction of Mr. Henry Hudson.

Mr. John Jourdain's romantic drama, "The Rose of Devon, or The Spanish Armada," produced on February 18 last at the Elephant and Castle, takes its principal incidents from Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" but is cleverly written and is full of stirring scenes, in which the weal and woe of human existence are happily blended. The piece was excellently staged.

The dramatic profession has lost a valuable member in Mr. Tom Mead, who died on February 17. He was nearly seventy years of age and made his first appearance in London at the old Victoria Theatre, as Sir Giles Overreach, on November 8, 1848, and was a leading Shakespearean actor at Drury Lane under Mr. T. C. Smith's management. Ever since Mrs. Bateman first ruled over the destinies of the Lyceum, Mr. Mead has been attached to that theatre, and was not only a thoroughly sound actor, but was universally respected and esteemed.

Mr. Kirwan's recitals at the West Theatre, Royal Albert Hall, judging from the audiences, appear to have supplied a much-needed want in the neighbourhood, and are received with much favour. His next, on March 9, will consist of "The Tempest," arranged for the occasion and with Sir Arthur Sullivan's music.

At the Steinway Hall Mr. Gilbert Trent arranged an excellent programme for his dramatic recital on February 8, and had the valuable assistance of Miss Jessie Bond and Mr. Eric Lewis in "Cups and Saucers,"

of Miss Julia Neilson, who sang most sweetly "Angels ever Bright and Fair," of Miss Rosina Brandram, who gave "I Arise from Dreams of Thee," and among others whose names appeared in the programme were Miss Alexes Leighton, Miss Florence James (who showed great promise), Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. George Grossmith, &c. Mr. Trent himself recited remarkably well a prologue specially written for the occasion.

The "Revue d'Art Dramatique" of February 15 is a specially good number. M. Lucien Muhlfeld takes for his subject the Parisian dramatic critics, and discusses at length the methods of Jules Lemaitre of the "Débats," and of Hugues Le Roux, critic, novel writer, and dramatist. In his article "Pénurie Théâtrale," M. Humbert deGallier laments the dearth of good new plays, and points out that from the middle of October, 1888, at which time most of the Parisian theatres are open, up to January 23, 1889, at the twenty-one houses, out of something like fifty plays that were represented, twenty-nine were new, and twenty-three were revivals, whilst in 1874-75 the proportion was twenty-two new to eight revivals, and in 1877-78 thirty-one new to fourteen revivals. The writer accounts for this by the fact that younger authors work too hurriedly, and that managers find it a safer card to play to reproduce the works of well-known and successful playwrights, trusting often that the name of the author will draw, aided by the good acting of the company, to whom the management has now to pay such largely increased salaries. The Théâtre Libre had even injured young writers, for hitherto it has only produced a bad class of play, which has thrown discredit on the whole body. M. M. J. Gréin, the London correspondent and critic, contributes a clever notice of "Tares," now playing at the Opera Comique, and bestows a well-deserved eulogium on Miss Gertrude Kingston. There is much readable matter in the number.

There was produced at the Prince of Wales's on Monday afternoon, January 21, 1889, a very amusing adaptation of M. Médina's "La Garconnière." Mr. Fred Horner, who has already done some good work, has entitled his latest attempt "Bachelor's Quarters," and in the three acts most amusingly sets before us the troubles that are brought upon a young artist who lends his studio keys to three of his friends at different times on the same day. These gay Lotharios have made assignations with three fair ladies, the wrong couples meet, are discovered by their respective wives, and the poor artist is near on losing his own ladylove through being pounced upon by his prospective and irate mother-in-law. As "Bachelor's Quarters" was only played for copyright purposes, the performance was an excellent one, and greater attention than is usual on such occasions was paid to all the stage details. For future reference the original cast is given, as the piece will almost certainly be seen again in an evening bill:—Gregory Bell, Mr. Harry

Grattan ; Frederick Leighton-Buzzard, Mr. Lawrence Cautley ; Henry Vaughan, Mr. Fred Mervin ; Percy Gwynne, Mr. Matthew Brodie ; John Hollis, Mr. F. Keighley ; Mrs. Jane Bell, Miss Sallie Turner ; Milly Bell, Miss Lillian Carew ; Amy Vaughan, Miss Gabrielle Goldney ; Violet Gwynne, Miss Nellie Lingard ; Zeffie Williams, Miss L. Millward ; Anita Jones, Miss Nita Wynne.

Miss Gertrude Kingston's very rapid advance in her profession she attributes to the excellent training she received at the hands of Miss Sarah Thorne, to whom Miss Kingston acknowledges herself "indebted for much sound and able advice and tuition both whilst at Margate and subsequently." During Miss Kingston's three months' stay at the seaside theatre she appeared as Ophelia and Emilia ; Sophia in "The Road to Ruin," Zoe in "The Octoroon," Eliza in "After Dark," and Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," besides playing various domestic heroines in melodrama. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, having formed a favourable opinion of her acting, engaged Miss Kingston to join his company, and the young actress accordingly made her first appearance in London at the Haymarket as Mrs. Harkaway in "Partners," and scored a success. After the short season at the Novelty under Mr. George Giddens's management, where she played Mrs. Fred Fizzleton in "Nita's First," and Mrs. George Boulter in "Bonny Boy," Miss Kingston migrated to the Olympic, and appeared as Enid Anstruther in "Mr. Barnes of New York," and later produced Jerome K. Jerome's play, "Woodbarrow Farm," when, as Clara Dexter, the press generally spoke highly of the performance. An equal meed of praise was awarded to her conception of Lady Priscilla Goshawke in A. C. Calmour's "Widow Winsome," and her latest embodiment, that of Rachel Dennison in Mrs. Oscar Beringer's "Tares," is universally commended. Miss Kingston has already taken high rank as an actress, and, with further experience and the careful study which she devotes to the profession she has chosen, promises to attain the very foremost position.

Mr. Charles E. Brookfield made his first appearance on the stage in June, 1879, and played Gimlet in "Still Waters Run Deep," and in Robertson's comedies has appeared as Krux, Sergeant Jones, Prince Perowski, John Chodd, jun., and Sam Gerridge ; has also played Narcisse in "Odette," and Triplet, Sir Charles Pomander, and Colley Cibber in "Masks and Faces." Mr. Brookfield's Shakespearean characters have included the Doge, the Prince of Morocco, and Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice," Montano in "Othello," Biondello in "The Taming of the Shrew," and that of "Slender," in which part he is now appearing nightly in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Haymarket ; one of his most conspicuous successes at this theatre having been the character of Louis XI. in "The Ballad Monger." Mr. Brookfield was much lauded for his Voltaire in "The Pompadour." He has also appeared as Fouché in



MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD.

"Sweet Anne Page!"

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY VERNON KAYE, GLOUCESTER ROAD, LONDON.

"Plot and Passion," Old Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin in "She Stoops to Conquer," Tinsel in "The Hunchback," and in his own monologue, "Nearly Seven." Mr. Brookfield is but a young man, and has every reason to look forward to a prosperous and rising stage career.

The following notes on the "Stage in Russia" have been received from a valued correspondent in that country, whose long residence in the dominions of the White Czar has given the English that he writes (though a native of Great Britain) a quaint originality that will be thought by many to enhance the interest of his remarks on Russian amusements:—"A new opera, called 'The Merchant Kalaschnikoff,' in which the celebrated Russian artists M. Jacoffleff, Mdle. Mravena, M. Stravensky, and M. Sarebykoff took part, has lately been performed on the Petersburg stage, and suspended by order of the Government after the third representation. This has been a great disappointment to the opera-going public, as this particular opera was a great favourite, representing as it did a national topic and an incident that occurred in the history of Russia during the reign of Ivan the Terrible. As the subject and the music have had something to do with the prohibition of this opera, I will venture to give a slight account of the story on which the libretto is founded. It runs as follows: During the reign of Ivan the Terrible, a certain merchant in Moscow was possessed of a very pretty wife, who to her credit was faithful to her husband. Unfortunately for her, the husbands in Moscow in those days had the same weakness for falling in love with other people's wives as they now have in that most holy city of churches and church-going bipeds, and, as ill-luck would have it, a handsome Opritchnik, or Gentleman of the Body-guard, was smitten with this national complaint. The first indication of the malady he evinced by kissing a merchant's pretty wife in the public thoroughfare. This ungentlemanly act, contrary to all the rules and regulations of those Holy Church-going Muscovites, raised even the husband's wrath. It must be remembered that Russian husbands are, as a rule, not very particular about their own peccadilloes or those of their wives either. The merchant swore to be revenged on the Czar's favourite Opritchnik. This, however, was a very dangerous undertaking, as the 'Opritchniks' had received full powers from the terrible Czar to do whatever they liked without being punished. This Opritchnik, whose name was Kirjeebeevitch, was a man of giant strength and a particular favourite of the mad and bloodthirsty Czar. The merchant, hearing that his wife had been insulted by this 'Son of Belial,' called him out to fight a duel (na-koolakach) with fists, or what we should call in England a boxing match. John the Terrible, who, by-the-by, was only mad 'north-north-west,' was exceedingly fond of boxing matches, and ordered the two combatants to settle their dispute with their fists before him in the Grand Square in Moscow. Notwithstanding the injunction of the Czar that the combatants should not fight 'to the death,' the merchant did his utmost to

kill the giant 'Opritchnik.' To his credit he was successful, and managed to lay him dead at his feet by a well-directed blow, probably behind the ear. The savage tyrant was furious at the loss of his favourite 'life guardsman,' and ordered Kalaschnikoff to be executed for this offence. This unjust sentence was carried out, and the above are the bare facts on which this interesting opera is founded. The Muscovites are still very fond of boxing. In former times it was the custom of the villagers and townsmen to meet every holiday outside of the town and amuse (?) themselves with this diverting sport. They use their fists differently to us, and hit behind the ear, often with fatal results. In the opera the execution is not represented on the stage. It is supposed to take place behind the scenes, and whilst this event is taking place the priests and the people on the stage sing a 'Panacheeda' or mass for the repose of the soul of the unfortunate merchant. As this mass is very similar to that in use in the Greek Church, this fact alone is sufficient reason for the opera being forbidden. The exposition of the injustice and despotism of the Czar Ivan (John)—who, by-the-by, was a great favourite with the common people because he cut off the heads of the nobles and not of the moujiks, which explains his popularity—is not quite the proper thing for the subjects of an autocratic form of government to witness. It is very much to be regretted that this opera has been prohibited, as great attention had been paid to rendering the scenery, costumes, and stage effects as correct and striking as possible. The Imperial Theatres take great pains on this head, and certainly deserve praise. The choir singing, as is usually the case in most Russian operas, plays a predominant part. Of solo singing there is very little to speak of, and this fact alone would make it unsuccessful abroad. It is the general opinion that this is one of the best operas Rubinstein has composed, and will be as popular as 'The Demon,' another work by this talented composer.

"The Russian Government have of late been acting very liberally towards the maintenance of the stage in Russia. About two million roubles have been granted towards the reconstruction of the large theatre, which will be turned into a conservatoire for the study of music. About seven million roubles have also been laid aside for the erection of a new theatre in the Field of Mars, a large square near the English Embassy. The plan of this immense theatre has been approved of by the Government, and the building of it will commence this spring. This new theatre will be wholly devoted to the Russian Ballet and the Russian Opera. The Marien Theatre will in future be devoted to French and German plays.

"It is no wonder that Russia, though only a young country, has produced such a number of eminent composers, and has such a splendid national opera, when the Government fosters and encourages the arts on such an

imperial scale. It would indeed be well if our Government copied Russia in this respect and founded schools for actors as well as colleges of music. Russia has not only done this long ago, but has established a fund for pensioning actors who have served in the Government theatres. Unfortunately for us, England has been so long under the influence of the Puritans and the Hanoverians that the artistic and musical spirit of the nation has been stunted. The bigotry and narrow-mindedness of the Puritans, and the want of refinement of the Hanoverian Sovereigns, who did not care for "bainting and boetry," &c., have done the English stage and the art of England incalculable mischief. These arts here are gradually recovering from the blight they have laboured under, so may you, but very slowly. England, who was ahead of all the European nations in music and theatrical representations in the Elizabethan period, cannot be said to be at the top of the tree at the present moment.

"In the Alexander Theatre the following pieces are now being given:—The 'Ruler Sophia,' an historical drama representing an incident that occurred in the history of Russia prior to the reign of Peter the Great. The plot of this play is very poor, but the scenery and the old Russian Bojar costumes are worth going a long way to see on account of their barbaric and imposing magnificence. Gogol's remarkable comedy, the 'Revisor,' has been given. As usual, the house was packed full, and not a single ticket was to be had. This comedy, perhaps, is one of the finest of its kind that was ever written, and made the writer of it so many enemies that the Emperor Nicholas had to take Gogol under his special protection. The corruption and the abuses prevalent in the Russian bureaucracy are satirised in it in the most unmerciful manner possible. It is a work of genius equal to anything Molière ever wrote, and only inferior to Shakespeare. But Gogol's merits will speak for themselves, and those who have studied his works thoroughly reckon him the first writer Russia has produced.

"The Mechail Theatre has principally been taken up with French and German operettas and comédies; for instance, such pieces as 'Le Député de Bobignac,' 'Le Code des Femmes,' 'La Sécurité des Familles,' 'Veuve Darosel,' 'The Mikado,' and the play 'Le Beau Pere.' The greatest attraction of this theatre, not counting 'The Mikado,' has been a new German comedy called '500,000 Devils.' This comedy has been a great success and is very amusing. It is principally about the 'Old Gentleman,' who is supposed to have a nephew called Pipifose, and a mother 130,000 years old. Part of the story takes place on earth, whilst the other represents the infernal regions. The scenery and the costumes in this play are continually changing, and it is very amusing, notwithstanding it treats about such peculiar topics. This is one of the principal drawbacks to the play, and makes it *very* undesirable for young people to see.

“The Russian National Opera is commencing to flourish to such an extent that, as I have said, there is to be a new opera house on the Champ de Mars. This will be an immense building, as the theatres here are built on a very grand scale, thanks to the Government, which is very liberal in its support of the arts. At the present moment the Russians have a craze for everything that is Russian and national. It does not matter however bad a thing may be; so long as it is ‘Roosky,’ it goes down. This is the reaction from the intense appreciation that was felt for everything that was foreign during the late Emperor’s reign. This peculiar change in the taste of the people has also something to do with the falling off of the Italian Opera and other amusements of foreign importation. Even the circus is not so well attended as formerly. The Russian theatres and Russian places of amusement are, on the other hand, springing up like mushrooms; but perhaps there is more quantity than quality on the whole. Of course this does not refer to the Imperial Theatres, which in many respects could not easily be surpassed anywhere in Europe.

“Some of the most interesting forms of amusement now to be seen in Petersburg are the private theatricals, which are played by amateurs in the palaces of the aristocracy or the clubs of the merchants, which are hired for the occasion. A few days ago I had the pleasure of witnessing one of these entertainments, played by some of the leading members of the Russian aristocracy. This particular play was a comedy called ‘The Barber of Seville,’ by Bon Marché. I have never in my life seen private theatricals put on the stage in such an expensive manner. The costumes were the very best that money could purchase, and no expense had been spared in rendering the accessories as perfect as possible. Prince Galitzin, who played the part of Don Alma Viva, a Spanish cavalier of the 16th century, was dressed in a costume mainly consisting of laces, light blue plush velvet, and decorated all over with large diamond brooches or clasps estimated as worth many thousands of pounds. Madame Harting, *née* Countess Steinbock, belonging to one of the most illustrious families in the north of Europe, was dressed in the ordinary Spanish costume; but in the last scene she appeared wearing a valuable necklace, composed of large emeralds and pearls of immense value. Madame Harting, who is perhaps one of the prettiest women in Petersburg, seemed a born artist; in fact she is, I hear, highly gifted. Prince Barjatinsky, who acted the part of a Jesuit, seemed to grasp his part thoroughly, and portrayed an avaricious, cunning, and intriguing man to the life. The other actors were also very good—in fact, so much real talent was shown on this occasion that one involuntarily asked oneself why some of these amateurs did not go on the stage. Perhaps the reason is, because they prefer to play a part on the world’s real stage, and not in the narrow confines of a theatre. The rooms where this entertainment took place were lighted up by the electric light and decorated with valuable pictures of the old masters and historical portraits, the generals of

Charles XI. and Charles XII., the ancestors of our hostess, Madame Harting. The drop scene, or the curtain, was made out of old Gobelin tapestry, on which was worked the story of the siege of Troy in 14th century costume. This entertainment, which was given for a charitable purpose, was attended by, amongst others, the Grand Duke Vladimir, the Grand Duchess Maria Paulovna, the Grand Duke Constantine, and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, and many other eminent personages. One of the Grand Dukes contributed one thousand roubles towards the proceeds of the entertainment. Prince Troobatskoi, the son of the Minister of the Court, also took part in the entertainment, besides several officers of the Guards.

“The farewell concert of the American Nightingale Nikita took place in one of the principal public buildings. The success of the young singer was thorough as far as profit was concerned, and every seat was occupied. Whilst acknowledging her great talent and lovely voice, some of the critics here profess to believe that Nikita will never become a great artist in the true sense of the word : but the future will show whether they are mistaken or not.

“Miss Anna Eva Faye, from Boston, has lately given a series of spiritualistic *séances* here in Petersburg, which were very successful.

“A large choir of Russian Gypsies has been hired to sing at the Trocadero in the Paris Exhibition. The *impresarios* are two celebrated French artists, who have hired the theatre for the occasion. The expense of hiring these wild semi-barbaric singers will amount to 75,000 francs for only five weeks.”

Mr. Percy F. Marshall produced at the Ladbroke Hall, on Friday, January 25, 1889, a “domestic incident,” in one act, entitled “Fleeting Clouds,” which proved to contain much that was poetical both in its dialogue and sentiment. A young clergyman falls in love with the daughter of his sexton, and they are looking forward to be married, when the village schoolmistress, who has marked down the curate for herself, induces the girl’s father to withdraw his consent. This she does through the knowledge she possesses of his having been imprisoned, though wrongfully—a fact that he has hidden from the world for years. The opportune confession of the schoolmistress’s husband, whose deathbed the curate attends, clears the sexton’s character and confounds the schoolmistress. The curate was most excellently played by Mr. Marshall, whose clear and impressive enunciation is specially deserving of praise. The character of the schoolmistress could not have been entrusted to a safer actress than to Miss

Alexes Leighton, who brought out every phase in the character of the passionately loving and scheming woman.

“Paul Jones,” which has achieved a complete success at the Prince of Wales’s, has been preceded, since January 28, 1889, by a one-act operetta written by Arthur Law, music by Alfred C. Caldicott. It is entitled “John Smith,” and merrily recounts how a young fellow, after being flouted by his future mother-in-law on account of his poverty, wins his lady-love on coming into a snug little sum of money. Miss Kate Cutler took first honours as the heroine, and Mr. Albert James was very good as a cheery milkman. Mr. Templer Saxe, Mr. Hendon, Miss Jeanie Mills, and Miss Delatour were also included in the cast.

The Guards Burlesque Company chose for their *pièce de résistance* this year a “burlesque drama,” by Mr. E. C. Nugent (late Grenadier Guards),



Sir Brian de Bois Gilbert,
Capt. F. C. Ricardo.

entitled “The Real Truth About Ivanhoe, or Scott Scotched.” First played on February 1, 1889, it went capitally, showing the care that had been bestowed on the rehearsals. With plenty of puns, neat lyrics, and some excellent dances, “Ivanhoe” kept the audience laughing from start to finish. Needless to say that any amount of license has been taken with Sir Walter Scott’s novel, but a very funny and amusing production has been the result. Miss Kate Vaughan was a beautiful Rebecca, most exquisitely dressed, and bewitched everyone by her graceful dancing and her naïve manner. (Later when, in consequence of her engagement at the Globe, Miss Vaughan was compelled to relinquish the part, a most excellent substitute was found in Miss Madeleine Shirley.) Lieut. B. J. Livett looked handsome and played well as Ivanhoe. Robin Hood was the drollest of outlaws as represented by Lieut. George Nugent, whose agility in dancing and natural sense of humour convulsed the audience.

Lieut. H. R. Compton Roberts, made up after the style of the modern Lady Macbeth, was a very amusing Rowena, and Miss Jenny M’Nulty was a fascinating Maid Marian. Colonel Ricardo played Cedric Captain F. C. Ricardo, Sir Brian de Bois Gilbert; Lieut. Francis Sandford, Isaac; and Lieuts. Sir Herbert Miller and Sir Augustus Webster, Wamba and Captain Little-John. A host of pretty young ladies figured as Saracen captives. The scenery was excellent, and the music, by Mr. Edward Solomon, so quaint, from the manner in which he had adapted such favourites as “The Lost Chord” and “The Garden of Sleep,” as to

still further establish his reputation as a musician, and as one possessing a keen sense of humour. The burlesque was preceded by Sidney Grundy's



Rowena.
Lt. H. R. H. R. Compton Roberts.



Lieut.-Col. Robin Hood.
Lieut. Geo. Nugent.

play, "In Honour Bound," in which Captain F. C. Ricardo was excellent as Sir George Carlyon, Q.C., M.P., and Miss St. Maur was an agreeable Rose Dalrymple.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London from January 21 to February 18, 1889 :—

(Revivals are marked thus *)

- Jan. 21. "Bachelor Quarters," comedy, in three acts, adapted from M. Eugène Médina's "La Garçonnière," by Fred Horner. For copyright purposes only. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 22. "So Runs the World Away," play, in one act, by G. Phillipson. St. George's Hall.
- „ 22. "The Begum's Diamonds," comedy-drama, in three acts, by J. P. Hurst. Matinée. Avenue.
- „ 24. "April Showers," comedy, in three acts, by Messrs Bellamy and Romer. Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 25. "Fleeting Clouds," domestic incident, in one act, by Percy F. Marshall and Charles Dodsworth. Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 28. "John Smith," operetta, in one act, written by Alfred Law. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 28. "A Day's Sport," musical sketch, by Corney Grain. St. George's Hall.
- „ 28. "The Play's the Thing," comedietta, by Edwin Drew. Athenæum, Tottenham Court Road.
- „ 28. "The Vicar's Daughter," drama, in one act. by Edwin Drew. Athenæum, Tottenham Court Road.

- Jan. 28. "Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr," comedy, in four acts, by Alexandre Dumas père. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 29. "An Anxious Time," farce, by Ellis Reynolds. St. George's Hall.
- " 30. "Faute de s'Entendre," comedy, in one act, by Charles Duveyrier. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 31. "Le Bonhomme Jadis," comedy, in one act, by Henri Murger. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 31. "Hypnotisée," fantaisie, in one act, by Grenet Dancourt. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 31. "Le Capitaliste," monologue, by M. C. Cros. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 31. "Regénéré," monologue, by M. G. Mazim. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 31. "La Valse," duologue. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 31. "Le Cousin Edgard," comedy, in one act, by M. E. Cellier. Royalty. French Plays.
- Feb. 1. "Le Depit Amoureux," two-act comedy, by Molière. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 1.* "The Real Truth about Ivanhoe; or, Scott Scotched," new and original burlesque drama, by E. C. Nugent, music by Edward Solomon. The Guards' Burlesque. Chelsea Barracks.
- " 4. "La Mort du Duc d'Enghien," historical drama, by Léon Hennique. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 4. "Jacques Damour," one-act play, by Léon Hennique. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 4. "Pickwick," a new one-act "dramatic cantata." Words by F. C. Burnand. Music by Edward Solomon. Matinée. Comedy.
- " 4. "The Widow," comedietta, by Walter C. Rhodes. Park Town Hall, Battersea.
- " 6. "The Balloon," farcical three-act comedy, by J. H. Darnley and G. Manville Fenn. In evening bill. Strand.
- " 9.* "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was placed in the evening bill at the Haymarket.
- " 9.* "The School for Scandal." Globe.
- " 11.* "The Broad Arrow." Elephant and Castle.
- " 11.* "Denise," play, in four acts, by M. Alexandre Dumas fils. Royalty. French Plays.
- " 11. "Bitter Cold," drama, in two acts, by Alfred Coates. New Lyric Hall, Hammersmith.
- " 11. "Shorthand," farce, by A. J. Barclay. New Lyric Hall, Hammersmith.
- " 12. "The Good Old Times," drama, in four acts, by Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett. Princess's.
- " 12. "A Fool's Paradise," new and original play, in three acts, by Sydney Grundy. Gaiety.

- Feb. 18.* "The Love Story," four-act play, by Pierre Leclercq. *Matinée. Vaudeville.*
- " 18. "The Rose of Devon ; or, The Spanish Armada ;" founded by John Jourdain on "Westward Ho." *Elephant and Castle.*
- " 18. "La Doctoresse," comedy, in three acts, by MM. Ferrier and Bocage. *French Plays. Royalty.*

In the Provinces from January 16 to February 14, 1889.

- Feb. 2. "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay," operatic drama, in four acts, by John Henderson. *Royal Theatre, Cardiff.*
- " 4.* "Hamlet." The Barry Sullivan Company commenced their tour at the Opera House, Cork, with a production of Shakespeare's tragedy.
- " 4. "Princess Diana," emotional drama, in four acts, by Wilton Jones. *T.R. Hull.*
- " 5. "The Charlatan," comedy, in three acts, adapted from the German by Mrs. John Aylmer. *Torre Parish Rooms, Torquay.*
- " 8. "A White Lie," new play, in three acts, by Sydney Grundy. *Royal Theatre, Nottingham.*
- " 9. "Cousin Charlie," one-act comedietta, by Miss K. M. Latimer. *Devonshire Park Theatre, Eastbourne.*
- " 11. "The Fancy Ball ; or, Nubby the Q.C.," operatic farcical comedy, in two acts, by Henry Wardroper. Music by William T. Meadows. *Opera House, Ipswich.*
- " 14. "Lured to London," new play, in five acts, by W. J. Patmore and A. B. Moss. *Lyceum, Crewe.*
- " 14. "Lelamine," serio-comic opera, in three acts, by Edward Krusard, music by Alfred R. Moulton. *Gaiety. Hastings.*

In Paris from January 13 to February 15, 1889 :—

- Jan. 15. "Le Baiser à Molière," one act à propos, in verse, by M. Gustav Zidler. *Odéon.*
- " 18. "L'Etudiant Pauvre," Millöcker's comic opera, in three acts. French adaptation by MM. Milher and Numés. *Menus-Plaisirs.*
- " 19. "La Mariée Récalcitrante," farcical comedy, in three acts, by M. Léon Gandillot. *Déjazet.*
- " 30. "La Vénus d'Arles," three-act comic opera. Libretto by MM. Ferrier and Liorat, music by M. Varney. *Nouveautés.*
- Feb. 1. "Le Retour d'Ulysse," opera bouffe, in three acts, words by M. Fabrice Carré, music by M. Raoul Pugno. *Bouffes Parisiens.*

- Feb. 6.* "Monsieur Alphonse," in three acts, by M. Alexandre Dumas
 fils. Gymnase.
- „ 12. "Marquise," comedy, in three acts, by M. Victorien Sardou.
Vaudeville.
- “ 14.* "Fanny Lear," comedy, in five acts, by MM. Henri Meilhac
and Ludovic Halévy. Odéon.
- “ 15. "La Cigale Madrilène," comic opera, in two acts, libretto by
M. Leon Bernoux, music by M. Joanni Perrouet. Opéra
Comique.





MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

"Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act I., Sc. 2.

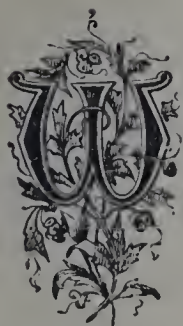
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY WINDOW & GROVE, 63A, BAKER STREET, W.

THE THEATRE.

.....

Famous Falstaffs.

BY ROBERT W. LOWE.



WHETHER Original Sin has anything to do with it or not there can be no doubt of the fact that one of the most popular of Shakespeare's creations is Sir John Falstaff, whose character is so bad that it has been aptly summed up for us by Artemus Ward as that of "a immoral old cuss, take him how ye may!" But in spite of his popularity with the audience, it is curious that the character is so seldom attempted by any of our comedians; and it is a proof of the wisdom of their forbearance that the list of players who have made a name in the part is so short—much shorter, in fact, than the list of those who have attempted to win distinction in it. If one were to ask the student of English stage history to name the famous Falstaffs he would probably mention Quin and Henderson, and finish by recalling Mark Lemon's excellent delivery of the part. But there were Falstaffs before Quin, and we may justly congratulate ourselves that there has been one since Mark Lemon. Regarding the original representative of the merry knight there is no certain information. Malone saw in some pamphlet the statement that John Heminge, one of the editors of the First Folio, was the original Falstaff; but, as Malone had forgotten the name of the pamphlet, his information cannot be tested, and must be taken for what such a vague statement is worth. The second Falstaff seems to have been John Lowin, whom Wright, in his "Historia Histrionica," mentions as

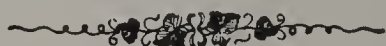
having played the part before the Civil Wars with "mighty applause." After the Restoration, William Cartwright was the first representative of Sir John, and seems to have been decidedly a failure in the part. It was probably taken from him by command of Charles the Second, and given to the King's favourite, John Lacy, for we read that Lacy played it, and never failed of universal applause.

In the play of "King Henry the Fourth," Hotspur had been the character belonging to Thomas Betterton, but in his old age the veteran undertook the part of Falstaff, and played it so well that the critics allowed that he had hit the humour of the character better than any that had played it previously. He was very near the allotted span of man's life when he first adventured on this difficult task, and it is a convincing proof of his genius that he, the greatest of his day in Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Brutus, was also unapproachable in Falstaff. Chetwood, the quaint historian of the Irish stage, tells a pleasing anecdote of Betterton's modesty in connection with this character. He says that there was in Dublin a master-pavior, Baker by name, who was a distinguished actor of Falstaff, the Spanish Friar, Sir Epicure Mammon, and many other characters. This man was seen by the comedian, Benjamin Johnson, while he was visiting Ireland, and his acting of Sir John so struck the English player that, on his return to London, he elaborately described it to Betterton. This great actor not only approved of Baker's view of the character, but, declaring that it was superior to his own, adopted it ever after. Barton Booth, the legitimate successor of Betterton, made only one attempt at Sir John Falstaff, and gave it up; and John Mills, the serious and steady, was not more successful. John Harper, a fat and jovial comedian, owed to his full voice, round face, and jolly laugh a success which his ability as an actor would never have won him. He was effectually overshadowed, however, by one of the greatest of the Falstaffs, James Quin, who, like our Falstaff of to-day, made his first essay at the part in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Quin had every physical qualification for "fat Jack," and was at once hailed as the only successor of Betterton. He was most successful in the satirical and sarcastic passages, and probably gave more prominence to the wit than the humour of the part. He also preserved a certain amount of dignity which

elevated the knight above his tap-room companions. So great a favourite was Quin's Sir John that the announcement of its performance always attracted a full house, and after his retirement he made two appearances in it for the benefit of his friend, Lacy Ryan. But the old actor's teeth had begun to go, and his utterance was no longer perfect, so, when he was asked on a third occasion to help his old comrade, he wrote: "My dear Friend,—There is no person on earth whom I wou'd sooner serve than Ryan—but, by G—d, I will whistle Falstaff for no man." But he did not allow Ryan to suffer pecuniarily by his refusal, for Quin was one of the most generous members of a profession noted for generosity.

After Quin came Berry, a pot-house Falstaff; Shuter, whose extravagance we may be sure would mar the part; Love, Woodward, and Yates; but none of these achieved distinction, and it was not till the Bath Roscius, John Henderson, came that the part again became famous. Henderson had none of Quin's natural qualifications, and his make-up for Falstaff must have been as great a *tour de force* as Mr. Beerbohm Tree's. The great merit of Henderson's Falstaff was its rollicking humour and levity, and a comparison with his great predecessor pronounced Quin the more weighty, but Henderson the more pleasant. To his recollection of Henderson, George Frederick Cooke was modest enough to attribute much of the success which his own Falstaff achieved, and he no doubt was very much applauded in the part; but it is difficult to conceive how the grimness which made his Shylock so grand could soften into the jollity of the merry knight. Stephen Kemble, the big, but not the great, Mr. Kemble, enjoyed the unique distinction of being able to play Falstaff without stuffing; but here Stephen's qualifications ended, for he was a very bad actor. His brother Charles tried the part, and among other representatives of it at this time were Dowton and Bartley, both fairly successful. Charles Mathews the elder burdened his slim body with the stuffing of Falstaff, and played the character with considerable success, but the lack of voice-power was a sad disadvantage to him. In the time of Macready, John Fawcett was the best Falstaff on the stage, but the part was not one in which he was at his best. The American actor, J. H. Hackett, attained a phenomenal success as Sir John, and our own Phelps played the

part admirably, although his special excellence as a comedian lay in the expression of dry, rather than unctuous, humour. Since the death of Phelps the jovial knight has been practically banished, until Mr. Beerbohm Tree had the happy thought to recall him. Of this clever actor's impersonation this is scarcely the place to speak, but I may be permitted to congratulate him on a remarkable piece of true comedy acting, and to express the hope that, as he has given us Falstaff the Vanquished, he will soon give us Falstaff in all his Glory.



A Dog's Tale!—The Story of Sting

[N.B.—Bow-Wow! Bow-Wow! The Home for Lost and Starving Dogs is in a sorry plight at Battersea.]

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Reprinted from "Punch."



H! Sting! my old friend, as you sit by the fire, and gaze so contentedly into the coals,
Can I wonder, when men have no need of their hearts, why it should not be true that some doggies have souls?

It is folly to say that *you* never have thought, when you turn from your retrospect into the past,
And, leaving the vision of what might have been, you turn your dear eyes on your mistress at last!
Ah! many's the mile in this weary old world we have jogged on together in sun and in snow.
There was never a pain at my heart but you felt: there is never a day of distress but you know.
When joy has been with me you've capered at heel, in days less distressful, 'neath sunnier skies,
But the tears that in solitude wetted my cheeks were mirrored, dear Sting, in your faithful old eyes!

Come, leave that old rug where you're scorching your nose, and turn round and round in your home on my lap,
And see if we both can reflect and recall how I found out my friend, and poor Sting a mishap.

I was strolling alone round old Lincoln's Inn Fields, when a piteous cry touched each sensitive heart.

Ah! it pierces me now, that sharp anguish of pain, "Run over, 'a poor little dog,' by a cart!"

And the brute drove away with a laugh and a leer. There were few who could help, but a hundred to see.

So I pushed through the crowd, and your eyes fell on mine, and with poor damaged paw you came limping to me!

To the Hospital straight, with my friend in my arms, who moaned, and then licked me in pain and despair;

But at night, when I'd done all my work in the wards, my patient I found in my Hospital Chair!

Ah! Sting, you old scamp! Shall I ever forget, when you took to your food and were able to play,

That I found your chair empty! A desolate hearth! for the friend I had found—well! had bolted away.

Then I flung myself down in disconsolate mood—the ingratitude yours, and the folly all mine,

But at last from my reverie woke when I heard at my door most distinctly—a scratch! then a whine!

I could scarcely believe my own eyes!—bless your heart, never tell me that dogs cannot think—when I saw

My Sting, who was well—with a tear in his eye—was conducting a friend who had damaged *his* paw!

Alone he had hunted his playfellow out! Alone he had helped his lame friend up the stair,

And at night, curled together, a paw round each neck, my Sting with *his* Snip were asleep in their chair!

And now, my old friend, as we doze by the fire, our wandering done, we are lonely at last!

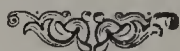
For Snip, who once gambolled around us in youth, has travelled from both of us, into the past!

When I think of the years that have faded away, I look in your face, and I surely see there

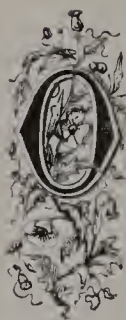
The eyes of a friend who has never proved false, and the sign of the love that you meant me to share!

The dear ones who loved and caressed us are gone; we gave them our hearts; there was nothing to save,

But a picture of parting that never is lost, and a rest on the
hill by a desolate grave!
Let us never forget just a shelter to give, and throw to your
faithful companions a crumb,
When the fate that denies us the voice of a friend, *can comfort*
our hearts with a Love that is Dumb!



Playgoers.



OF the vast quantity of people who nightly visit our theatres, it is always a question for contemplation which section most thoroughly enjoys the play—the experienced, or one might almost say “the professional playgoer,” or the inexperienced visitor to whom an evening at the theatre is a very rare treat. The great mass of London playgoers may be divided into three classes.

The first and perhaps the smallest of the three consists of those who love the theatre for art's sake, who appreciate the talents of actors and actresses, knowing the time, thought, and hard work they must have given to their profession to attain their present perfection—playgoers who are well read in dramatic literature, who are jealous for the good name of our theatres, anxious that they shall hold their own against those of other countries and become homes of learning and culture, disseminators of all that is noble and praiseworthy. These frequenters of the playhouses are not altogether strangers to theatrical society; they look upon the artists as clever men and women, not as mysterious creatures who spend their days in bed, their evenings on the stage, and their nights in revelry—playgoers, in short, who, in addition to loving the theatre for itself, love it also for the sake of the noble men and women who adorn its boards.

The second class comprises a very different set of people, an unpleasant section, who have not intellect enough to appreciate a good play, taste enough to value clever acting,

or sufficient discernment to separate the wheat from the chaff; whose knowledge of the drama and its exponents is gathered from one of the many weekly penny papers which, while publishing marvellous accounts of the doings, sayings, and even thoughts of society, think they add an attraction by the addition of a column of theatrical news more or less apocryphal, and sometimes wantonly cruel in its covert hints and suggestions of things which exist only in the imagination of the writer. These items are greedily seized upon by the play-going vampires, and one overhears them enlightening a favoured few during the intervals of the performance concerning the private characters of the actors and actresses engaged in the representation of the piece, and announcing, with decision born of the sternest conviction, "that it is marvellous how thoroughly ladylike Miss —— is on the stage, when only a few years ago she was a ragged child selling matches in Leicester Square, and had not beauty," &c., &c., *ad nauseam*. And thus it is that tales detrimental to the exponents of stage art spread and grow—tales which are hurtful to a good and honourable profession, and which owe their birth to an obscure hint in a weekly journal, seized, carefully nourished, and widely propagated by a portion of the theatre-going class who, imagining they know all about everybody, in reality know very little about anything.

The third section of playgoers is mainly composed of those people to whom a theatre is an enchanted palace, and the play an absorbing incident in real life. *They* do not wish to investigate the moral character of actor or actress; they only care for the drama, the joys and sorrows of the hero and heroine, the schemes of the villain, the geniality of the aged father, and the pert sayings of the vivacious chambermaid. This class is composed of people who, perhaps, have no theatre in their own town, or who only get a glimpse inside a London playhouse once in two or three years.

Now, is more enjoyment obtained by class one or three of playgoers? There is little doubt that, so far as thorough and unalloyed enjoyment goes, the advantage lies with the latter.

The members of the first class probably witness the representation of a hundred and fifty or two hundred different pieces in a year; they are connoisseurs of literary work, and constant

practice has made them almost hypercritical over stage representations ; their trained eye is quick to note any little elaboration or trivial circumstance that demonstrates how much care has been bestowed on the study of the part ; they see and appreciate it, but the same cultivated sense which enables them to fully value the artistic touches, also makes clear to them minor discrepancies which, unnoticed by the ordinary spectator, jar terribly on the critic. Some trifling inconsistency of speech, manner, or dress destroys the beauty of the whole scene for him, and should the play be long or wearisome, this small fault looms larger and larger until it is positively painful to him to witness the performance. Again, some, perhaps, of the players are known to him personally, and he finds it difficult to forget his friends and imagine them as the characters they portray ; the scene becomes unreal and artificial, and though good acting must ever be a genuine pleasure to the spectator, the experienced playgoer often looks back with a sigh to the time when, to his untrained mind, every play was perfect, every actor all he ought to be.

On the other hand, the inexperienced theatre-goer retires from the house happy in the conviction that all has been put straight and that everyone concerned will henceforth lead a blissful existence. The part that such ethereal creatures take in ordinary life never enters his head, and the picture of the heroine driving home in a "growler" to a quiet supper with her family, or the gallant young hero proceeding towards the suburbs dozing in the corner of an omnibus, is a consummation without his mental ken. The happiness, the merriment, the suffering have all been real ; he could appreciate the noble sentiments and laugh over the comic business ; but his eye, unaccustomed to stage display, could not pick out any little faults or small oversights, and consequently he has had the best of it, for to him it has been perfection, and will form a subject for conversation for many months to come, while from the mind of the professional playgoer the picture will fade, only to be dimly remembered on account of the literary brilliancy of the play, or the artistic acting of one or more members of the company.

LITA SMITH.

A Persian Legend.

FOR RECITATION.



HERE stands a tower in far off Irân,
Which marks the route to golden Ispahan.
'Tis called the Shatir's Column to this day,
And the old legend runneth in this way.

A Princess journeying when the day grew cool,
Where orange trees are waving, and the pool
Reflects blue water-lilies, as the sky's
Reflected azure sparkles in some eyes.
The curtains of the litter where she lay
Were fanned by gentle zephyrs, and the day
Grew rosy 'neath the lazy setting sun,
Which, loth to leave, proclaimed the day was done.
A troop of horsemen through a cloud of sand
Was seen approaching. 'Twas a gallant band
Of Persia's bravest, who in reverence showed
The greatest honour to a youth who rode
Before the rest. 'Twas he the battle won ;
And Persian maidens, when the day is done,
Still sing, when all the living sounds are mute,
His lasting praises to the tender lute.
The Princess drew her curtains back, and said,
"Where rides this gallant band? By whom is't led?"
A slave girl whispers, tempting like some elf,
"Peep t'wards him, madam, for 'tis Hassan's self."
The Princess drew her veil, and glanced amazed
To see great Persia's hero. As she gazed
His eyes met hers, she started, trembled, flushed,
Then dropped the veil before she knew she blushed,
Then paled and quickly drew the curtains round,
While distant horsehoofs rang upon the ground.

Decreed the mighty Shah, "The king commands,
Go bid my nobles hear it in all lands,
A prize to him who can outrun the course
To distant Ispahan, before my horse,
From Shiraz starting; and I give for prize
My youngest daughter, "Light of many eyes."
The people murmured—for the road was long—
Deeming it cruel, and the trial wrong.
But the young nobles gathered to the place,
Girt round with bands they wait the coming race.
And one among them, darker than the rest,
Stands calmly, by a thousand voices blest,
And dreams of eyes which he dare strive to win,
And prays to Allah 'neath the people's din.
There comes the Shah, the mighty king of kings.
And loud and echoing to the air there rings
The growing roar of voices, as they bend
Before the "World's Regard." The roses lend
Sweet perfume to the air; the butterflies,
Of glowing purple, soar toward the skies.
The race is started, and the people's prayer
Mounts high with praises on the scented air.
They start—they race, but carefully and slow,
The taller striding o'er the ground below,
The others bending as they keep the pace
And hopeless feel the issue of the race.
For well the nobles knew the setting sun
Would see *that* ended, which could not be won.
Hassan alone hoped on while others fell.
The monarch marvelled that he ran so well,
Feared he might win, and straight devised a plan
To seal his fate e'er reaching Ispahan.
The ligatures, he reasoned, bind him round,
So follows death if he should touch the ground
Or even stoop. He feigned to let it slip,
And by the side of Hassan dropped his whip.
" 'Tis death to bend," the noble hopeless sighed—
"Help me, O Allah! Succour me!" he cried.
Then with his foot he raised the whip, and ran
Toward the heights that herald Ispahan.

The trick had failed, but flashing in the air
 Rose diamonds and rubies, wondrous rare—
 The king had dropped his ring, and fate revealed
 His monarch's treachery, his own doom sealed.
 One look toward the rosy sunset skies,
 That blushed as cheeks o'ershadowed by dark eyes ;
 One thought of her for whom the race was run,
 One prayer to Allah, ere the deed was done.
 "Great king, you break the sacred word you passed,
 While I am true to Persia to the last."
 He stooped, picked up the ring, to Allah cried,
 And, sinking at the horse's feet, he died.

They say the Princess cried herself to sleep,
 But who can tell what follies women weep ?

The Shatir's Column, so the legend ran,
 Still marks *his* grave near golden Ispahan.

CLARA SAVILE CLARKE.



"A Mystery of Manciple's Inn."

BY WALTER PARKE.

"Beware of jealousy!"—*Shakespeare.*



RS. GREENIGH knew very little about the stage, and cared less. Nowadays, it would seem that out of every half-dozen persons we meet, three are going, or want to go, on the stage, two are writing dramas, and only one is quite indifferent to histrionic affairs. Mrs. Greenigh was therefore exceptional. She came of a dissenting family, who set their faces against theatrical exhibitions of any kind, and regarded all those who took part in them as black sheep, or children of perdition. Without holding such extreme views herself, Mrs. Greenigh still looked with disfavour upon "the profession;" on rare

occasions, indeed, patronising the drama, but only in its most serious and severe form.

Robert Greenigh, Esq., was a general correspondent to the "Daily Calendar," whose circulation, as everybody knows, reaches to six figures. Mr. Greenigh's duties were various: he was an obedient slave of the lamp, ever ready to go anywhere and do anything at the bidding of the editorial magician. Naval and military reviews, boat-races, prize-fights, Exeter Hall meetings, theatrical first nights, or Riviera gaieties—all came within his province to chronicle or describe. He was therefore a great deal away from home, and when in London frequently stayed at his chambers in Manciple's Inn, E.C. When off duty he was to be found at his suburban residence, "Jalousie Villa," Finchley Vale, N., a house so named because it had Venetian blinds to all the windows.

Of late Mr. Greenigh had become one of the dramatic critics of the "Weekly Proscenium." His wife was by no means gratified at this extended theatrical connection, nor did she altogether approve of his living so much in chambers; there was a sort of irresponsible bachelorism in the very idea. In reality he was a steady-going citizen, for whom the stage had long ceased to have any illusions, and who was neither of an age nor a temperament for reckless Bohemianism. But Mrs. G. was not convinced of this; she had her doubts and fears and misgivings, although, up to the present time, she had wisely kept them to herself. But one fatal morning Mrs. Greenigh made a discovery. It happened in this wise. Mr. Greenigh, having previously announced that he would probably not be home that night, departed hurriedly to catch the 11.5 train to town. Just before starting he lit a cigar, and after he had gone Mrs. Greenigh happened to pick up the piece of paper he had used as a "spill." It was the remnant of a letter received by him that morning; the writer's name, like most of the contents, had been "burnt and purged away," but on what remained these startling words were plainly visible: "Lucy will come to your chambers at Manciple's Inn to-morrow evening at seven."

Mrs. Greenigh, though rather a strong-minded lady, was for the moment quite overcome. A whole vista of terrible possibilities was at once unfolded to her view. Who was Lucy? Mrs. Greenigh knew no one of that name. Evidently there was

a mystery here, and Mrs. Greenigh, who was fond of mysteries at all times, had naturally a vital interest in this one. She might have solved it at once by rushing after her departed lord and demanding an explanation, but by this time the 11.5 train was well on its way; so, after many deep cogitations on the mystery, she resolved to investigate it secretly, and in person. "If Lucy is going to be there at seven o'clock this evening, then so will I!" said Mrs. Greenigh to herself.

This was the easier of accomplishment as she had intended to go up to town that afternoon, on a shopping expedition. When that business was over, then for the pleasure of dropping in upon Mr. Robert unawares!

In due time she set out, and on this occasion got through her shopping most expeditiously. In two hours and a half—including an interval for refreshment at the confectioner's—she had bought pretty nearly everything she wanted, and having filled a hansom with her purchases, she ordered the cabman to drive her to Maniciple's Inn.

On arriving, a little after seven o'clock, she dismissed the cab at the entrance, having previously had her parcels taken up to the first landing. But she ascertained that Mr. Greenigh's rooms, which she had never visited before, were on the next floor; so, leaving her luggage, she mounted another flight, stealthily and cautiously, "in the gloaming," like a detective or a conspirator.

Then she stopped suddenly and clutched at the balustrade for support; for the first sounds she heard, although just what she had anticipated, came upon her with a terrible shock. There were two voices—one was that of Robert Greenigh, the other unmistakably feminine! Mrs. Greenigh approached the closed door (the keyhole was unfortunately not vacant), and stood on the mat to listen. Yes, they were talking and laughing in the liveliest manner, little dreaming that the outraged avenger was so near.

"This is how it goes," said the feminine voice.

There was a creaking as if someone had suddenly sat down on a music-stool, and the next moment, after a melodious prelude on the piano, a rich contralto pealed forth the following:

"Oh! meet me, darling, meet me,
Or my longing heart will break,
At eve beneath the willows
Softly drooping o'er the lake:

When silver moonlight ripples,
And the gentle zephyrs wake,
Will you meet me, will you meet me,
On the margin of the lake?"

Then the refrain was repeated, and the baritones of Robert's voice could be heard chiming in—

"I'll meet thee, yes, I'll meet thee."

They went through another verse, which was very much to the same purpose.

This ditty would no doubt have pleased any impartial hearer, but Mrs. Greenigh was in no mood to appreciate its beauties, either as a composition or a performance. Already she had heard enough, she believed, to confirm her worst suspicions; nevertheless, she waited breathlessly for what was coming next.

"There, don't you think that will fetch 'em, eh, Bob?" said the lady vocalist.

Bob! the familiar—*too* familiar—sound came to Mrs. Greenigh like a box on the ear.

"Lovely! Lucy," exclaimed Mr. Greenigh. (We have charitably punctuated his words in this way, but to Mrs. Greenigh they seemed to form one exclamation, the "lovely" applying to Lucy and not to the song.)

"It isn't half bad," remarked the unseen contralto; "sure to go well, especially as I shall sing it in a new and magnificent dress I am having made for the part, with a peacock-blue satin train six feet long. How's that for high, old man?"

"Why, you'll look splendid!" answered Mr. Greenigh; "but there, you always do!"

"Oh, sir, spare my blushes!" returned his companion, in a demure and affected voice.

"Upon my word, Lucy, you're a marvel!"

"I *yam!* I *yam!*" acquiesced the other, in burlesque tones. "I'm going to have several photos taken in that dress, and you shall have a whole copy, all to yourself."

"Thanks, Lucy, and I'll have it set in an amber-plush frame, ornamented with stuffed kittens!"

"I say, I think I'd better get ready," said Lucy, audibly rising from the piano. "I shan't be long, and then we'll get into a hansom and go together."

"Of course we will," replied Mr. Greenigh.

"I'll just pop into your room and put on my evening dress," (!) said Lucy; "and if you've no objection, Robert, I'll take another cigarette!"

The striking of a match and a "puff preliminary" could be heard.

Mrs. Greenigh could endure this no longer. Here was a discovery indeed! She had played the spy to some purpose. To her the situation was perfectly clear. Lucy was evidently connected with the stage; not the severe and classical stage, which alone Mrs. Greenigh could tolerate, but some fast and frivolous variety of histrionic art. Probably, indeed, Lucy was one of those dreadful persons who perform at the objectionable places known as music-halls. Her cigarette-smoking and slangy style of conversation, not always quite intelligible to Mrs. G., confirmed this conclusion.

To put all doubt at rest, Mrs. Greenigh at length made a "sensational" entrance upon the scene of action. Violently turning the handle of the door, she flung it open suddenly and widely, and confronted her astonished spouse. He was alone, the inner door was closed.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Greenigh, who was standing with his back to the fireplace, "I little thought of seeing *you*!"

"I am quite sure of *that*," she replied. "I was neither expected nor desired, that's evident, but I have sworn to give you a surprise, and so—I am here!"

"You seem agitated?"

"Rather!"

"What's the matter?"

"*You* ask me what's the matter?—you actually have the audacity to look me in the face and pretend to be unconscious! Oh! I can scarcely contain myself!"

"Is anything wrong?" he asked, quietly.

"Oh, no, of course not," she answered, with biting sarcasm. "It's all quite right and proper, no doubt, and particularly agreeable to *me*, of course."

"Really, my dear, you're talking in riddles. Pray explain yourself. Sit down and have a cup of tea."

"Tea!" She gave him a withering look, and then began pacing the room like an encaged and enraged tigress.

The room was rather large and comfortably furnished. There was a pianette in the corner, with some manuscript music above its open keyboard; several theatrical portraits adorned a cabinet opposite, and on the central table were the remains of "tea for two."

"Oh, Robert!" burst out Mrs. Greenigh, tragically, "to think that all these years I have been cherishing a viper!"

"I *do* wish you'd tell me what you're driving at," he replied. "Who—what has upset you?"

"*Who? what?*—you exasperate me beyond patience by assuming this idiotic ignorance! As if you didn't know! I know all—and a pretty discovery I've made! I've suspected something for some time, but I was a blind fool, and didn't expect half enough, or soon enough. But my eyes are opened at last. *Now* I know the real reason of your being so much away from home. *Now* I know why you want a piano, which you can no more play yourself than you can work a sewing machine!"

"I took it with the rest of the furniture from Blithers the barrister," pleaded Mr. Greenigh, meekly.

"*Now* I know how your money goes," she proceeded. "It is to buy peacock-blue satin dresses, with trains six feet long!"

"Never bought such a thing in my life," he protested.

"'Tis false! but 'tis useless to argue with you. I'm positive she's here. I heard her voice. Produce her at once. I insist upon seeing her!"

"Who?"

"Lucy!"

"Lucy?" Mr. Greenigh's mouth and eyes both opened wide, and then, as if something had suddenly struck him as exquisitely ridiculous, he flung himself into an armchair and went off into a fit of laughter.

This inexplicable and ill-timed merriment only added fuel to the flame of his wife's wrath.

"So it's a laughing matter, is it?" she asked. "Well, we shall see, when this affair comes into court, for come it shall, as sure as my name's Maria Selina!"

Mr. Greenigh only laughed louder, and exclaimed, in half-choked accents, "Oh, this is too good!"

"Too *good*! Your conduct is too *bad* for anything! But it shall be punished as it deserves. Robert Greenigh, the world shall know how I've been wronged, insulted, basely deceived, and by *you*!"

"Nothing of the kind," he protested, trying to be serious.

"If I could only find words to express my opinion of your baseness!" she exclaimed. "And to think I have wasted my life upon such a—hollow mockery. You are trying to break my heart, but it shan't break—there! I look upon you, not in sorrow, but in anger. You want me to cry, but I won't—no—never!" and she flung her handkerchief on the floor and stamped upon it.

Mr. Greenigh had by this time finished laughing.

"Maria," he said, "what a pity you don't go on the stage! You'd make your fortune as a tragedy queen!"

"Silence!" she answered, "and do not further insult me by your levity. Luckily your very wickedness will lead to my relief. Your staying away from home half your time amounts to desertion, and as for the main charge, it's as clear as daylight!"

"Nothing's certain in this world," he replied, with provoking calmness.

"Certain enough for a court of law. After I get my decree, I know what I'll do. My native land has become hateful to me. I will leave it for ever!"

"No, don't do that!" he said, "think better of it!"

"I can't think worse of it than it deserves," returned the irate lady, somewhat vaguely.

There was a pause, and now could be heard the hated voice of Lucy in the inner room blithely warbling—

"I love my love! I love my love!"

"There," cried Mrs. Greenigh. "*Now* am I right? *Now* can you deny that she's in that room? Oh! I'll teach her to sing!"

She snatched up her sunshade, a massive implement, almost as formidable as the official umbrella of a British commander-in-chief. Armed with this weapon the avenger approached the inner door; but her husband interposed.

"Hush!" he said; "don't make a disturbance; don't do anything rash!"

"I tell you I will!"

"At least wait till Lucy's dressed!" said Mr. Greenigh.

Mrs. Greenigh paused. The hardened depravity of this man was something astounding. Or had he suddenly become unsettled in his mind, and thus unconscious of the enormity of his offence?

Mrs. Greenigh grasped her sunshade, and was about to make another rush towards the offending door, when she heard the handle of it turn from within. She drew herself up rigidly, her eyes gleaming, and her heart beating fast, as she prepared for the encounter. Then the door opened, and there emerged——

A young man in evening dress, just finishing the tying of his white cravat as he advanced into the room.

"I'm ready if you are, old man," said the individual to Mr. Greenigh, and then stopped short at perceiving Mrs. G.

"My wife," said Robert.

"Delighted, I'm sure," returned the stranger, politely.

Mrs. Greenigh did not know what to say; she could do nothing but stare at the mysterious visitor.

He was apparently a very young man of rather small and dapper figure, with dark curly hair, piercing eyes, and features so clearly cut and even delicately formed that for a moment the idea flashed upon her that this might be a double deception, and that the strange youth was really a disguised—— But no, *that* was impossible!

"My dear Maria," said Mr. Greenigh, utterly ignoring the stormy interview which had just taken place between them, and had fortunately not reached the ears of the new comer, "allow me to present to you Mr. Edmund Lucy, the celebrated mimic and entertainer."

"Actor, ventriloquist, and polyphonic vocalist," added the person referred to, and then continued, with true professional volubility, "quick-change artiste extraordinary, and inventor of the new and startling effects of varying light; whereby the most magical transformations in face, figure, costume, and character are produced in full view of the audience. 'We challenge the world to produce his equal.' That, madam, is what the papers say of me—not what I say of myself, of course; I'm too modest for that."

"Not at all!" answered Mrs. Greenigh, scarcely knowing

what she was saying, for her anger had melted into sheer bewilderment.

"The 'Weekly Blazer' says of my performance," continued the artiste, "'The marvellous mimetic and vocal powers possessed by Mr. Edmund Lucy are really phenomenal. He can keep up the most realistic *fulsetto*, not only for a few minutes, but for the entire evening. He can perform any character, in any language, of any nationality, of any age, young or old, masculine or feminine. He can sing, speak, and recite in any voice, whether *basso profondo*, *tenore robusto*, *alto*, *mezzo*, or high *soprano*.' Listen;" and this remarkable individual carolled forth some miscellaneous snatches of song, beginning with "The Wolf," and so through "I fear no foe," "My Pretty Jane," "The Storm," &c., winding up with a flourish from the "Shadow Air" in "Dinorah"!

"It's marvellous!" exclaimed Mrs. Greenigh.

"It is—I admit it," returned this vocal Proteus, putting on his light overcoat.

"It's noteworthy, too, Maria," observed Mr. Greenigh, "that our friend here is descended from the Sir Thomas Lucy who prosecuted Shakespeare for deer-stealing."

"Indeed!—how interesting!" said Mrs. Greenigh.

"Several relics of my distinguished ancestor are still preserved in our family," added Mr. Lucy.

"My wife would like to go to your entertainment this evening," said Robert.

"I shall be proud and happy," answered the performer; "and please note, Mrs. Greenigh, that it is my first appearance in the character of Miss Flora Fleurette, the belle of New Orleans, with song, 'Meet me by the lake.'" Here he unrolled a lithograph of a young lady in a peacock-blue satin dress, with a voluminous train.

"And now, Robert," said Mr. Lucy, "we've no time to spare. We must take a four-wheeler and drive post-haste to my show at the Babylonian Hall, Pall Mall North."

"And, dear me, Robert, I was forgetting all about my parcels," said Mrs. Greenigh.

The entertainment that evening was a brilliant success, and nobody enjoyed it more than Mr. and Mrs. Greenigh. In the course of the evening "The World's Own and Only Entertainer"

(as Mr. Lucy was unassumingly described in the bills) represented a dozen characters, three of them feminine, and among these latter the peacock-blue satin heroine was first favourite.

Mr. Greenigh promised his wife never to breathe to a living soul what had passed that evening at his chambers in Man-ciple's Inn. But somehow the story got about, to the intense amusement, especially, of the "polyphonic vocalist."

Mrs. Greenigh never unearthed any more "mysteries" after the notable, but pardonable, blunder she had been led to commit; and as, since Robert has become chief contributor to the "Social Thunderbolt," he does most of his work at home, and has given up his chambers and his theatrical connections, her mind is much relieved on all points. But whenever she shows any tendency to undue jealousy or unfounded suspicion, he can always silence her with the talismanic word "Lucy!"

MORAL.—"Seeing is not always believing"—nor *hearing* either!



Womanly Help.

A STORY FOR RECITATION.

SCENE I.



THROUGH a scant skylight shone the summer sun

Into a narrow attic, neat but bare;

Save for a palliasse of straw and one

Disabled chair.

The cupboard door was open, but no food

Lay there to stay the craving of the child

That, beautiful though wan and weary, stood

And sweetly smiled

Upon her mother, who was kneeling lowly;

Trying, with trembling lips, to form a prayer

For bread—while bitter tears fell, marring slowly

Her face once fair.

Aye! and still fair, though she had surely known

Little, save grief, since her young husband died,

Leaving her and their little one alone

To stem life's tide.

Six years ago to-day she knelt so gladly

In the old village church when she was wed ;
She thinks she hears the bells still, but they sadly
Toil for the dead.

She thinks, too, of the pretty home, the flowers,
The dear, dead hands that for her welfare wrought ;
She thinks till head and heart ache, and the hours
Are one sad thought.

“Sing, mother! sing! I shan’t feel hungry then!”

The touching words arouse her. To her feet
She starts, and hastes, murm’ring a prayer again,
Into the street ;

Where ladies in gay equipages drive,
Where men walk by with purses full of gold,
Where children laugh, and run, and play, and thrive ;
She will be bold,

For *her* child’s sake! yes, she will stand and sing
Among the crowds that loiter on their way ;
Perchance the voice *he* loved may serve to bring
Food for the day.

SCENE II.

On a low couch, within a handsome room
Which art and wealth had joined to furnish forth,
There sat a woman graceful as a fawn.
Her stately form was draped in sheeny silk,
A star of brilliants shone upon her head,
And round her neck and wrists flashed the pure rays
Of many diamonds ; while in her eyes
Were tears, but not of sorrow, for her heart
O’erflowed with gratitude. Within an hour
Her glorious voice would thrill each ardent soul
In the huge crowded opera-house. The world
Of song would bow itself before her there ;
She was its queen. Earth’s cities held her high
In honour, and with riches and with love
Bore tribute to the triumph of her art.

And yet, to-night, she thought of olden days,
When, as a child, her meals were poor and few,

And her one joy was singing—when her voice,
A little later, led the village choir—
And when a stranger, in the rector's pew,
Heard her rich notes and carried her away
To Italy and trained her there; and when
There came a day that, on a stage, she stood,
In fear and hope, but paid him for his care
With such a flood of harmony that they
Who heard arose and thundered their applause.
Her carriage waited by the porch below,
Yet still she lingered, for the evening air
Stole through the open windows and bore in
The scent of blossoms from the balcony—
A scent that took her willing spirit back
To early childhood with its want and care.

There came, commingling with the perfume faint,
A soft, sad voice all tremulous, a voice
That sang sweet music fitted to sweet words—
A voice that hovered on the verge of tears.

The prima donna, standing, swept aside
The silken curtains. She beheld a crowd
Drawn from the noisy roadway, listening;
Some half-contemptuous, half-derisive some;
Yet all agape with interest, around
A thin, weak woman and a starving child.
The woman, singing there, looked far too frail
To bear the curious scrutiny of strange eyes.

Sudden, the voice ceased and there rose a cry
From those white lips, that pierced the lady through.
She saw the singer fall a-faint; her heart
Beat fast; her breath came quick; she flew apace
Down her grand stairway, and, before the crowd
Could aid the sufferer, she bade her men
Bear that still figure to the house. She took
The infant in her tender arms, and stood
There in the street. She sang a song divine,
Such as her hearers never heard before.

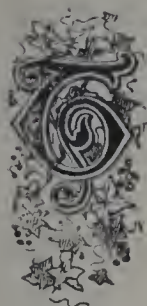
Like folk entranced they listened. On she sang
Till the wide road was blocked from side to side.

Then, in the bravery of silk attire
And priceless gems, she begged of them their alms—
Alms for the starving mother and her child.
Lavish the gifts they gave. Each strove to give
More than another, till the carriage seats
Glittered with heaped-up coin. Again glad tears
Fell, as she thanked the givers for their gifts,
And heard the ringing cheers that hailed her deed.

ERIC HAMILTON.



A New Company.



THE following are the particulars of a new company which is about to be placed before the public. The details are taken from an advance copy of the prospectus, but, for reasons which will be readily understood, the names of the principal persons concerned are in the meantime withheld.

The Company, which is still unchristened, has been formed to undertake the exploitation of Mr. Y. Z., the well-known dramatist. The capital is fixed at £250,000, in 50,000 shares of £5 each, of which the vendor is to receive 20,000 fully paid up, in exchange for the good-will, stock, fittings, &c., of his business. It is almost unnecessary to point out, so the prospectus continues, that the exceptionally favourable terms upon which Mr. Y. Z. has been acquired give every guarantee for the success of the enterprise. Indeed a valuation made on the part of the promoters by Messrs. A. and B., the eminent phrenologists, amply proves that the shareholders have secured a most valuable property at a ridiculously low figure.

The stock actually in hand is represented by two farcical comedies, of which the second act of the first and the third act of the second are still wanting; the germ of an emotional (modern) drama in four acts, and a comic opera adapted from the French. There is, however, in addition to these, a considerable, although latent, fund both of invention and humour, and a vein of pathos which, it is thought, will prove practically

inexhaustible. It will thus be seen that the Company is in a position to begin operations at once, and will be prepared to execute orders with the least possible delay from whatever quarter they come.

It is proposed to work the business upon the most comprehensive lines. Each new idea extracted from Mr. Y. Z. will be placed in the hands of three distinct manipulators, who may be relied on to use it to the best advantage. By one of these it will be worked up into a three-volume novel, by a second into a play, by a third it will be made to take the shape of a poem for recitation. The cost of such a staff will, it is calculated, be comparatively small, it having been abundantly proved that there are numbers of capable men, possessed of every facility for the mere manual labour of writing, who, once provided with the groundwork of a play, may be safely entrusted to erect a presentable edifice thereon. Such individuals have hitherto given themselves over to the routine work of journalism—a position from which, it is an open secret, they would eagerly snatch at the first opportunity of freeing themselves.

The Company will place itself in communication with the managers of all the leading theatres, alike in this and other countries. These will be invited to make known their wants from time to time, and as they will have the certainty of being at once suited, it may be taken for granted that they will not trouble to look elsewhere. A new feature will also be introduced in the shape of travellers, who will be instructed to call upon country managers and submit to them samples of the Company's manufactures, such as the most recent novelty in the way of effective (theatrical) murder, or a choice specimen of incisive dialogue. It is confidently believed that such a system will help greatly to extend the scope of the Company's transactions.

In proportion as these increase, the directors propose to buy up other successful writers for the stage, with a view ultimately to secure to themselves a practical monopoly of the dramatic business. In this way the amateur nuisance will be finally abolished, a boon for which managers will doubtless be properly grateful. In order, however, to provide for future contingencies, it is in contemplation to found a school for such as may be desirous of becoming dramatists; and as from these

apprentices a heavy premium will be exacted, the directors are sanguine of securing an important addition to the income of the Company from that source alone.

That the profits arising from a successful play are enormous, is a fact too well known to require confirmation here. It is only needful to point to the present position of some who, without any particular aptitude for dramatic writing, have acquired princely fortunes by the manufacture of the article in question. Moreover, the machinery required for its production is peculiarly inexpensive. In view therefore of the very advantageous conditions upon which this Company is formed, the directors believe that they will be able to place their produce in the market at an exceptionally low cost price, although of course they have no intention of allowing consumers to enjoy the benefit of the fact. Indeed, it will be their aim, by means of the monopoly already alluded to, to augment rather than diminish the value of their wares.

For further particulars application is invited to the honorary secretary,

MALCOLM WATSON.



Our Play-Box.

"JULIUS CÆSAR" AT OXFORD.

Julius Cæsar	Mr. A. H. E. GRAHAME, Bal.	Cinna, a Poet	Mr. E. F. NUGENT, Ch. Ch.
Octavius Cæsar ..	Mr. G. M. HARRIS, New.	Lucilius	Mr. R. M. LAURIE, Ch. Ch.
Marcus Antonius ..	Mr. W. J. MORRIS, M.A., Jesus.	Titinius	Mr. J. B. SEATON, Ch. Ch.
M. Æmilius Lepidus	Mr. G. K. OLIVIER, Mer.	Messala	Mr. I. MITCHELL, New.
Cicero	Mr. L. C. LIDDELL, Ch. Ch.	Volumnius	Mr. ROBERT PEEL, Bal.
Publius	Mr. E. F. NUGENT, Ch. Ch.	Lucius	Miss BRIGSTOCKE.
Popilius Lena ..	Mr. L. D. G. LITTLE, Mer.	Clitus	Mr. J. GOFTON, St. John's.
Marcus Brutus ..	Mr. A. BOURCHIER, B.A., Ch. Ch.	Strato	Mr. A. RICHARDS, St. John's.
Cassius	Mr. E. H. CLARK, B.A., New.	First Citizen	Mr. J. GOFTON, St. John's.
Casca	Mr. CLAUD NUGENT, Ch. Ch.	Second Citizen ..	Mr. A. RICHARDS, St. John's.
Trebonius	Mr. B. B. LEIGHTON, Ch. Ch.	Pindarus	Mr. H. R. WORTHINGTON, Ch. Ch.
Decius Brutus ..	Mr. H. B. IRVING, New.	Servant to Cæsar ..	Mr. W. T. FRANKS, M.A., Univ.
Metellus Cimber ..	Mr. R. M. LAURIE, Ch. Ch.	Servant to Antony ..	Mr. ROBERT PEEL, Bal.
Cinna	Mr. IAN MITCHELL, New.	Servant to Octavius	Mr. L. C. LIDDELL, Ch. Ch.
Flavius	Mr. G. M. HARRIS, New.	Calpurnia	Mrs. CHARLES SIM.
Marullus	Mr. W. T. FRANKS, B.A., Univ.	Ladies attendant on Calpurnia	Mrs. NUGENT JACKSON, Miss WIGRAM, Miss E. WIGRAM, and Miss MILLS.
Artemidorus of Cnidos	Mr. A. M. BRADHURST, Ch. Ch.	Portia	Mrs. W. L. COURTNEY.
A Soothsayer	Mr. J. B. SEATON, Ch. Ch.		

What was it that induced a few London students of the stage to go down to Oxford on the evening of February 27—a day by no means pleasant, so far as atmosphere and temperature were concerned? A sense of duty, of

course, in the first place ; for they represented certain metropolitan journals. But what, in their own minds, did they go out for to see ? what, for



them, were the chief points of attraction ? I cannot presume to speak for my friends, Mr. Nisbet, of the "Times," and Mr. Archer, of the "World ;"

but, for myself, many things drew me. First, I had never seen the new Oxford Theatre ; secondly, the O.U.D.S. (otherwise the Oxford University Dramatic Society) was unknown to me except by name ; I was interested, in particular, in Mr. Arthur Bourchier, of whom I had heard and read great things ; I was curious to see what Mr. Henry Irving, jun., would do with the part he had undertaken to play ; and, lastly, I was not less curious to note what a body of amateurs, however earnest and clever, would be able to make of "Julius Cæsar," surely one of the most difficult of Shakespearean plays for the non-professional to attack. There was an element of interest in the announcement that Mr. Alma Tadema had supplied designs for the most important scenes—those of the Forum, of Cæsar's Palace, and of a street in Rome ; but the present writer is one of those for whom the play's the thing, and for whom the pictorial background is only of secondary value.



Fig. 15
Mr. Irving

Clearly, however, there were quite sufficient reasons for going down to

Oxford on this occasion, even though the railway arrangements were of so primitive an order that one could not get back to town immediately after the performance, but must needs pass the night under the shadow of the University, a waste of time grievous to the soul of the o'erburdened journalist. Nor did Oxford welcome us very cordially. An hour or so before the opening of the theatre doors the snow began to fall, and the theatrical pilgrim found the home of culture in a state of slush. The theatre itself struck me as commodious and neat—much more so than I had hoped for or expected. It cannot be said that the citizens appeared to be over-excited by the event of the evening, for there was no thronging at



JAMES CAGNEY & SON, NEW YORK (M^r W. J. MORRIS) 1889

the vestibules, and the auditorium, though largely occupied, was not exactly crowded. The big-wigs, it seems, were reserving themselves for the Saturday night performance (the 27th was a Wednesday); but we met in the stalls that enthusiastic friend of the drama, Mr. W. L. Courtney, of

"New"; Mr. George Lewis, jun., of "Balliol," of courteous father, courteous son; young Mr. Morell Mackenzie (late of Cambridge), representing for this once the "Morning Post" and the "Pall Mall Gazette" (delightful combination!); young Mr. Lefanu, son of the admirable novelist, and himself an artist—with the pencil; and some others, of not ignoble note.



JAMES CAGNEY & SON, NEW YORK (M^r W. J. MORRIS) 1889

But, what about the performance? you will say. Well, I am coming to it. And I will take it in the order of interest I have mentioned. I had come, more particularly, to see Mr. Bouchier, and I was won immediately by his impressive presence and this expressive voice. He looked Brutus to the life, and his tones were always a pleasure to the ear. They seemed, however, not always under his control. This was the "first night," and a large part of the

burden of the arrangements for the production had fallen upon his shoulders. How, then, could we expect that his impersonation would be marked by absolute finish in detail? I have no doubt that, on subsequent afternoons and evenings (they had two *matinées*), Mr. Bouchier spoke all his lines at the proper pitch and with the necessary emphasis; and I have no doubt, too, that his goings to and fro, his sittings-down, his demeanour, and his gestures generally, were wholly in accordance with the words and with the situation. Even as it was, his Brutus had a breadth as well as an ease, both of conception and of execution, which gave me real pleasure, and at once took the representation out of the ordinary amateur rut. Not that his performance stood alone in excellence, whether achieved or suggested. The Cassius of Mr. E. H. Clark, for example, was, as a whole, even more satisfying than



CASSIUS



A. SOUTHERN, M. J. B. CLARK

P. J. M. W. - COURTESY A. J. 188

Mr. Bouchier's Brutus, though, in the earlier scenes, rather too Iago-like in manner and in speech. The performer appeared really to have entered into the character assumed, and to have formed an idea of it to which he was giving full effect. Mr. W. J. Morris's Marc Antony, too—nothing could well have been better, in the way of “business” and of elocution; a most intelligent effort, and marred only by the actor's failure

to convey Marc Antony to the eye as happily as he conveyed him to the mind. But though everybody, I am sure, appreciated the praiseworthy points of both the Cassius and the Antony, it was concerning the Decius Brutus, I think, that most of us had the greatest curiosity, and certainly we followed him with close attention. This was the part young Mr. Irving was to play, and when he first came on he was saluted with a round of applause, intended (we cannot say which) for himself or for his father's son. No doubt he was well conscious of the feeling with which he was regarded, and this may account for a certain restlessness of bearing, a certain redundancy of gesture, noticeable in his opening passages. But afterwards he warmed to his work and recited his lines with agreeable discretion, displaying, meanwhile, in the *timbre* of his voice, in his walk, and in his features, the unmistakable indications of his parentage.

Had all the smaller rôles in the tragedy been equally well rendered, the general result would have been more satisfactory. As it is, when one has celebrated the sympathetic earnestness of Mrs. Courtney as Portia, of Mrs. Sim as Calpurnia, and of Miss Brigstocke as Lucius, one has mentioned all who need be particularly named, though Mr. A. H. E. Grahame had done his best to give, externally at any rate, a counterfeit presentment of the title character. We must remember, however, not only that it was a first night, but that all engaged were non-professionals, called upon suddenly to plunge into the garments, and imitate as closely as may be the bearing and manners, of the Ancient Roman. I am constrained to say that I think there was too lavish a display, on the part of the gentlemen, of the human leg divine (or otherwise). There are legs, and legs; and most of those I saw on February 27 were of the corrugated and the hirsute sort: wherefore I conceive it would have been well if there had been less réalism and more "tights" in this historical production. On the other hand, what can we have but praise for the singleness of soul with which these "young barbarians, all at play," set to work to put before us old Rome and the Romans with as much verisimilitude as they could manage? If they were not wholly successful, if the "crowds" were not quite convincing, and if even Mr. Tadema's designs did not quite create the illusion of reality, this at least is certain—that the mere attempt to secure success was commendable, and that, thanks to the hard work of Mr. Stewart Dawson, who "stage-managed," a measure of *vraisemblance* was actually arrived at. Mr. "Leslie Mayne" had composed some very appropriate music, and it was excellently played by an orchestra reinforced from town. At the representations which followed, the attendance, it is said, was very gratifying, while the acting naturally improved with each successive performance. Altogether, "Julius Cæsar" at Oxford was a *tour de force* of which the O.U.D.S. may well be proud, and of which I am glad to have been a witness.



W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

"THE BOOKMAKER."

A New and Original Comedy in three acts, by J. W. PIGOTT.

First produced at Terry's Theatre on the afternoon of March 19th, 1889.

Sir Joseph Trent ..	Mr. EDWARD TERRY.	Bubbles.. ..	Mr. W. HARGREAVES.
The Earl of Har-		James	Mr. GEORGE HELMORE.
borough	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.	Lady Harborough ..	Miss ROBERTA ER-
Gerald Lord Maidment	Mr. H. REEVES SMITH.		SKINE.
The Hon. Jack Carew	Mr. MATTHEW BRODIE.	Lady Jessie Har-	
The Marquis of Bud-		borough	Miss MARIE LINDEN.
leigh	Mr. GEORGE DALZIEL.	Sybil Hardwicke ..	Miss ELEANORE LEYSHON.
Mr. Mortmain	Mr. SANT MATTHEWS.	Polly	Miss WATT-TANNER.

This play can hardly be called original. The scene takes place in Harborough Castle, present day. The Earl and his wife have noticed a change in their son Gerald since he left Oxford. He has been sad and preoccupied. His mother thinks the reason to be his love for Sybil, which seems hopeless, as both are poor. She therefore thinks to bring him welcome news in telling him that the late Sir Henry Trent, cousin to the Earl, who once loved Sybil's mother, and knew of the girl's love for Gerald, has left them some money jointly on condition that they should marry. Lady Harborough leaves the young people together, and a sad explanation ensues. Gerald has allowed himself to drift into love for Sybil without realising that he had gained her affection, and now he has to upbraid himself and tell her in heart-broken tones that he is married already. This is not the only trouble in the house. Harborough is mortgaged up to the hilt to Lord Budleigh, who is ready to forego all claims if Jessie, Lord Harborough's daughter, consents to be his wife. But she is in love with Jack Carew, who adores her, and is, therefore, very loth to consent; especially as Lord Budleigh is only in love with himself and his position, and considers he is doing her great honour. Now about "the Book-maker," the chief character in the play. The nephew of Sir Henry Trent, left an orphan at the early age of five, in perfect ignorance of his belonging to a great family, the poor boy had to shift for himself as best he could. First a jockey, now a bookmaker, he comes to Harborough Castle by appointment with the family lawyer, to be told he is heir to a title and fortune. The new Sir Joseph is uneducated and unpolished in manner, and feels himself eminently out of place. Jessie's kindness and courtesy entirely win his heart, which is that of a true gentleman, whatever his manners may be. And he vows that she shall marry the man she loves if money can do it. But he finds he is not free to dispose of his capital, so he gets out of the difficulty by purchasing and presenting Jessie with some wonderful racehorse which wins a fortune for her. So much for one pair of lovers, the only objection to Jack being lack of money on either side. It is almost needless to say that when the adventuress who has entrapped Gerald into marriage appears on the scene to claim her rights, she is recognised by the bookmaker as his wife, and Gerald is free, all ending happily.

Most of the scenes are very good. There is a very pretty love scene between Jessie and Jack, charmingly acted by Miss Marie Linden and Mr. Matthew Brodie, both, the latter especially, being very good throughout. The dialogue is smart and decidedly clever. "The Bookmaker" is a

well drawn and natural character, admirably impersonated by Mr. Edward Terry. Mr. Alfred Bishop and Mr. Sant Matthews were decidedly good, and Mr. Hargreaves, but for his make up, excellent. Mr. Reeves Smith was spasmodic and unnatural in his delivery. Miss Leyshon was interesting, and the *débutante* from Australia—Miss Watt-Tanner—had little to do as the adventuress, but that little was well done. The author had an enthusiastic call.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

"NOWADAYS."

"A Tale of the Turf," in four acts, by WILSON BARRETT.

First produced at a *matinée* at the Princess's Theatre, Thursday, February 28, 1889.

John Saxton	MR. WILSON BARRETT.	Jubiper	MR. J. A. WELCH.
Tom Saxton	MR. LEWIS WALLER.	Larry Doubledon ..	MR. S. M. CARSON.
Gabriel Harper ..	MR. JULIAN CROSS.	Hans	MR. F. PITSTONE.
Dick Dowling ..	MR. GEORGE BARRETT.	Constable	MR. G. AUBREY.
Bob Fressingwold ..	MR. HORACE HODGES.	Amy Harper	MISS WEBSTER.
Sir Harry Croydon ..	MR. H. COOPER CLIFFE.	Kitty Saxton	MISS NORREYS.
Downey Bleater ..	MR. AUSTIN MELFORD.	Peggy	MISS HARRIETTA POLINI.
Sandy Gough	MR. W. A. ELLIOTT.	Jenny Dowling ..	MISS GRACE HAWTHORNE.

Since the days of "The Flying Scud" we have certainly had no sporting drama that has taken greater hold of the public than Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Nowadays." And this is not only or principally on account of the stirring incidents, the abduction of a favourite racehorse, or the attempted villany of an aristocrat towards a girl who loves him well, but because the author has made his characters human. Bookmakers do not generally bear the best characters, but there are some good men among them, and though a man may discard his son for a time, yet, as a rule, a parent that does so, keenly feels having driven his boy forth and longs to be reconciled; and the vagaries of love are so strange that we do not wonder at a bright, almost mischievous, girl giving her heart to a jockey, who, however good a rider he may be, does not certainly impress one as being too brilliant a specimen of the human race. Though our hero, John Saxton, acted rightly in a worldly point of view in refusing to fulfil his promise to his old friend Harper, still, a man's word should be his bond, and, having passed it to assist him in his difficulty, he should have looked upon the promise as sacred; but then, perhaps, we should have had no play, for out of this one act springs all the motive. Saxton, we may suppose, is a self-made man, with all the knowledge of the value of money that distinguishes the Yorkshireman. His son Tom is engaged to Amy Harper, when suddenly her father is put to straits for money. Saxton promises to lend him £3,000, but hearing that he is, but for some stroke of luck, absolutely insolvent, refuses to let him have the sum. Old Saxton has given



John Saxton (Mr. Wilson Barrett).

Tom just £3,000 to pay into the bank. Harper tells him of his father's refusal to aid him, and so the young fellow hands over to his future father-in-law the notes, and is thus the means of re-establishing his credit. For this Tom is driven from his home, but Harper adopts him, in a manner, until such time as he discovers that his *protégé* has been clandestinely sending his father money—for the elder Saxton is now almost a pauper; his mines have been flooded, and he has been compelled to sell off most of his belongings. His daughter Kitty has decided she will marry a very promising jockey, Bob Fressingwold, but Saxton has determined she shall accept a blackleg baronet, Sir Harry Croydon. This worthy is already privately married to Jenny, the only child of Dick Dowling, a kind-hearted, honest bookmaker, and it is

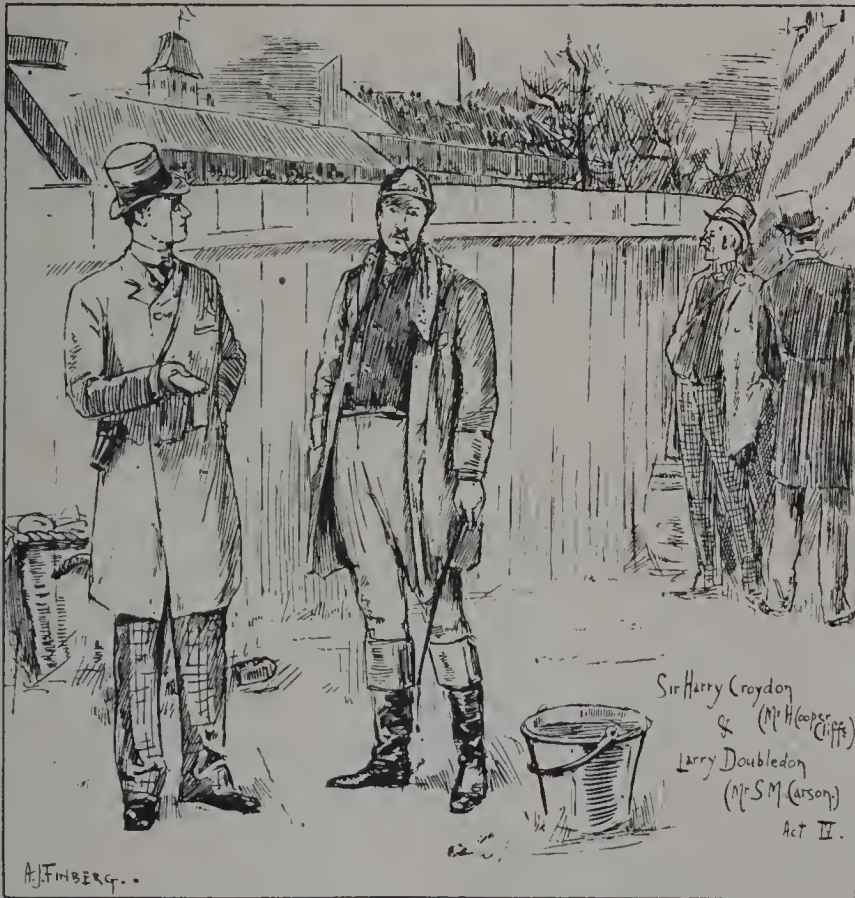


Kitty Saxton
(Miss Norriss)
A.T.

of vital importance to Sir Harry that "Thunderbolt," the favourite for the Derby, shall not win the race. The horse belongs to Harper, and is in the charge of Tom Saxton. During the latter's absence (when he is reconciled to his father, one of the most perfectly acted scenes ever witnessed), the baronet, with the aid of his confederates, Downey Bleater and Sandy Gough, two "welshers," prevail upon Juniper, the stable boy, to allow them to steal the horse, and the young scamp lets it be understood that it was by Tom Saxton's orders that the animal

was taken away, and thus Tom is likely to be arrested for the crime; in fact, the police are called in, but he manages to escape. Sir Harry Croydon sends "Thunderbolt" to London, and persuades Jenny Dowling to watch over it. Her father and Tom discover its hiding-place; and when Jenny is told how her husband is engaged to Kitty Saxton, she allows it to be restored to its proper owner. Even then the race is anything but a certainty, for the blacklegs "get at" Larry Doubledon, the jockey who is to ride him, but fortunately their plot is overheard. At the last moment he is stripped of his jacket, and Fressingwold gets the mount, and steers the favourite to victory. Dick Dowling saves the "welshers" from being torn to pieces by an infuriated mob, and, for the sake of his daughter, prevents his son-in-law, the baronet, from being proclaimed a defaulter, the latter promising amendment in the future. Saxton and Harper forget and forgive, and the curtain falls on a scene of general happiness.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, clever as he is, has never done anything so good as John Saxton, the canny, obstinate Yorkshireman, hard and gruff and determined to have his own way outwardly, but with a world of kindness and worth under his rough exterior. There were little touches in the performance that were absolutely perfection, and the whole was conceived and carried out with a fidelity to nature that showed the highest art. Mr. Lewis Waller exhibited marked nervous force and pathos as Tom Saxton, and Mr. George Barrett's Dick Dowling, too, was quite a creation, so homely and natural, and yet so shrewd. A special word of praise is due to Mr. Austin Melford as Downey Bleater, a smooth, wily old rascal, and Mr. W. A. Elliott as a more ruffianly scamp was nearly if not quite as



good. Mr. Julian Cross played with judgment, and Mr. Horace Hodges displayed considerable tact and humour in a difficult part. Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe was not only gentlemanly, but skilfully conveyed that his evil doings were the outcome of bad associations. Mr. J. A. Welch's Juniper was a capital sketch of character, and Mr. S. M. Carson made his one short scene one of the strongest in the whole afternoon. Miss Webster and Miss Norreys were happily contrasted, and missed no opportunities that were afforded them. Miss Harrietta Polini was a smart soubrette as, Peggy; and though last, certainly not least, Miss Grace Hawthorne was a true and tender English girl as Jenny Dowling. The entire cast was excellent, and one and all were frequently called; a thoroughly deserved double honour being bestowed on Mr. Wilson Barrett.

"THE WEAKER SEX."

Modern Play, in three acts, by A. W. PINERO.

Produced in London at the Court Theatre, March 16, 1889.

Lord Gillingham ..	Mr. A. M. DENISON.	Lady Gillingham ..	Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.
Honble. George Liptrott ..	Mr. E. ALLAN AYNES- WORTH.	Lady Liptrott ..	Miss PATTY CHAPMAN.
Mr. Bergus, M.P. ..	Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.	Lady Struddock ..	Miss E. MATHEWS.
Capt. Jessett ..	Mr. A. B. FRANCIS.	Lady Vivash ..	Mrs. KENDAL.
Dudley Silchester ..	Mr. W. H. VERNON.	Sylvia ..	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.
Ira Lee ..	Mr. KENDAL.	Mrs. Hawley Hill ..	Miss TREVOR BISHOP.
Mr. Hawley Hill ..	Mr. M. NEWALL.	Mrs. Boyle-Chewton ..	Miss FANNY COLEMAN.
Mr. Wade Green ..	Mr. ERIC LEWIS.	Rhoda ..	Miss OLGA BRANDON.
Spencer ..	Mr. H. DEANE.	Miss Cardelloe ..	Miss BLANCHE ELLICE.
		Petch ..	Miss C. LUCIE.

Mr. Pinero has had a difficulty to encounter in the winding up of his latest, and certainly one of his best written plays, "The Weaker Sex." On its original production at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, September 28 of last year, he succumbed to the general but often mistaken desire for a happy ending by marrying both his heroines; but now, with a truer respect to art, he has let his curtain fall on a conclusion that will be very unsatisfactory to many, for his three principal characters are left unhappy—and this is the natural outcome. Whether it will affect the fortunes of the play remains to be proved; it should not do so, for it is full of interest, the dialogue is sparkling, and it gives a problem the solution of which cannot but enforce attention. Lady Vivash in her youth was impulsive and perhaps coquettish, and has thrown away the love of Philip Lester, who leaves her and goes to America. Piqued at this she marries Lord Vivash, for whom she has not a spark of affection, and whose death is looked upon as a relief from bondage. She treasures the memory of her former lover, and is comforted in the society of her daughter Sylvia, a charming girl of seventeen, whose sunny temperament brightens her existence. To find some occupation and distraction during Sylvia's absence on a visit abroad, Lady Vivash takes up with a society which has been formed for enforcing the rights of "the weaker sex," but her interest in their doings is but pretended, and she is far more stirred when she receives a telegram announcing the return of Sylvia and her hostess, Lady Gillingham. The latter, on arrival, tells her that, subject to her approval, Sylvia has accepted one Ira Lee, a gentleman who is known from his writings as "the poet of prairies." He is much older than his intended bride, but appears to be in every other respect eligible. He is to be at Lady Gillingham's the next day, so it is arranged that Lady Vivash shall meet him there. Ira Lee is no other than Philip Lester; perhaps disgusted with his first love, he has made no inquiries about her, in any case he has no idea that she is Lady Vivash, the mother of the girl he is now engaged to. No sooner does she recognise Philip Lester than Lady Vivash, who has heard a rumour that he had returned to England, and at the thought of which her love, never extinct, has rekindled with all its first passion, lets him know that she is free, that she wishes to atone for the past, and that her devotion to him in the future shall make all amends. Lester is cold, and makes no response to her avowal; while she is pleading, Sylvia bounds toward them, and at once lets her mother know that the man to whom she has just poured out

her inmost heart is Ira Lee, her daughter's betrothed. Lady Vivash, without a word, falls fainting to the ground. The identity of Lester and Lee is for a time kept from the child, but an envious embittered rival of hers betrays the secret, and so Lester, feeling that marriage with either mother or daughter would be impossible, determines to efface himself. Without any leavetaking he departs to struggle again with his disappointed hopes, casting one last loving glance on the girl whom he had hoped would cheer his lonely path—she stunned with the first great grief that had shadowed her young life, and her mother kneeling crushed and broken at her feet.

Although the play ends unhappily, and the main interest is centred in the fortunes of Lady Vivash and her daughter, there is a fund of amusement and laughter in the proceedings of Mrs. Boyle-Chewton, a leader in the association for enforcing woman's rights. There is some pungent satire in the author's method of proving that a creature, who pretends to be above the weaknesses of the sex and to scorn the idea of love, jumps at the first offer of marriage made by Mr. Bargus, M.P., in reality for her daughter Rhoda, but which she mistakenly appropriates to herself, and, when she thinks herself likely to become a bride, throws committees, reports, and all such matters to the winds. Mrs. Boyle-Chewton was most excellently played by Miss Fanny Coleman, whose one little touch of womanly and bitter disappointment at the frustration of her hopes was sufficient to stamp the performance; Mr. Edward Righton was very droll as the fussy, nervous little Adonis and M.P.; and Miss Olga Brandon played with great tact the poor soured girl Rhoda, all the goodness and pleasure of whose existence is destroyed by being constantly kept at uncongenial work. Miss Violet Vanbrugh looked very handsome, and was a dashing *grande dame* as Lady Gillingham, and the old lord to whom she is married, and whose memory constantly fails him, was an excellent sketch of character by Mr. A. M. Denison. Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. E. Allan Aynesworth, and Miss C. Lucie were also so good in their several parts that one wished more was seen of them. Mr. Kendal was of immense support to the piece by his strength and manliness as Ira Lee, one of those noble souls that can accept the greatest sorrows of this world in a spirit of determination that they shall not drive them to anything that is base or weak, but are rather strengthened in the path of duty and self-sacrifice. Mr. W. H. Vernon, too, as a staunch friend and a faithful though unrewarded lover, was excellent. Of Mrs. Kendal's acting it is impossible to speak in too high terms, the nervous excitement when looking forward to a meeting after so many years with the man whose memory she has enshrined in her heart of hearts, her desperate pleadings, that if not so exquisitely rendered would be unwomanly, her utter prostration, and then the surrender of her own cherished desires to secure the happiness of the child she so loves, were the perfection of art. Miss Annie Hughes was very tender and graceful as Sylvia, and in the later scenes thoroughly conveyed the idea of being crushed and overwhelmed by her terrible

awakening from "love's young dream," and yet turned instinctively for comfort, and to comfort that mother whose future seemed so dark from the same miserable discovery. When played at Manchester this unhappy ending was avoided in the reward of Dudley Silchester's lifelong devotion to Lady Vivash by her acceptance of him and the supposed union of Sylvia and Ira Lee. This part was then taken by Mr. Vernon, Mr. Kendal appeared as Silchester. At the Court Theatre the piece is mounted in the most perfect taste, and the ladies' dresses are exceptionally beautiful.

"KING RICHARD THE THIRD."

Tragedy, by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Revived at the Globe Theatre, Saturday evening, March 16, 1889.

King Henry VI. ..	Mr. ALLEN BEAUMONT.	Tressel	Mr. ARTHUR GILMORE.
Prince of Wales ..	Miss BESSIE HATTON.	Sir James Tyrell ..	Mr. C. STEUART.
Duke of York	Miss ISA BOWMAN.	Sir Thomas Vaughan ..	Mr. EDGAR NORTON.
Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III. ..	Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD.	Sir Walter Herbert ..	Mr. C. SMILES.
Duke of Buckingham ..	Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ.	Sir William Brandon ..	Mr. E. BROUGHTON.
Duke of Norfolk ..	Mr. W. R. STAVELEY.	Earl of Pembroke ..	Mr. H. DRUCE.
Earl of Richmond ..	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE.	Marquis of Dorset ..	Mr. M. BUIST.
Lord Stanley	Mr. D. H. HARKINS.	Lord Lovell	Mr. L. DU BARRI.
Sir Richard Ratcliffe ..	Mr. REGINALD STOCKTON.	Bishop of Ely	Mr. SYDNEY PRICE.
Earl of Oxford	Mr. J. BURROWS.	Abbot	Mr. A. SIMS.
Lord Mayor of London	Mr. JOSEPH FRANKAU.	Wyndham	Mr. F. VIVIAN.
Sir James Blount ..	Mr. LEONARD CALVERT.	Court Jester	Mr. F. W. KNIGHT.
Sir William Catesby ..	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.	Queen Elizabeth ..	Miss MARY RORKE.
Earl of Surrey	Mr. J. PARRY.	Lady Attendants to the Queen ..	Miss BURTON, Miss LANGTON, Miss OLLIFFE.
Sir Robert Brakenbury	Mr. MERVYN DALLAS.	Duchess of York ..	Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.
Berkeley	Mr. J. G. SLEE.	Lady Attendant to the Duchess	Mrs. WHITTIER CHANDOS.
Lord Hastings	Mr. W. H. CROMPTON.	Margaret Plantagenet	Miss E. ORFORD.
Captain of the Guard ..	Mr. H. WYATT.	Edward Plantagenet ..	Miss N. BOWMAN.
		Lady Anne	Miss BEATRICE CAMERON.

Priests, Monks, Acolytes, Men-at-Arms, Citizens, Merchants, Pages, Archers, Aldermen, Children, &c., &c.

PROLOGUE.

The Tower Bruce Smith.

"KING RICHARD THE THIRD."

Act I.—May, 1471.

Scene I. .. The Tower Bruce Smith.
Scene II. .. King Henry's Chamber in the Tower .. Bruce Smith.

Act II.—May, 1471.

Scene I. .. The Road to Chertsey William Telbin.
Scene II. .. A Room in Baynard Castle William Telbin.

Act III.—Twelve years elapse, the date of the events in Act III. being A.D. 1483.

Scene I. .. The Hall in Crosby Palace E. G. Banks.
Scene II. .. The Same E. G. Banks.

Act IV., Part 1.—A.D. 1483.

Scene I. .. Within the Tower E. G. Banks.
Scene II. .. The Presence Chamber (morning) .. E. G. Banks.
Scene III. .. The Presence Chamber (evening) .. E. G. Banks.

Act IV., Part 2.—A.D. 1485.

Scene I. .. The Sanctuary E. G. Banks.

Act V.—A.D. 1485.

Scene I. .. Bosworth Field William Telbin.
Scene II. .. The Country near Tamworth .. William Telbin.
Scene III. .. The Camp on Bosworth Field .. William Telbin.
Scene IV. .. A Glade William Telbin.
Scene V. .. The Battlefield William Telbin.

The Overture, Entr'actes, and all the Incidental Music to the Tragedy, composed by
Mr. EDWARD GERMAN.

The perfection to which stage pageant can now be brought was certainly shown at the Globe Theatre on the first representation there of "Richard the Third," but the question arises whether, when in order to

accomplish this, some hour and a quarter is consumed in the course of the evening, the result is not almost too dearly bought. Nothing but praise can be awarded to the whole of the scenery ; the costumes and armour are rich and archæologically correct ; the "mimic warfare" a marvel of realism, more particularly when the size of the stage is taken into consideration ; but the performance was not over till past midnight. The play, as arranged for representation here, is mostly Cibber's version ; it commences with a prologue, in which are interpolated passages from "Henry VI.," where the order comes from Gloster for his close confinement



in the Tower. The first scene of Act I. shows us a procession with Elizabeth and her train entering the fortress, and the second scene of this act is the murder scene from "Henry VI." In Act II. we have most of the original Shakespeare, and also in the first scene of Act III., though much condensed. Again we have Cibber in the first part of Act IV., and the sorrowful parting of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York from Queen Elizabeth, an interpolation which has been almost universally accepted as a valuable one ; the close of the act is altered, though not materially, from Cibber, and the last act is mostly as he arranged it. Unfortunately on the opening night the pittites had a real or fancied grievance, and there was much uproar. Their complaint was that on their entering the theatre they found *four* people already seated in the front row. The discontented loudly cried for an "apology ;" the stage-manager came forward, and for a long time he could not get a hearing ; there was much shouting, but

eventually things quieted down, but not without the loss of the overture, which was inaudible. This unhappy *contretemps* may have unhinged Mr. Mansfield, for his opening soliloquy did not impress his audience too favourably; but in the second act his conception of the character could be arrived at. The Duke of Gloster would accomplish his ends not so much by craft as by sheer force of will; instead of almost mocking at his own deformity, it galled him; and instead of trusting to the oiliness of his tongue, the counterfeited violence of his passion should win him Lady Anne. It is said that Mr. Mansfield has never seen the play of "Richard the Third" acted; if so, the greater credit is due to him for his, in many respects, most original reading. His wooing of Lady Anne was almost too real; there appeared to be no guile in it, but to be inspired by genuine admiration. The hypocrisy of his character was finely brought to light in his interview with the Princes in the Tower, but was a little too apparent when the Mayor and citizens press on him the crown, though his exultation at the achievement of his ends after their departure made a decided point. His scene with Buckingham, when his adherent claimed his reward in the Earldom of Hereford, was a masterpiece, nor was he less capable when goaded by the taunts of the Queen and Duchess of York. The stings of conscience and the uncertainty of his future were most powerfully conveyed when in the Presence Chamber, where, though just assured of the murder of the Princes, he meditates on the troubles that surround him. In the tent scene, where the ghosts of his victims appear to him in his dream, Mr. Mansfield was rather hysterical, though the speech, "Give me another horse," was delivered in a frenzied spirit, and his doubt whether Catesby was real flesh and blood or one of the visions that had haunted him was the embodiment of superstitious dread. On the battlefield of Bosworth the heroism of Richard's character was eminently displayed beyond mere animal courage. There was the desperation of the man who had set "life upon a cast," and the actual fight between Richard and Richmond was no mere child's play or delicate fence, but a hacking at each other that, should the shield of either by any chance fail to receive the blow, would probably be very painful to the unlucky recipient. Taken as a whole, Mr. Mansfield's Richard the Third is worthy of very high praise; it is scholarly, and more than intelligent; his delivery is excellent, and as his first essay in Shakespearean character one that has decidedly made its mark. Of the other characters, Miss Bessie Hatton was most sympathetic and natural as the Prince of Wales. Miss Isa Bowman was also pleasingly ingenuous as the little Duke of York. Mr. Allen Beaumont exhibited much kingly dignity and melancholy pathos as Henry VI. Mr. James Fernandez, for so careful an actor, made one or two strange lapses in the text. Mr. Luigi Lablache was a manly, heroic Richmond. Mr. Norman Forbes did not at all realise the idea of Catesby, but played it in a jaunty mood. Mr. Arthur Gilmore was excellent as Tressel. Miss Mary Rorke was most nobly pathetic as Queen Elizabeth; Miss Beatrice Cameron was weak as Lady

Anne ; and Miss Carlotta Leclercq, good in every respect as the Duchess of York, was specially worthy of praise for her admirable delivery of blank verse.

Though the overture was unhappily not heard, there was ample opportunity of judging later of the incidental music composed by Mr. Edward German. It was melodious and most appropriate, whether—as suggesting the motive of the situation—dramatic, tender, religious or martial, and the orchestration was that of a thorough musician.

Special mention should be made of the solidity of the appearance of the Tower, and of the exquisite painting of the rest of the scenery, and also of the admirable manner in which the processions are marshalled and the battle scenes arranged, exhibiting a perfection of stage-management. The apparitions, too, are most artistically managed by means of gauzes, and do seem to be “visitants from the spirit land.” Stormily as the evening had commenced, long before its close the verdict had been pronounced on the production. Mr. Mansfield had been called and recalled, and on the final fall of the curtain the enthusiasm was immense, the house resounded with cheers and applause, and the actor-manager was forced to return thanks in a few but evidently heartfelt words of gratitude for the reception accorded to a most effective and superbly mounted piece.

“THE DUKE’S BOAST.”

A Play, in three acts, adapted by H. OSBORNE BUCKLE, from ALEXANDRE DUMAS’ “Mademoiselle de Belle Isle.”

First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Thursday afternoon, 21st March, 1889.

Duc de Richelieu	Mr. JOHN TRESAHAR.	Germain	Mr. CECIL RAMSEY.
Chevalier D'Aubigny ..	Mr. FRED TERRY.	A Lacquais	Mr. FRED EPITAUX.
Duc D'Aumont	Mr. IVAN WATSON.	The Marquise de Prie ..	Miss VANE.
Chevalier D'Auvray ..	Mr. E. A. DOUGLAS.	Marriette	Miss MAY WHITTY.
Chamillac	Mr. S. BARRACLOUGH.	Gabrielle de Belle Isle..	Miss MARION LEA.

Another version of Alexandre Dumas’ famous and most ingeniously constructed play has been given us by Mr. Buckle, which can hardly be said to have improved on former adaptations ; indeed, the strength of the second act has been considerably lost through a desire not to wound the susceptibilities of the British matron ; the profligate Duc de Richelieu, instead of entering the chamber of Gabrielle, remains in the outer apartment, from the window of which he throws the compromising letter. The first English version by J. W. Hammond, entitled “A Night in the Bastille,” was played at Drury Lane in 1839, and under the title of “The Duke’s Wager,” written by A. R. Slous, it was again seen under the Kean management at the Princess’s in 1851, and three years later at the Haymarket Mdlle. Beatrice played Gabrielle in Miss Fanny Kemble’s adaptation, known as “Mdlle. de Belle Isle.” Mrs. Stirling and Mdlle. Beatrice made the greatest successes in the character in England, and Mdlles. Brohan and Sarah Bernhardt in France, while none have ever approached Delaunay as the Duc de Richelieu. The plot turns on a wager made by the nobleman that at midnight of the day on which he sees a young

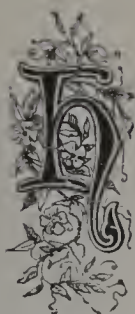
lady, he will throw a letter from the window of her chamber. The lady happens to be Gabrielle de Belle Isle, who is engaged to the Chevalier D'Aubigny. She has come to Paris to intercede for her father, who is a prisoner, and has obtained the countenance of the Marquise de Prie, a favourite of the Duc de Bourbon. The great lady, a former flame of Richelieu, piqued at his infidelity, persuades Gabrielle to write a letter requesting the Duke to visit her, knowing his strong interest at Court; for this the Marquise substitutes one in her own handwriting, which is unknown to the Duke. He comes and throws out the letter which is to be the proof of his success. It is picked up by D'Aubigny, who challenges his fancied rival, but the duel being prevented, the Chevalier makes the Duke throw the dice three times with him, the thrower of the lowest casts to kill himself. D'Aubigny loses, and is allowed six hours before committing suicide. He has a final interview with Gabrielle, who, on the night when the event that incriminates her has taken place, was actually visiting her father in the Bastille by the aid of the Marquise, who has bound her to secrecy under certain conditions. Gabrielle cannot, therefore, clear herself for a time, but at length satisfies her lover of her innocence, which is further confirmed by Richelieu, who has discovered the trick that has been played him by the Marquise.

As the Duc de Richelieu Mr. John Tresahar lacked that height of polish essential to the proper rendering of the character, and which would redeem the grossness of the *roué*. Mr. Fred Terry was earnest, impassioned, and manly as the Chevalier D'Aubigny, and Mr. E. A. Douglas was firm and consistent as Chevalier D'Auvray. Miss Vane was eminently the *grande dame* as the Marquise de Prie, suave and fascinating, yet clever in wordy fence and finesse, and Miss May Whitty was a bright and attractive *soubrette*. Miss Marion Lea has, by her representation of Gabrielle de Belle Isle, at once taken her position as, perhaps, the most promising of our coming emotional actresses. Her conception of the character was all that could be desired; but, until the fifth act, it appeared doubtful whether her physical strength was great enough to adequately convey her ideas—then, however, excellent and tender as had been her previous performance, the young actress rose to a grandeur and height of power that electrified her audience. In addition to other good gifts, Miss Lea is graceful and winning in manner, has an altogether good method, which, like her accent, gives one the idea that she has studied in the best French school. The *matinée*, so far as she was concerned, was a most decided success.

CECIL HOWARD.

Daffodil !

A SPRING SONG.



AVE you forgotten where we met ?
The primrose path, the ruined mill ?
Our trysting-place when sun had set,
And daylight done, my Daffodil !
No fate or time would dare combine
To rob our Springtime of its gold
If I were yours and you were mine,
And both were lovers as of old.

If yestereve could be to-day,
And Life once more a morn in May,
Ah ! then my heart would fill, and thrill
With love awakened, Daffodil !

I call you—and no voice replies.
I wait you, love ! and wait in vain.
The snowdrop fades, the primrose dies,
And, nothing buried, lives again.
A mist enfolds the silent stream,
The leaves fall sadly one by one.
We pass as shadows in a dream,
For we are parted—who were one !

If yestereve could be to-day,
And bring me back one morn in May,
But daylight died behind life's hill,
And closed love's petals ! Daffodil !

Our Omnibus=Box.

Herr Meyer Lutz had a bumper house at the "special complimentary *matinée*" which had been arranged to celebrate the completion of the twentieth year of his musical directorship of the Gaiety Theatre. Held in the building which had witnessed so many of the successes which he had materially helped to achieve, the lengthy programme was gone through without a hitch. It would take up too much space to enumerate all the numbers; suffice it to say that from almost every London theatre there was some assistance. Mr. Robert Martin wrote and delivered an address for the occasion, which, as it will doubtless prove interesting, is given *in extenso* :—

"Of all the days that memory brings back
 To cheer our way along life's weary track,
 Give me the day that friends and comrades meet
 A trusted friend and comrade all to greet;
 When side by side we loyally can stand
 To take that faithful comrade by the hand;
 When hearts go out, and all along the line
 We hear "Good luck for days of auld lang syne."
 But when the man for whom the crowd appears
 Has served us faithfully for twenty years,
 For twenty years has kept Burlesque alive,
 When it was down has helped it to revive,
 Has given it a life which will be long:
 By sparkling melody and charming song—
 With such a record has he not a claim?
 To honour him should be our common aim.
 Some mark of thanks, however small the token,
 Some words, however feeble, should be spoken,
 Acknowledging a debt we can't repay,
 And that is why we all are here to-day.
 For Meyer Lutz that score of years has closed,
 But in that time what scores he has composed!
 What sparkling music set to sparkling rhymes!
 We've heard and cheered his scores some scores of times.
 Scoring the music, as we all confess,
 Whene'er he plays it, then he scores success.
 With all our smartest writers hand-in-hand—
 Byron, and Reece, and Gilbert, and Burnand,
 Yardley and Stephens, Henry, too, of late,
 And Sims and Pettitt, who are "Up to Date."
 This I may add, that all who can, I know,
 Who've worked with him both now and long ago

(And those who have, a friend have always found him),
 Are proud to-day to come and stand around him.
 Of those who are unable to appear,
 There's one I know would, if she could, be here.
 As in the days long past, 'twould be her pride,
 To stand to-day by Meyer Lutz's side.
 Yes, Nellie Farren, take the fact from me,
 Stretches to Lutz her "Hands Across the Sea."
 Time beats us all at last, a fact unpleasant,
 But Meyer Lutz, we know, beats time at present.
 Long may he do so, long may he live to tell
 That friends in front, and on the stage as well,
 They all are proud and happy to be here,
 And wish him luck for many and many a year.
 Come, join with me, let none of us be mutes,
 All up! three cheers for dear old Meyer Lutz!"

The whole concluded with the trial scene from "Pickwick"—"Bardell v. Pickwick." The cast was such an extraordinary one that, as a matter of record, it should be preserved:—

Mr. Justice Stareleigh	Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS.	Mr. Fogg	Mr. C. WALKER.
Sergeant Buzfuz.. ..	Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ.	Usher	Mr. ALFRED MALTBY.
Mr. Pickwick	Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.	Mr. Skimpin	Mr. E. J. ODELL.
Mr. Tupman	Mr. GEORGE BARRETT.	Mr. Snubbins	Mr. TOM SQUIRE.
Mr. Snodgrass	Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE.	Master Bardell	Mr. CHARLES ROSS.
Mr. Winkle	Mr. ROBERT SOUTAR.	Associate	Mr. FRANK WYATT.
Sam Weller	Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.	Associate's Clerk	Mr. E. W. GARDINER.
Old Weller	Mr. W. LESTOCQ.	Mrs. Bardell	Miss SALLIE TURNER.
Mr. Perker	Mr. J. J. DALLAS.	Mrs. Sanders	Miss L. DELPHINE.
Lowten	Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE.	Mrs. Cluppins	Mrs. H. LEIGH.
Mr. Dodson	Mr. E. HASLEM.	Foreman	Herr MEYER LUTZ.

Jurors:—Messrs. G. Jacobi, Hervé, Ivan Caryll, W. Slaughter, Andrew Levey, F. Stanislaus, Meredith Ball, Sydney Naylor, E. Solomon, H. Corri, jun., J. Fitzgerald, John Crook, Oscar Barrett, J. Bayliss, A. Gwyllam Crowe, R. C. Gallico.

Herr Lutz made the neatest of speeches—modest and grateful; and though he mentioned Lord Londesborough and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, who had kindly acted as president and vice-president of the committee, he did not forget his old friends and associates John Hollingshead, Robert Soutar, Robert Barker, Charles Harris, Talbot Smith, and F. J. Potter, and his many professional brothers and sisters who had given such willing help. The afternoon was a most enjoyable one, and the pecuniary result was no doubt most satisfactory, though the amount was on one little slip of paper contained in the pocket-book handed to Herr Lutz as a *souvenir* of the occasion.

"A Platonic Attachment," Mr. Eden Philpotts' "modern comedy," showed considerable novelty and ingenuity, and contained some very smart dialogue, but it is not quite strong enough for three acts. Much of the fun is deduced from a gentleman who uses shorthand freely, but not being a proficient in the science misreads his notes and turns up at a wedding attired for a funeral, and at a dinner party costumed for a fancy ball. The new wonder, the phonograph, is also introduced. Messrs. Walter and Arthur Helmore, Bartley Meadows, and Misses Hepworth Haydon and Edith Meadows acted remarkably well.

On March 7 the first of several *matinées* of "Two Roses" was given at the Criterion Theatre, when Mr. Charles Wyndham appeared as Jack Wyatt, and save that he made him rather too staid, and showed less of the impulsiveness of youth than we generally associate with the character, the performance was a good one. The "Roses" were represented by Miss Fanny and Miss Mary Moore; the former was excellent as Ida, but the latter as Lottie played in rather too low a key, though she was very sweet and lovable. Mr. Edward Righton was suffering from a severe cold on the first occasion, but despite of that was full of genial humour as Our Mr. Jenkins. The rest of the cast was the same as when the piece was lately revived for a run at this theatre. The *matinées* were played to crowded houses.

During the past month the Grand Theatre, Islington, has thoroughly maintained its character for always providing good entertainment. "The Armada," which was reproduced here for a fortnight, was nearly as possible as effectively staged as at Drury Lane, allowing for the difference in the size of the houses. Miss Maud Milton, who appeared as Sybil Tilney (the original of "Fame," now represented by Miss Florence Marryatt), fairly brought down the house, and Miss Alexes Leighton was very bright and pleasing as Cicely. "The Armada" was followed by Henry Pettitt's "Hands Across the Sea," which, in its turn, gave place to "The Bells of Haslemere," and all three pieces were played to crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

A very brightly-written little "ball-room sketch," by Neville Doone, entitled "During the Dance," was tried at the St. Andrew's Hall, and will prove most useful to amateurs or for drawing-room representation. A young lady is taken by her partner to the conservatory, where, overcome by the heat, she faints; as she comes to, thanks to the attentions of her cavalier, she lets slip how she loves him; he seizes the occasion and is at once accepted. But as their engagement may not be at present quite agreeable to her mamma, who is seen approaching, the young people have to resume a very formal and *nonchalant* air to each other and resume the interrupted dance. The trifle was excellently played by Mrs. C. L. Carson and Mr. Bassett Roe; this gentleman also appearing to advantage as Guy Charlton in Ernest Warren's very clever little comediotta "The Nettle," in which Miss Violet Vanbrugh looked very pretty and played charmingly as Dulcie Meredith. The programme was arranged and the entertainment given by Mrs. Charles Warner, in aid of St. Patrick's Schools, Soho.

In the first of the two March numbers of the "Revue d'Art Dramatique" M. J. T. Grein has an article, in which he gives his opinion that melodrama is in a moribund state in England. In support of his assertion he

states that, though such pieces as "The Silver Falls" and "Good Old Times" are playing to crowded houses, the large audiences are really made up of the unthinking masses, but that the intelligent regret with him the manner in which clever authors, like Sims, Pettitt, Wilson Barrett, and Hall Caine, are compelled to sacrifice good work to the exigencies of the costumier, the scene painter, scenic display, and "situation." M. Grein pays high tribute to Mr. Pinero, whom he calls "the English Labiche," and looks on Mr. Jerome and Mr. Haddon Chambers as the coming authors. In the same number there is an interesting account of an interview with Mme. Segond-Weber, and the methods adopted by her to enable her to fill with such success the rôle of Lady Macbeth at the Odéon Theatre. In the number of March 15 there is a clever comparison as to the relative merits of French and English actors; the article illustrates the various points in which the one or the other is the more successful, and the reasons therefor; also that except in Shakespeare few of our countrymen can properly deliver blank verse. A review by M. Jacques Ballien of M. Alphonse Cillière's work on the Turkish Theatre is worthy of notice, and an account of the great Talma's appearances in London will be found interesting.

Mr. C. H. Fox, the well-known—it might almost be said famous—wig maker, of Russell Street, Covent Garden, has just published his "Dramatic and Musical Directory of the United Kingdom" for 1889. It will be found to be wonderfully complete, giving full information as to some 2,500 theatres and 3,000 public halls, in which the wearers of the sock and buskin can pitch their tents, and also gives the addresses of 3,000 lodgings and 2,000 hotels, where they can rest them after their labours. Besides this, there will be found all sorts of intelligence as to newspapers, bill posters, printers; lists of authors and composers, actors and actresses, scene painters, &c., in fact of almost every class directly and indirectly connected with the stage or the music halls. It also contains a most useful "fare-table, arranged on the square system, showing at a glance the amount of the fare between any two of the principal theatrical towns." How Mr. Fox has found time to superintend the issue of such a work is rather a mystery, for his hands are always full, and his head must be well worked to keep in mind the calls of the Macbeth wigs at the Lyceum, the fresh demands from Miss Anderson from America, the wants of his numerous "private theatrical" clients, and his countless professional ones.

Accounts from New York have come to hand, which, I am sorry to say, give very bad news of Miss Mary Anderson; this talented actress has overtaxed her powers to such an extent that complete rest has been peremptorily insisted on by her medical advisers, and all her engagements have been cancelled for the remainder of the season. I sincerely trust that this enforced abstinence from work will quickly bring about complete recovery of both mind and body. Miss Anderson's company, it is said, is to return to England.

A new "fortnightly review of art," to be known as "Comedy," has just appeared. It notices the principal London productions, and pays particular attention to Parisian and Dutch pieces. It has an article on "Saturday Night Audiences," by W. Moy Thomas, and "A Glimpse of the English Stage by a Foreigner," from the pen of Felix Remo, besides touching on other matters of interest. M. J. T. Grein is the editor. His programme is a promising one, and "Comedy" is published at one penny by Messrs. Gee and Co., 34, Moorgate Street.

An explanation should have appeared in the March number of *THE THEATRE* as to the "Betsy" group which was shown in February. It certainly did not do justice to the original photograph by Barraud, which was a most admirable and artistic one, and the reproduction was not intended to appear at all, but by an unlucky error was bound in the number. Fortunately the high quality of Mr. Barraud's work is too well known to be affected by such a mistake. While on the subject, I may call attention to the excellent photographs of Mr. Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore in "Still Waters Run Deep;" and to the first volume of "Men and Women of the Day," which should be on every drawing-room table. The March number of this publication contains fine pictures and useful biographies of the Duke of Devonshire, Madame Norman-Néruda and Sir Charles Hallé. All these, emanating from Mr. Barraud's studio, are perfect examples of photographic art.

"Musical Notes," by Hermann Klein (Novello, Ewer, and Co., London and New York). The third issue of this most useful work will be found to contain a record of important musical events of the past year. The author displays sound critical ability, and treats his subject in a most readable manner, peculiarly free from that pedantry too often met with in works of this class. The book is very neatly got up, and will prove invaluable as one of reference.

"Dramatic Notes," by Cecil Howard (Strand Publishing Company). This, the tenth issue, comprises all the London theatrical productions, with full plot and cast of the more important plays and revivals, and has also a list of plays first produced in the provinces, Paris, and New York during the year 1888. The index, carefully compiled, makes reference to any event or person particularly easy.

Mr. Charles Salaman, the well-known and able musician, completed his 75th year on March 3, 1889, and has just composed a very charming song, "Heart to Heart," for tenor or baritone. It is dedicated to his "dear friend Jessie Bond," and the words, by Malcolm C. Salaman, are worthy of the music. It is published by Novello, Ewer, and Co.



MR. E. D. WARD.

"And one man in his time plays many parts."

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act II., Sc. 7.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

Miss Olga Nethersole made her professional *début* at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, March 5, 1887, as Lettice Venne, in "Harvest," with Mr. Charles Hawtrey's company; and, after touring for some time with it, joined Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dacre in the following August, playing Alice Pengelly in "Our Joan," Blanche Maitland in "'Tixt Kith and Kin," and Claire in "The Double Marriage." Miss Nethersole next entered Mr. Willie Edouin's provincial company to play Agatha in "Modern Wives," and was then engaged by the Messrs. Gatti for the character of Ruth in Messrs. Pettitt and Grundy's drama, "Union Jack," at the Adelphi, a part the talented young actress was compelled to relinquish to fulfil her engagement with Mr. Rutland Barrington at the St. James's, and there create the part of Miriam St. Aubyn in "The Dean's Daughter." On the withdrawal of this piece, Miss Nethersole returned to the Adelphi for a fresh creation, that of Lola in "The Silver Falls," by Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, and remains at this theatre till September, by permission of Mr. John Hare, whose company she will then join at the new Garrick under an engagement for two seasons. These, with the exception of appearing at two *matinées*, as Nelly Busby in "The Paper Chase" at the Strand, and as Elaine in "Only a Dream" at the Criterion, comprise the whole of Miss Nethersole's theatrical record, and yet, in the short space of two years, she has risen to a near approach to taking the very front rank in her profession.

Mr. E. D. Ward was born February 11, 1856, and was intended for commercial pursuits, but, having taken a liking to the stage, he determined to adopt it, and made his first appearance on the boards at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, June 26, 1876, as the Hon. Charles Ewart in "False Shame," under the management of Messrs. Pitt and Hamilton, and whilst belonging to their company gained considerable experience by filling such parts as Charles Courtly in "London Assurance," Joseph Surface in "The School for Scandal," Young Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer," and was the original provincial Vladimir in "The Danischeffs." Mr. Ward's next engagement was with Craven Robertson's "Caste" company, and he then played the round of Robertsonian characters, D'Alroy in "Caste," Lord Beaufoy in "School," Angus MacAllister in "Ours," and on Mr. Craven Robertson's death took up all his parts. Mr. Ward next toured for forty-two weeks with "Diplomacy," playing Count Orloff, and subsequently rejoined the "Caste" company under Mr. Tom Robertson's management. An engagement with Mr. J. L. Toole followed, and the subject of our photograph made his first appearance in London, December 26, 1879, as Augustus Vere in "Married in Haste," and during the many years he was a member of Mr. Toole's company acted in almost every piece produced at the little house in King William Street. Mr. Ward left this company in June, 1887, to fulfil an engagement at Wallack's Theatre, New York, and returned to London in June of last year, and reappeared at Toole's Theatre as Captain Kirby in "The Paper Chase," under Mr. Lionel

Brough's management. From thence Mr. Ward went to the Gaiety, and played Count Danella in "Marina," and subsequently migrated to the Opera Comique, where he made a most decided hit as Cadrillo in "Carina." He is now engaged at the Avenue to fill the *rôle* of the Margrave in "Nadgy," a performance full of humour and point.

The Philo-Thespian Club is well known as one of our best amateur dramatic institutions. It has given to the stage such artists as Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Hayden Coffin, and many another well known to fame. It now continues its good work by giving some of the best amateur dramatic performances which can be seen. At St. George's Hall, on Tuesday, March 19, was given the 106th performance of the Philo-Thespian Club. The programme was an ambitious one, but it was thoroughly well carried out, and the acting far superior to what one generally sees at institutions of this nature. The performance commenced with a representation of the touching drama from the French by old Benjamin Webster, called "One Touch of Nature." Mr. H. A. Stacke, one of the prominent members of the club, took the arduous character of Mr. William Penholder, created, as most old playgoers know, by Benjamin Webster. It was a most touching and faithful representation of the pathetic old man, and had Miss Ethel Williams entered into the spirit of the play as well as Mr. Stacke, the result would have been even better than it was. The piece of the evening was Mr. Gilbert's comedy, "Engaged," a very difficult task for amateurs to undertake; but, on the whole, it was very brilliantly performed. We have never in our experience seen the part of Cheviot Hill so well read and understood as it was by Mr. Frederick Upton, President of the Philo-Thespian Club. This gentleman has a keen sense of humour, a dry and decisive manner; and not even by George Honey, who originally created the part, has the character been so well read, it evidently, as far as one can judge, being in accordance with the intention of the author. When Mr. Upton is more ready with his words, and can take the whole play along with him at lightning pace, he will be able to play Cheviot Hill so that it may be very favourably compared with any previous performance of the kind. It must be remembered that unless the words of this difficult part are glibly given, and unless the main character be made the pivot of the whole play on which the other characters stand or fall, there must be a certain slowness in the general performance. With a little more practice and studious endeavour to commit the words faithfully to memory, Mr. Upton will be able to lead his clever companions even to a still greater success. The character of Bellwainay was very cleverly taken by Mr. Gordon Taylor, who, though a romantic actor, has a keen sense of humour, and the little Scotch lassie Maggie was delightfully rendered by Miss Eleanor Rothsay, who is a charming comedian, and quite fit to take her place on the regular stage. One of the most brilliant performances in the

play, however, was the Belinda Treherne of Miss Margaret Brandon, one of the very best actresses now on the amateur stage. This clever lady has a splendid method of elocution, a handsome presence, and not even by Miss Marion Terry has the difficult part of Belinda been so well understood or so effectively rendered. We have also to mention in terms of sincere praise the Minnie of Miss Inez Roe, a lady with a quaint sense of fun; the Simpson of Mr. F. Sherbrooke, and the Angus McAllister of Mr. W. E. Montgomery. In fact, the whole play was very ably rendered, and if it could only have been taken at a quicker pace, no fault could have been possibly found with it.

After the dramatic performance of the Philo-Thespian Club, a supper was given at St. George's Hall, to which several distinguished guests were invited. Amongst these were found Mr. George Grossmith, Miss Lucile Saunders, Miss Adele Myers, Mr. Hayden Coffin, and several gentlemen well known in the literary and artistic world. The occasion was a memorable one, for a presentation of a gold watch and chain was made to the popular president, Mr. Frederick Upton, after a touching speech detailing his merits, by Mr. Canning, the late president of the Society. Mr. Upton's presidential address, written by him in very clever rhymed couplets, caused a great deal of honest amusement. After Mr. Stacke had proposed the health of the visitors, to which Mr. George Grossmith replied in courteous and proper terms, there was a very charming concert given, in which many of the guests and visitors assisted. On this occasion a new and very charming song, written by Miss Margaret Brandon, called "The Willow Leaf," was sung sweetly and sympathetically by Miss Adele Myers, and was loudly applauded. It is a gem of a ballad, with a lovely refrain, and is likely to be very popular in musical society. Miss Lucile Saunders sang De Lara's "Garden of Sleep," and also Miss Hope Temple's "Sweet September," while Mr. Hayden Coffin, who was in excellent voice, sang song after song to the delight of every one assembled. In fact, it was a very charming and delightful evening, and one long to be remembered by those who had the privilege of receiving an invitation.

On March 4 there passed away one on whom had fallen the mantle of his preceptor, Joe Grimaldi, and who for some thirty-six years was looked upon as the best of our clowns. Mr. Tom Matthews was born October 17, 1805, and was consequently in his eighty-fourth year when he died, and, though he had been bedridden for some months, he retained his faculties to the time of his decease at Brighton, where he was affectionately cared for by his daughter, Madame Clara Lawrence. Mr. Tom Matthews was early in life connected with the "Independent Whig," a newspaper that, after various changes of nomenclature, was and is now known as the "Sunday Times." After a short engagement at the Olympic he made his first appearance as a clown in 1829 in "The Hag of the Forest Raven," and left the stage in 1865, his last character being that of Daddy Thumb in

"Hop o' my Thumb, or Harlequin and the Ogre of the Seven-League Boots." Mr. Tom Matthews was buried in Brighton Cemetery on March 9.

The account of the sad end of Mr. Charles Du Val, which reached London on March 5, was a great shock to his many friends in England, who, knowing that he was on his return, were preparing to give him the heartiest reception. It appears that Mr. Du Val was suffering from the effects of a sunstroke, which had made him very despondent. On the morning of February 23, at about two o'clock, he suddenly rushed from his cabin up on to the deck and disappeared. There is no doubt that he sprang overboard, but the ship was going at a high rate of speed, and there was a heavy sea on, so that it was impossible to make a search for the body. It is strange that this should have occurred in the "Red Sea," which, it will be remembered, he used to make the subject of one of his jokes in his entertainment. Mr. Du Val possessed high gifts, both as a journalist and an entertainer, but will live longest in the memories of those who knew him from his kindness of heart, his upright character, and his many estimable qualities.

The Hermits Dramatic Club gave a performance at the Royal Park Hall, Regent's Park, on Thursday, February 21, 1889. The programme was made up of "The Porter's Knot," "My Wife's Dentist," and a "new and original romantic play" in one act, by A. Houghton Townley (the son of the well-known journalist), who appears likely to outstrip his father, if the younger dramatist continue to improve as he has since his production of "Tootsie." Though possessing but a simple plot—for "Love Conquers; or, No Spy" only tells of the unjust suspicion brought upon Flora Osborne of being courted by another admirer, she at the time having given her promise to Prince Rupert, the suspected admirer proving to be no other than her Roundhead brother Osborne—the little play is interesting, and the lines—for it is in blank verse—are very smooth and breathe a spirit of poetry. Miss Lily Mitchell, as Flora, delivered them fairly well, and there was some chivalry in Mr. Alfred Stalman as Prince Rupert; but he, Mr. S. Mackaness, and Mr. Tom Blacklock respectively distinguished themselves more in the late John Oxenford's piece as Augustus Burr, Captain Oakham, and Samson Burr.

The Italian Hospital being much in want of funds, a dramatic entertainment was arranged for and given at the Queen's Gate Hall, on Feb. 27. Miss Heloise Durant produced on the occasion two new pieces of her own writing. The first, a comedietta entitled "Our Family Motto; or, Noblesse Oblige," may be dismissed in a few words. The heartlessness of the heroine, Mrs. Newton, who encourages the attention of a couple of admirers, she the while being in doubt whether her husband is alive or

dead, robs the play of all sympathy, though it must be admitted that some of the dialogue was clever, and that the part was well filled by Miss Grace Arnold. There was, however, real merit in "Un Héros de la Vendée," in which the authoress played Henriette de Bressant remarkably well. She has to pass herself off as her brother, a Royalist, who is actively pursued by the Republicans, and by her clever ruse and assumption of the male character gives him the opportunity to escape; in the meanwhile her lover, Isidore Delaunay, exercising his influence to obtain his pardon. Miss Durant must possess a thorough knowledge of French idiom; the language was good and the repartee crisp and sparkling. Valuable assistance was rendered by Mr. C. Leveson Lane and M. Eugène Mayeur. During the interlude Mrs. Godfrey Pearse and Madame Edith Wynne sang very charmingly. Mr. Reginald Thornhill played the banjo capitably, and Mr. Walter Helmore gave some very humorous recitations.

"The Policeman," "a three-act farcical rally," by Walter Helmore and Eden Philpotts, played at a *matinée* at Terry's Theatre, November 1 of last year, was reproduced at the same theatre on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 5. The piece was commented on in the December number of THE THEATRE, and it must with regret be admitted that, on seeing it a second time, only the same conclusion is to be arrived at—though laughable, it is too thin for three acts. Messrs. Forbes Dawson, Arthur Williams, Sam Whitaker, Compton Coutts, and H. Halley were as excellent as on the previous representation, and Miss Gabrielle Goldney and Miss Lilian Millward were even better than before, but the other changes in the cast were not advantageous. The piece might go well in the provinces. To make up the programme there was a very clever "Lecture on Music," entitled "How to Please the Musical Ear, and How not to do so," which was most humorously delivered by Messrs. Walter and Arthur Helmore and Mr. Randolph Coward. With an assumption of the most profound gravity, they indulged the audience with some most ridiculous nonsense that caused roars of laughter, and in the course of which they sang the alphabet, impersonated society singers, imitated the bagpipes and the itinerant street vocalist, produced strange but amusing music from the nursery instrument, a comb with paper stretched over it, and finished with a burlesque tragic operatic scene. This whimsical musical mélange will no doubt be heard of again, and, as it lasts about half an hour, is just suited for entertainments given in the houses of the "upper ten."

"See-Saw," a domestic comedy, by George Capel and J. Ragland Phillips, was produced at a *matinée* at Terry's Theatre on February 22, 1889, and though from the cleverness of the acting it caused a good deal of laughter, the play itself is really little better than a farce in three acts which could have better been done in one. The heroine, Ethel Bartlett,

is the daughter of a "purveyor of baked potatoes," but is fortunate in possessing an exquisite singing voice, which has been thoroughly trained by an old German musician, Herr Stegmeyer. Through his influence she obtains an engagement and rapidly becomes a *prima donna*. She attracts the honourable attentions of Gerald Clayton, a rich young fellow, who proposes marriage, and things seem to be going all fairly, when she is led to believe that her brother Dick, who has got into bad company, has stolen from her lover's house a locket that Dick has sold her. She will not allow Gerald to marry into a family that has such a stain upon it, and therefore releases him from his engagement. Her father, a hasty and obstinate old fellow who has quarrelled with his son, thinks that Gerald has trifled with his girl's affections, and uses some strong language on the subject. In the third act Ethel has lost her voice, and the family are back in their old quarters in Drury Lane. Through the kindly instrumentality of a good-natured journalist, Jack Graham, Dick has obtained a situation and has turned a steady young fellow, and the real purloiner of the locket is discovered; the lovers are brought together again, and Dick looks forward to marrying Fanny, an outspoken, honest-hearted girl, who has believed in him and loved him through good and evil report. Mr. W. F. Hawtrey played very naturally the character part of Sam Bartlett, and his rackety son Dick found a good exponent in Mr. A. G. Andrews. Mr. Julian was a genial, simple creature as the enthusiastic old violinist, Herr Stegmeyer, who confides all his joys and sorrows to his beloved instrument, and Mr. W. Hargreaves made much of the small part of Crupper, a butler who has lived in aristocratic families, and whose supercilious airs the plebeian *père* Bartlett so much resents. Mr. E. Smedley Yates conveyed well the kindly cynicism of the journalist Graham; but Mr. Fred Terry was rather stiff and precise as the lover Gerald Clayton. Miss Eleanore Leyshon (whose *début* in "Midnight; or, the Wood-carver of Bruges," at the Princess's, on May 24 of last year, was so favourably noticed at the time, and who has since played at the St. James's) was most unaffected and sympathetic as Ethel Bartlett, and won golden opinions both for her appearance and acting, while Miss Hermon, whose rendering of Lilian Trevor in "A Patron Saint" exhibited such delicacy and tact, surprised everyone by her breadth of humour as Fanny Smith.

We have become so accustomed to look for something light and humorous at the German Reed's Entertainment at St. George's Hall, that it seems quite like changing the order of things when a vaudeville that has in it much of pathos and even melodrama is produced. "Brittany Folk," written by Mr. Walter Frith, has quite a stirring plot, if not a very original one. The scene takes place in the interior of a snug farmhouse, belonging to Ninorch, the happy possessor of the land surrounding it, which is known as L'Epine Blanche, at Perros, Finisterre, Brittany. With Ninorch lives Margaridd, her foster sister, and preparations are being made for the

latter's betrothal with Riwal. A lover of the angle, and one who likes to saunter through life, the Hon. Tom Kingsbench, a well-to-do but non-practising barrister, is also an inmate, he making a practice of visiting the place every year. Ninorch is much disturbed by an anonymous letter, which she has received, telling her that the possessions she has inherited on her brother's death are to be taken from her. Presently arrives Tonyk, a sailor, the writer of the letter, who sets up his claim, which he says he can substantiate, by certain documents that go to prove that the farm was sold to him by the late proprietor. He consents, however, not to press his rights if Margaridd will marry him. To Kingsbench, as an old friend, Ninorch flies for counsel, and he advises that she should temporise with Tonyk, who is presently made much of by all, even Riwal pretending to become quite friendly, and taking him out to join in the dancing and cider drinking going on in the square. When they return Tonyk has taken more than is good for him, and is drowsy. He has a nap before the fire, and during his sleep the papers are abstracted from his cap, wherein he has placed them for safety, and Kingsbench, on examination, discovers them to be clumsy forgeries. Though Tonyk might be punished, the women whom he has tried to wrong plead for him, and he is allowed to go scot free, it being even promised that something shall be found wherewith to start him in life. Miss Fanny Holland, as the charming Ninorch; Miss Kate Tully, as the bewitching, true-hearted Margaridd; and Mr. Ernest Laris, as a stalwart, long-haired Breton, played their parts excellently, while Mr. Walter Browne showed well as the truculent Tonyk, and Mr. Alfred German Reed was the perfection of a shrewd, lazy, good-humoured man as the barrister. Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott has composed for them some exquisite music, which is characteristic of the supposed surroundings. Of the numbers there are two quintets, a delightful duet, "Then hey for the soup," for Ninorch and Kingsbench, and a lovely ballad, "Mothers and Wives of Croisie town," for Margaridd, which were specially encored. The orchestration too is worthy of great praise. Mr. Corney Grain's sketch, "A Day's Sport," is as provocative of laughter as his sketches usually are, so racy and amusing is the description of his troubles and misadventures, but there is one song which is so pathetic, both in sentiment and in the perfect rendering, as to draw tears from many, a power which would hardly have been credited to this favourite humourist.

"The Silver Falls" continues to bring in so much gold that there is no occasion to think of change at the Adelphi. The Alhambra promises us shortly a wonderful ballet, which, if possible, is to surpass anything we have yet seen. "Nadgy" continues to draw at the Avenue (which theatre, by-the-by, Mr. H. Watkin has not the slightest intention of relinquishing, as has been reported), but the next comic opera, at or about Easter, will be written by Richard-Henry—title, "Launcelot the Lovely," taken from the

‘Idylls of the King.’ “Merry Margate,” Mr. Sydney Grundy’s new play, to be produced March 27, too late for notice this month, it is said has a capital part for Mr. W. S. Penley. “Still Waters Run Deep” and Wednesday *matinées* of “Two Roses” fill Mr. Wyndham’s coffers at the Criterion. Old Drury is still daily and nightly crammed with enthusiastic admirers of the “Babes in the Wood.” The cast of “The Merry Wives of Windsor,” at the Haymarket, has been even strengthened by the return of Miss Lingard, and draws crowded houses, as does “Macbeth” at the Lyceum. “Dorothy” is at last nearing to its close at the Lyric, and we are looking forward to Messrs. Stephenson and Cellier’s new opera. “The Panel Picture,” at the Opera Comique, must be treated on next month. The *matinées* here of “Little Lord Fauntleroy” have proved great successes. “Paul Jones” continues to fascinate at the Prince of Wales’s. The Vaudeville fills nightly with “That Doctor Cupid,” in which Miss Annie Irish is now playing most charmingly Miss Winifred Emery’s late part; and at Terry’s “Sweet Lavender” reached its 371st representation on March 22, in honour of which Mr. Terry presented each of the audience with a delicate sachet of lavender silk containing “sweet lavender.”

Of music, Mr. Joseph Williams, of Berners Street, has forwarded songs, “Silver Lilies,” words by F. E. Weatherby, music by T. L. Roeckel; “Little People,” written by Walter Parke, composed by L. Barone; sets of vales, “Midnight Dreams,” and the “British Army Polka,” by Henry Klusmann; a Schottische “Don’t Tease,” by Ezra Read; “The Royal Standard Bearer,” grand march by Michael Watson; four sonatinas for piano by Henri Roubier, and Benjamin Godard’s *Etudes pour piano*, “*Des Ailes*,” all of which are worthy of attention. Whilst on the subject of music it may be mentioned how Miss Margaret Brandon has in a few short months rapidly come to the front; her melodious songs are now in great request. Since the successful valse song, “Could but the World Stand Still,” encored nightly at the Gaiety, Miss Brandon has written “The Willow Leaf” for Miss Adèle Myers, and “Kiss me Good Night” for Mr. Courtice Pounds, the Savoy tenor.

Notices of “Young Mrs. Winthrop” at Terry’s on March 26, in which Miss Kinharvie makes her appearance, and of George Manville Fenn’s “Her Ladyship,” at the Strand, March 27, both *matinées*, must be held over till the next number. We are to have John Strange Winter’s three act play at the Vaudeville on the afternoon of April 2; and I am delighted to hear that Mr. J. L. Toole will reopen his theatre at Easter. Mr. Toole is at present in the Riviera in good health, and gradually recovering from the severe domestic affliction from which he has suffered, and under which he has had the earnest sympathy of every one.

The Beaufort Club gave one of its delightful smoking concerts on Saturday evening, March 23, which was honoured by the presence of Prince Albert Victor. The Duke of Beaufort took the chair at ten o'clock, and from that time till an early hour next morning the entertainment was kept up in a most spirited manner. Mr. Cunningham Bridgman had secured the kindly assistance of Mr. Nachez, Herr Schonberger, Mr. A. Brousil, and of Messrs. Maybrick, Bantock Pierpoint, Ben Davies, Rutland Barrington, Courtice Pounds, George Grossmith, Alec Marsh, Arthur Roberts, Lionel Brough, Charles Coborn, &c., who one and all contributed to the enjoyment of the numerous guests. The supper was, as usual, perfect, and a universal theme of praise.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London from February 18 to March 21, 1889 :—

(Revivals are marked thus *)

- Feb. 21. "Love Conquers; or, No Spy," play, in one act, by A. Houghton Townley. Park Hall, Camden Town.
- „ 22. "See-Saw," domestic comedy, in three acts, by George Capel and J. Ragland Phillips. Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 22. "During the Dance," "ball-room sketch," by Neville Doone. St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street.
- „ 27. "Our Family Motto; or, Noblesse Oblige," comedietta, by Heloise Durant. Queen's Gate Hall.
- „ 27. "Un Héros de la Vendée," un acte, par Heloise Durant. Queen's Gate Hall.
- „ 28. "Nowadays," "a tale of the turf," in four acts, by Wilson Barrett. Matinée. Princess's.
- Mar. 1. "Les Femmes Nerveuses," comedy, in three acts, by MM. Ernest Blum and Raoul Toché. French plays. Royalty.
- „ 5.* "The Policeman," farcical rally, in three acts, by Walter Helmore and Eden Philpotts. Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 9.* "Never Despair," romantic drama, in a prologue and four acts, by George Comer. (First produced, Gaiety, Halifax, May 5, 1887.) Sadler's Wells.
- „ 12. "The Water Babes," burlesque, by Edward W. Bowles (Folly Dramatic Club). St. George's Hall.
- „ 16.* "King Richard the Third," Shakespeare's tragedy. Globe Theatre.
- „ 16.* "The Weaker Sex," comedy, in three acts, by A. W. Pinero. (First produced, T.R. Manchester, September 28, 1888.) Court Theatre.
- „ 16. "Plucky Nancy," one act play, by C. Thompson and K. Sinclair, Kilburn Town Hall.
- „ 19. "The Bookmaker," comedy, in three acts, by J. W. Pigott. Matinée. Terry's.

- Mar. 20. "Brittany Folk," operetta ; libretto by Walter Frith, music by Alfred J. Caldicott. St. George's Hall.
- „ 21. "The Duke's Boast," play, in three acts, new adaptation, by Osborne Buckle, of "Mlle. de Belle Isle." Matinée. Avenue.

In the Provinces from February 14 to March 18, 1889 :—

- Feb. 16.* "Barren Land," play, in four acts, by Henry Byatt and William Magnay. (Originally produced at a matinée at the Olympic, April 11, 1888, in three acts.) T.R. Wolverhampton.
- „ 20. "A Platonic Attachment," a new three-act modern comedy, by Eden Philpotts. Lyric Hall, Ealing.
- „ 21. "A People's Hero," play, in three acts, by W. Howell Poole. Grand, Glasgow.
- „ 25. "Nora," comedy-opera, in three acts (author unannounced). Albert Hall, Edinburgh.
- „ 25. "The Conscript," drama, in four acts, by Wybert Clive. T.R. Workington.
- Mar. 5.* "Julius Cæsar," tragedy (arranged in six acts). Oxford U.D.S.
- „ 11. "Delia," new romantic military comic opera ; libretto by "F. Soulbien," music by P. Bucalossi. Prince's Theatre, Bristol.
- „ 16. "A Soldier of Fortune," comedy-drama, in two acts, by F. W. Broughton. T.R. Jarrow.
- „ 16. "The Land of the Living," five act play, by Frank Harvey. Prince of Wales's, Great Grimsby.
- „ 18. "Master and Man," play, in four acts, by G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Birmingham.
- „ 18. "Chispa," romantic play, prologue and four acts, by Clay M. Greene. Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.

In Paris, from February 15 to March 18, 1889 :—

- Feb. 23.* "Les Filles de Marbre," drama, prologue and five acts, by Theodore Barrière and Lambert Thiboust. Menus Plaisirs.
- „ 28.* "Le Royaume des Femmes," play, in three acts, by MM Blum and Toché (being a new version of the play by MM. Cogniard and Desnoyers). Nouveautés.
- Mar. 9. "La Bande Jaune," vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Gaston Maroc and François Oswald. Théâtre Cluny.
- „ 15. "Belle-Maman," three-act comedy, by MM. Sardou and Deslandes. Gymnase.
- „ 16.* "Les Erinnyes," tragedy in verse by M. Leconte de Lisle, music by M. Masseuet. Odéon.
- „ 18. "Mes Aïeux," comedy, in three acts, by MM. Clairville and Dupré. Palais Royal.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

“In maiden meditation fancy free.”

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Act II., Sc. 2.

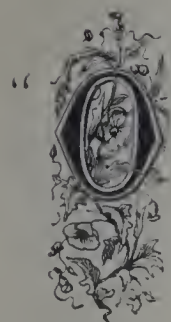
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR “THE THEATRE”
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

THE THEATRE.

.....

The Good Librettist.

A GROWL BY A BAD ONE.



"OH, for a good librettist!" sighs the musician, with the jottings before him of the opera which he is always prepared to write, and the phantom *morceaux* of that wonderful work running through his head. "Oh for a decent librettist!" pleads the manager to the skies, after glancing through the first page of the last scenario submitted to him, and tossing it into the waste-paper basket. "Where are the librettists?" ask pathetically the gentlemen who undertake, in monthly reviews and superior articles, the oversight of the fortunes of the stage. "The old tale; a bad book," winds up the ordinary critic when noticing the latest opera; "the good librettist is still conspicuous by his absence." There appears never to have been a really good librettist. In these sad circumstances it may be of interest, in a melancholy way, just to note down some of the ideal features of this *rara avis*. The picture may also incidentally serve as a guide to scribes who fancy that they have the stuff in them of which librettists are made, and be of use to them both as an example and a warning.

In the first place, then, it is a well-understood thing that if an opera makes a hit, the success is entirely due to the music. As the bellows blower is to the organist, so is the librettist to the composer of a successful opera. His name is rarely mentioned by the public, who cannot be expected to read microscopic print on play bills; and half a dozen lines on a

“notice” is quite as much as the musical critic of a paper can be expected to waste on any mere scribbler. Let but the opera be a failure, however, and behold the change! Then, as if by the wave of a magician’s wand, the librettist is at once raised to imperial power. Then, and then only, it appears that it is really he, and not the musician, who makes success or failure: in this case, failure. Whoever heard of an opera failing through poor music? The contingency is out of the range of practical criticism. It is always the libretto which is at fault. The first thing, therefore, that the good librettist must thoroughly digest and acquiesce in is, that if the piece is a success, he has had only a derisively small share in it, and that if it is a failure, the failure is all due to him. It will be perceived that none but a good, in the sense of a Christian librettist, can fulfil this preliminary condition.

To proceed. The librettist is presumed to write the book, and the musician to set music to it when written; though this arrangement is occasionally departed from, as will be noticed presently. When this simple arrangement is adhered to, the librettist may not find his task easy, but it is nevertheless plain. He has only to construct a thoroughly good acting play which shall flower into musical situations at all its joints. He must remember, in the first place, that at all sacrifices he must have a well-constructed piece in which the interest shall not flag for a moment; and he must remember in the first place also, that at all sacrifices he must provide a suitable vehicle for music. He must, therefore, be something more than an ordinary playwright, who has no music to trouble about, and something more than a mere musician who has no play to think of. How is he to do this? There is only one way. He must soar upwards into that Empyrean, which the grand critics assure us exists, in which all the arts are one. There is, of course, such a happy land, or these writers could not describe it so eloquently and voluminously as they are able to do. Once arrived there, he is all right, because where all is one, there are no opposing interests to reconcile. He can then harmonise, not only the dramatic and the musical interests, but also the scenic and the sartorial, and, if need be, even the advertisements and the booking. Before getting to this higher plane, however, he has a pretty rough time of it. He would like perhaps to develop

his characters easily and naturally; but he finds six lines of dialogue rather short measure in which to bring about, say, a revulsion of feeling, or for the working of remorse, or the uprooting of a strong passion. For the heroine to come on and say, "But one minute ago I was all girl, with pretty childish ways; but now, since I have seen that one moustache, I am a woman in thought and feeling," which is all the librettist has space for, sounds a trifle abrupt. Even the accomplished Shakespeare requires a little more space than this, as we see with Juliet. Then he would like a little elbow room in which to bring about his situations, of which he must have an allotted number at even distances, like lamp-posts; and he finds it rather cramping to wait at each lamp-post while his characters sing, and then to scamper off with them like wildfire to the next lamp-post. These and other kindred little difficulties puzzle him at first; but the good librettist, of course, conquers them all, and arrives high and dry on the Empyrean above mentioned.

There is, however, a pleasant little arrangement sometimes made between composer and librettist, which is that they should "work together." This idea is to the tyro an extremely seductive one. It seems so thoroughly artistic, and what ladies call nice, for the two brains to go hand-in-hand, if the Liffeyism be allowed, step by step, each transfusing itself into the other, like a sherry and bitter, and so producing a work which is indivisibly one. Now here it must be remembered that musicians are a much-tried race. They tell you that when they are composing, at their desks, they can hear all the sounds which they are writing down. This must be something awful, especially when they are scoring. To hear horns blowing, drums banging, fiddles squeaking, cornets tooting, and bassoons groaning all at once and anyhow, as they must do till the composer has reduced them to order on his paper, is as severe an ordeal as the mind can stand. Now when it comes to "working together," the musician is only what might be expected after such experiences. You say to him, for instance, "Here, my dear fellow, where we have just got the crowd off, is the place I have fixed on for the soprano's sentimental ballad." "Ah," he replies, raising his eyes to the ceiling. What sounds pass into his ears, whether cymbals, major fifths,

Herr Grieg fugues, the surf on the shore, or the rain running into the waterbutt, it is impossible for a layman to say ; but he comes down to earth again with an emphatic “No ; the only possible thing for that situation is a light duet for soprano and tenor.” You may argue, but you will only make him ill. You point out that the tenor has gone off to lead his troops to battle, or to make his fortune by piracy, only ten minutes before, and that it is rather early to bring him back ; but he tells you that point is of no importance whatever. Back he must come ; and how, is your business. Or he has told you that he must have a quintette in the middle of the second act, or, musically speaking, die, and with infinite pains and dexterity you have lugged the characters together for that purpose ; but when he is brought face to face with them, he throws his head into the air again, and hears something which is just the thing for an alto solo. You look aghast when he begs you to put all your other characters back again to where they came from ; and then he asks you in a severe tone if you call that “working together !” Such, and a good deal more, is “working together, hand-in-hand,” and this the good librettist takes his share in cheerfully and thankfully.

Further, the good librettist will be all the better a librettist if he possesses, among his other modest qualifications, the power of “working in.” The composer and you are, for instance, going to do a comic opera on the subject of Dick Turpin. Now it so happens that he, a few years before, wrote a cantata, say, on the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” which has unfortunately never yet been performed ; and he thinks that, with a little ingenuity on your part, and a few alterations on his, the music thereof will “work in” nicely for the comic opera. He goes through his cantata with you carefully, and points out how this can easily be done. He tells you with an air of conviction that his “Vanity Fair” chorus will be just the thing for the finale of the first act ; that his duet for Christian and Apollyon, with a few semi-quavers thrown in, will suit admirably for Dick and his friend Tom King ; that his descriptive music of Christian’s first sight of the Delectable Mountains will make a splendid scena for the heroine, and so forth. He hopes you will oblige him, and “work in” all you can. When the cantata is through, he remembers the four-part song which he did for a

musical examination in his youth. If you will just bring the four voices together on the stage, in some situation or other where the waves are dashing mountains high, he can make use of that too. Cannot you manage to take Dick and Tom and two female admirers out to sea, or at least down to Margate, and so bring it on naturally? Then there is his march, which was a wonderful success in the pantomime for which he wrote it. It was for a procession of gnomes, dwarfs, genii, and fairies, with comic episodes for toads and lizards; surely it will make a splendid opening for the third act, which takes place at the Old Bailey Sessions, to bring on the judge, jury, counsel, prisoners, and populace! And then, if you have the chance, while constructing the plot, do not forget his anthem, which has already delighted thousands of worshippers at St. Barabbas the Less, when he was organist there. It has a soprano lead, then a duet with the tenor, then a trio, and finally a sestett; and if you will find a place for it, and bring the characters on the stage in that order, to join in, he will be much obliged. All these extraneous trifles the good librettist "works in" without a murmur. He can cheerfully take the sweepings of his friend's desk, and turn them into a connected, well-balanced, pleasing and exciting opera.

The good librettist is of course a poet, with the power of Milton, the flight of Shelley, the finish of Tennyson, and the humour of Hood; and he always writes his very best. Has he not everything to encourage him to write real poetry? One of the distinguishing characteristics of opera singers is the great pains they take to bring home to their hearers, clearly and distinctly, every word of what they are singing. It is true that appearances are against them. It is true that the average auditor of the average song hears nothing but "ah's" and "oh's," varied by an occasional "e." But that is not the fault of the singer. It is due to the personal equation of the auditor. His mind is not nimble enough to realise the fleeting consonants as they pass, and he consequently thinks he hears nothing but vowels. All the sounds really visit his ear, but the consonants stop, as it were, on the door-mat, and as he fails to seize them by the hand, they are off again. When this is properly understood, it removes all blame from the singer, and all cause of complaint from the librettist. Even were things

different; even supposing the musician looked on words only as vehicles for sound, and that vocalists thought them a bore to learn and a nuisance to pronounce, still that would make no difference to the good and perfect librettist. He would write real poetry all the same, knowing that even if it is slurred over by the singers, and not heard by the audience, it is yet always to be found in the "book of the words," which the latter take home afterwards, and read to their delighted families. The good librettist is also, needless to say, a Sheridan as well.

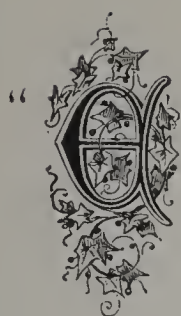
A final word may be said on another trifling matter. The good librettist occasionally, though rarely, of course, exercises his powers of assimilation and adaptation in still another way. He now and then has "pumps and tubs" dropped on his head by the management. This power has, for instance, engaged Miss Ducky de Diamonds for the principal part in the proposed opera. Now Miss Ducky sings fairly well, has a magnificent figure, and cannot say a word. So she must have a prominent part; her magnificent figure must be "on" as much as possible; she may trill all you like, but she must not say more than "Yes" or "No." The really good librettist arranges all that. It is a trifle to him to have a dumb heroine, if required. Or the powers that be have just signed with a variety man, who can give farmyard and Irving imitations, play angelically on the bones, leap six feet in the air, whistle through his nose, and scratch his head with his heel. So it is indispensable to have a rattling good part for him, one in which each of his great powers shall have a full show. This the good librettist also manages without a flaw in his perfect workmanship.

All these little difficulties are conquered by the good librettist. Let us hope that we shall see him soon. We shall then stand a chance of getting to know how he does it.

R. T. G.



“Encore!”



“ENCORE! *encore!*

Though the danger's past,
And the woman is safe
On her feet at last—
Though the ropes are swinging
High over the net,
Are swinging and clinging
And trembling yet,
So near to the gas
And its dazzling light,
Right over the mass
At a terrible height!
The people are calling
Their sickly refrain;
The leap was appalling—
They'll have it again!
When once they see danger
They're bound to want more!

“*Encore! encore!*

Encore! encore!”

“*Encore! encore!”*

Though the flesh may creep,
And the eyes be drooping
For want of sleep,
And the heart be aching
For home and rest,
There's no forsaking
The business, lest
The manager, eager
To lessen the pay—
Ever so meagre!
Should fine her “a day.”

And what would that mean
 When the rent is due,
 And dear Life's machine
 Wants attending to?
 And what would it cost
 When the times are bad,
 And money is lost
 On a drunken dad?
 The labour is killing,
 But Life must be earn'd;
 The peril is thrilling,
 But Death must be spurned!
 She can do it again—
 As she did it before!

“Encore! encore!”

Encore! encore!”

“Encore! encore!”

She has heard the cry,
 And she's climbing once more
 To the platform high,
 So near to the gas
 And its dazzling light,
 Right over the mass,
 At a terrible height!
 From bar to rope,
 And from rope to bar,
 With many a hope
 That the end's not far,
 She's swinging and clinging,
 Not daring to pause,
 While the people are singing
 Their song of applause!

* * *

There's a gasping for breath
 In the poisonous air,
 A warning of death,
 And a look of despair!
 There's a cry near the roof,
 Then a thud on the floor!

And the people go silently
Out at the door—
Go silently shrinking
Away from the hall,
Not speaking, but thinking
Of somebody's fall!—
Of a woman who died
In response to the roar,
“*Encore! encore!*”
Encore! encore!”

LEOPOLD TURNER.



Cajoling a Critic.

A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.

BY KATHERINE M. LATIMER.



A GROUP of actors belonging to the “Cupid’s Cruelty” company, then on tour, were seated on the esplanade at B—— one fine morning in August last, chatting among themselves. The promenade, half an hour ago crowded with a brilliant throng, was now well-nigh deserted; the butterflies of society, intent upon luncheon, had vanished with the band, and only a thin sprinkling of less fashionable folk, who owned to a midday dinner, were left to occupy the sheltered seats for a little while longer.

Sitting within earshot of the actors were two ladies, one of them elderly, and probably the mother of the younger, who was engrossed in the—to male eyes—hopelessly intricate task of “turning” the heel of a sock she was knitting, and upon which, to all appearances, her undivided attention was bestowed.

Of the actors there were four. Malcolm Rogers, the leading man—a trifle older and stouter than his companions—had established himself comfortably in the shade a little apart; daily paper in hand, he was deeply immersed in studying the momentous question, “Is Marriage a Failure?”—for the leading man was a Benedick. The three other members of the com-

pany were more sociably, if less profitably, employed in animated conversation. Edward Roseby, engaged for the juvenile lead, was a painstaking young actor making steady headway in the profession, having the good sense not only to criticise himself, but with discretion to heed the criticisms of those competent to judge. At his right sat Richard Arnold, familiarly known as "Old Dick," possibly on account of his faithful adherence to old men's parts, which he assumed so well that the elderly attributes had somewhat permeated his private character. His success, he it stated, was solely due to a diligent study of one model, from which he never ventured to deviate into originality; consequently his old men, aristocratic as they might be and excellent individually, bore so strong a family likeness to each other that it was difficult mentally to know t'other from which.

The last of the party, Ralph Fitzroy, was lounging indolently on a couple of chairs, which he had appropriated to his own use. His careless attitude betokened a disregard for the conventionalities of life which was not exhibited until he had assured himself that the fashionable element had finally departed, and that the few remaining specimens of humanity were of that stamp immeasurably inferior to himself, and therefore not to be taken into consideration. He was a new, though not an unknown, addition to the company, as a substitute for a short time to play the *rôle* of the gentlemanly villain. Privately he was of opinion that his performance gave a remarkable impetus to the play; that it was far superior to anything in a similar line ever attempted by Tree, and was infinitely more subtle and artistic than Irving's Mephistopheles.

Between Roseby and Fitzroy a wordy war was constantly raging, and it cannot be said that the latter ever came off the victor, though at the inevitable crisis Old Dick would throw himself into the breach and arrange a truce, like the born peace-maker that he was! On this glorious August morning they had been enjoying a rather hot discussion in tones sufficiently animated to enable near neighbours to appreciate their argumentative powers. As usual, Old Dick discreetly directed the conversation into smoother waters as soon as he had the opportunity,

launching into the by no means original subject of the condition of matters theatrical at B——.

"This place has always had the reputation of badly supporting the theatre," he observed, mildly, "but we had a better house last night than I ever remember seeing at the Royalty, and I've been here a good many times."

"Ah," replied Fitzroy, bumptiously, as was his wont, "it only wants the public taste to be hit; and there is nothing, in my opinion, better calculated to draw than a really cleverly worked-out villain, and I flatter myself I am the man to do that for you."

Old Dick knew that a speech of that type was to Roseby what a red flag is to a bull, and he sighed resignedly.

"Yes," answered Roseby, with covert sarcasm, "we think ourselves fortunate in possessing such a powerful magnet as you, old boy, to attract the British public. Only do take care of yourself, old fellow, and don't overtax your brain, or your absence for a night from indisposition would cause such a frost that we poor beggars should never get through."

Fitzroy wisely refrained from accepting this equivocal compliment.

"I expect Ellis will secure me to create the villain's *rôle* in his new drama," he observed, with lofty contempt for Roseby's remark. "He almost said as much when I saw him last, and if I send him up good notices from here it will probably clinch the matter, though he always professes to rely solely on his own judgment."

"He pays badly," said Roseby, contemptuously.

"And your notices here may not be so satisfactory as he and you would like," put in Old Dick, sagely.

"Oh, yes, they will," laughed Fitzroy, confidently. "I'm not going to let a good thing slip through my fingers when it may be secured by a little diplomatic manœuvring, my boy!"

"What game have you been up to then?" questioned Old Dick, curiously.

"Working the papers, of course!"

"Won't do—won't do," asserted Old Dick, emphatically. "You'll gain nothing in the end by manœuvring in that direction. Never tamper with the Press, is my motto."

"Besides, where is the necessity, considering Fitzroy's

talents?" asked Roseby, cynically. "The critics ought to do the trick without being inspired."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Fitzroy, impatiently. "What are the critics in small towns like this? Mere reporters; most of them as ignorant about dramatic criticisms as babies. They jump at a hint or two; and where's the harm?"

"Then your brilliant ability doesn't even dawn on these obliging reporters without a 'hint or two'?" observed Roseby, inquiringly.

"Don't be so confoundedly cynical," growled Fitzroy, moodily.

"Never mind Roseby," interposed Old Dick, cheerfully. "He doesn't mean anything; it's only his way. Go ahead, old fellow, and let us know who you've 'worked,' and how you did it."

Fitzroy's ruffled plumes smoothed down on receiving this welcome intimation. Like most "clever fellows" he objected to hide his light under a bushel.

"Oh, it's simplicity itself," he informed his listeners, with a great assumption of *nonchalance*. "I was lucky enough this morning to meet the editor of the 'Independent' with Stanley, the lessee, and he introduced me. Let me see—what was his name? Keith, I think."

"Yes," broke in Old Dick. "I know both the paper and its editor by repute. You won't get round Keith in a hurry, old boy, I can tell you! The 'Independent' acts up to its name, and gives the best and most outspoken criticisms of any provincial paper I know, barring perhaps those in the big northern towns. If you get a good notice in *its* columns it will not only be genuine but of real value to you. Keith writes the dramatic criticisms himself."

"Yes, I know. He is not a believer in the ubiquity of the reporter, who isn't usually cut out for the *rôle* of dramatic critic. Keith seems a jolly sort of fellow, getting well into the fifties, and evidently quite open to unlimited soft-soap. In fact, my dear boy, I turned your clever critic completely round my little finger. Personally I must say I rather like Keith, but he is a regular old fool all the same."

Old Dick looked unconvinced, and Roseby sarcastically in-

quired what value Fitzroy placed upon the opinion of a man whom he could so very flatteringly describe.

"The value of his opinion will be its influence on Ellis," replied Fitzroy, with lordly disdain.

"Poor Ellis!" murmured Roseby, sympathetically.

"If you want my opinion," remarked Old Dick, with emphasis on the personal pronoun, "I think *you* are the fool, and unless I am greatly out of my reckoning you will endorse that assertion before you have done with the 'Independent.'"

"Not I, old boy!"

"*Nous verrons*," observed old Dick, sententiously.

"When does the paper come out?" asked Roseby, who was paying his first visit to B——.

"To-morrow morning," replied Fitzroy. "It is the first of the local papers, and the others are sure to take their tone from it."

"Don't get nervous to-night, old boy, thinking of the morrow which is to dawn and find you famous," said Roseby.

Fitzroy muttered an uncomplimentary allusion to sour grapes, but as Roseby failed to catch the sense of the remark he let it pass in silence, reflectively puffing away at his cigarette. Benedick broke the stillness by a great rustling of his paper as he folded it to a more convenient size in his ardent pursuit after matrimonial experiences, and the rippling waves played a gentle obbligato to the unmusical sound.

"What seest thou in yon fair maiden to so entrance thy thoughts!" suddenly exclaimed Fitzroy, theatrically, addressing his flowery observation to Old Dick, who was absently gazing at the industrious knitter, and was somewhat startled by his companion's unexpected remark.

"Nothing particular," he said, in a lower key than Fitzroy thought proper to employ. "I've been wondering where I have seen her before, that's all; her face seems familiar to me."

As a matter of course they all glanced towards the object of their remarks. The girl too looked up, eyed them swiftly, and then turned her attention unconcernedly to her work again.

"Why can't you speak in lower tones?" whispered Old Dick, looking vexed. "I believe she heard your nonsense."

"Shall I politely inquire the maiden's name for you?" asked Fitzroy, half rising, and bestowing what he fondly imagined to

be an irresistible glance upon the unconscious girl, who was fortunately not looking.

“Don’t be a fool, Fitzroy,” spoke up Roseby, an indignant flush rising to his face. “Haven’t you sense enough to see that the girl, whoever she is, is not one to appreciate advances from a stranger?”

“Mind your own business,” retorted Fitzroy, hotly. “I’m not responsible to you for my actions.”

“I should have all my time occupied if you were,” returned Roseby, with an angry laugh. “I’m not going to see a lady insulted before my very eyes, and by one of our company, without protesting.”

“There, shut up, you two,” interrupted peace-loving Arnold. “Fitzroy isn’t going to be such an idiot, especially as it isn’t of the slightest importance who the lady is. Probably I’ve seen her at the theatre—hush! here she comes!”

The two ladies walked slowly past the group as Old Dick whispered his concluding sentence. Just for an instant the girl’s bright eyes rested on each individual, and, as Roseby caught the suspiciously quizzical expression of her face, the thought struck him that she had overheard their conversation; but he dismissed the idea as improbable. He was wrong, all the same.

“Well, you fellows, I’m off to dinner,” announced Benedick, aroused by the footsteps, and stretching himself energetically. He had finished “*Is Marriage a Failure?*” and was inclined to agree that, under certain circumstances, it was. He now bethought himself of refreshment for the inner man.

Four abreast they strolled into the town together, when, rounding a corner, they came face to face with the ladies who had passed them on the parade. The younger of the two was laughing gaily, and the quartette of actors, as they broke their line to allow the ladies to pass, caught the words—“the most delicious piece of comedy in real life I ever knew”—though the instant the speaker was aware of their presence she became discreetly silent. The guilty trio eyed one another inquiringly, but, as no one ventured to dissect the “delicious piece of comedy,” they said nothing and thought the more.

Next morning the “*Independent*” was published, and, investing in a copy, Roseby and Old Dick wandered up to the

parade. Finding a quiet corner they sat down and perused the—to them—all-important notice of “Cupid’s Cruelty.” Only one extract need be given here, and that is as follows:—

“Unfortunately for the success of the play the *rôle* of the villain, Uriah Creepling, was but feebly filled by Mr. Ralph Fitzroy. He was effete where he should have been forcible, ranting where he should have been dramatic, and vulgar where gentlemanliness should have concealed his true character. Some ability he undoubtedly possesses, but he can only hope to rise above mediocrity by hard study and forgetfulness of self, not by attempting important *rôles* like that of Creepling, which is capable of powerful acting, and quite beyond Mr. Fitzroy’s immature experience. It would be cruel kindness to this too confident young actor to write less plainly.”

“Phew!” whistled Roseby.

And then he and Old Dick indulged in a quiet laugh. It was all so irresistibly comic.

“Have you seen Fitzroy this morning?” asked Roseby.

“No; have you?”

Roseby shook his head and stared at the “Independent.” He was sound at heart with all his cynicism, and he was prepared to sympathise with Fitzroy, if that gentleman accepted his defeat bravely.

“I wonder what he’ll say,” speculated Old Dick.

“That the editor is a bigger fool than he even gave him credit for!”

“He has proved one too many for Fitzroy, at all events. And, after all, the criticism is not unjust, with all its sharpness. From what I’ve heard, Keith is rarely so severe as that. He cuts you up gently but firmly, as a rule, and I can only imagine that poor Fitzroy has been treated to the proverbial exception, which means an extra amount of firmness, *minus* the alleviating quality.”

“Perhaps Keith saw through the ‘diplomatic manœuvring,’ and resolved to teach Fitzroy a lesson?”

“It is quite possible, but—hullo! here’s Stanley,” broke off Old Dick, unceremoniously. He knew the lessee intimately. “And, by Jove, Fitzroy is with him! Well, old man, have you seen the ‘Independent’?”

“Of course I’ve seen it,” returned Fitzroy, shortly, and his

manner sent Roseby's newly-awakened sympathy into the regions of the departed.

"If you want an extra copy to send to Ellis you can have mine," he remarked, politely.

"It's jolly strong against you," went on Arnold, good-naturedly.

"What else can one expect but coarse ignorance from a set of provincial quill-drivers?" said Fitzroy, gloomily.

"Come now, don't allege ignorance without being able to prove it," said Stanley, cheerily. "Mr. Keith is a man who has seen the world, and most of the first actors and actresses of the day, as well as those of a past generation, whose names are household words. He hasn't lived all his life in a small provincial town."

"He's a confounded ass, whatever he's seen or wherever he's been," grumbled Fitzroy, unreconciled to his whipping.

"Not he!" laughed Stanley, who was inclined to treat the matter as a good joke. It always is a "good joke" with some people, till they experience the fun themselves. "By-the-by, there's his daughter."

"Where?" asked Roseby, carelessly.

"There," responded the lessee, laconically, indicating a lady whom the three actors had no difficulty in recognising as the object of their attention the previous day! "She is very clever with her pen—takes after her father, I suppose—and between ourselves I may as well tell you that she writes the dramatic criticisms for the 'Independent,' though her father, who, of course, gives her the benefit of his experience, is generally supposed to do so. This harmless fiction is Miss Keith's particular wish, and I'm not acting quite straight in letting it out, so don't say anything about it, or you'll get me into trouble."

Simultaneously Roseby and Old Dick looked at one another, as if a ray of light had dawned on their obscured faculties. Then of one accord they turned to Fitzroy, who, very red in the face, was glaring after Miss Keith as if he had been suddenly seized with an unaccountable frenzy.

"What the deuce is the matter with you all!" exclaimed Stanley, impatiently.

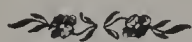
"Ha-ha-ha!" roared Old Dick, in a spontaneous outburst

of uncontrollable merriment. Then he composed his features with alarming suddenness, and looked preternaturally solemn.

“‘A delicious piece of comedy,’” quoth Roseby, absently gazing at the girlish figure of the “Independent’s” dramatic critic, as she wended her way along the parade.

“Oh, go to the devil for a set of confounded idiots,” snapped Fitzroy, as he strode off in a towering passion.

And then Stanley was initiated into the mysteries of cajoling a critic!



Falstaffs Unknown to Fame.

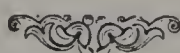


IN his piquant paper on “Famous Falstaffs,” in the April number of *THE THEATRE*, Mr. Robert W. Lowe has included more than one impersonator of the fat knight whose attainment to fame, or even to notoriety, in that inspiring—I had nearly written *perspiring*—part may be questioned. In this, I conceive, an opening has been invitingly left for an incursive note or two. Old playgoers appear to have forgotten an escapade of the great Mrs. Glover, who, on some benefit occasion, essayed the part, laudably failing through sheer feminine incapacity for grossness. Nevertheless she was not more un-Falstaffian than it behoved the cleverest actress to be. A merrier woman than Mrs. Glover, within the limits of becoming mirth, I never knew, unless it were Mrs. Orger; and in saying this I am not unmindful of Mrs. Frank Matthews or the incomparable Mrs. Keeley, neither of whom in her maddest waggery would have dreamt of figuring as plump Jack. There was indeed an unction in Mrs. Glover which stamped her as the female Downton of the stage in her time. From all that is known to “us youth” concerning Downton, he was an actor to tumble into a billowy tide of character like a whale. I can well imagine his Falstaff to have been but little inferior to his Sir Anthony Absolute; whereas all the wind that ever blew and all the horsehair that ever grew could not have plumped out the poorest Sir John from a Mrs. Malaprop. There is an ingenious theory—which I

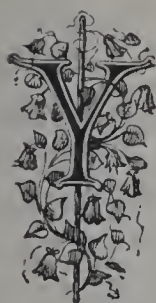
remember to have read in "The Confessions of a Bashful Irishman"—to the effect that Shakespeare, not being so scrupulous as to the source of his plots and *personæ* as, in these copyright days, would be insisted on, had somehow fallen on a garbled translation of Rabelais, the one great man of that time on the continent of Europe, and, seeing at once the dramatic capabilities of Panurge, had dressed and padded the lean rogue into a marvel of obesity, a tun of man, and renamed him Falstaff. The two characters have an infinity of outrageous qualities in common; the same peculiar ingenuity in lying; the same exhaustless fertility of jokes on their own physical disadvantages; the same endowment of rich, quaint, ever-swelling humour, glossing over, and even lending grace to their preposterous cowardice; the same amusing profligacy, the same readiness of contrivance, the same genius of buffoonery. Falstaff is Panurge padded; Panurge is Falstaff fallen away: a full malt-sack dwindled to a thread-paper. Panurge in the storm is the counterpart of Falstaff at Shrewsbury fight. Each, moreover, has his Doll Tearsheet. What does Mr. Beerbohm Tree—who *certainly* has been moulded by nature less for Falstaff than Panurge, and who has yet contrived to maintain the succession of famous Falstaffs—say to this daring parallel of opposites? Since the elder Mathews, justly accredited by Mr. Lowe with considerable success in Falstaff, there has been no actor so voluminous as Mr. Tree, a complete cyclopædia of character. Dowton, though he lived long into my time, dying at the age of eighty-seven in 1851, I never saw. He was renowned for a full, rich oiliness of manner, and was deemed by Leigh Hunt a better Sir Anthony on that account than old Farren, whose Periwinkle, Lord Ogleby, and Sir Peter Teazle were choice pieces of Dresden china. He was far too fragile for Sir Anthony, and looked, as Hunt said, as if a rage would kill him. Dowton, who flourished, or rather floundered, somewhat earlier than Farren, would have been, I should think, a more than respectable Falstaff. I must demur to the praise accorded Bartley in Sir John. To my taste he was a rather cartilaginous and savourless dish wanting in the salt which was afterwards infused by Phelps; and yet Phelps, in this part, was only half to my liking. On the whole, I think the best Falstaff I ever saw was presented by an obscure actor, whose name I think

was Campbell, and whom I last saw, in his old age, at Maybury College. He played the part at the Grecian Saloon, when Robson was the Justice Shallow, and I have looked in vain for any such thoroughly Falstaffian quality in actors of higher rank. A certain Captain Harvey Phipps Tuckett, who fought a duel with the Earl of Cardigan over the black-bottle affair at Brighton, was to have played Falstaff, and I suppose did as much, after a fashion, during a run of amateur performances, many years ago, at the Lyceum. He had some good moments as Mercutio, being a tall man and somewhat personable, in spite of a pronounced stoop, but on the whole his Mercutio fell short of success, as I should think his Falstaff must have fallen, if it be authentic history that he ever appeared in the part.

GODFREY TURNER.



A Broken Sonnet.



YOU loved me once, I know!

I had the first, the best; let others reap
The after-fruits, although it cost me pain;
Although I sometimes turn aside and weep
To see Love's golden grainage scattered so;—
Borne where each errant wind may chance to
blow,—

The gift you gave you cannot take again!

You love me still, I know!

It is not possible you should forget
All I have been in good glad days gone by;
For Time is strong, but Memory stronger yet
On his grey fortress-walls doth greenly grow;
You could not hate me if you would, and—O!
I loved and I shall love you till I die!

CLO GRAVES.

“A Few Words from the Unseen.”

Produced under the direction of ———.



THESE few words, which have appeared lately on the bills of many a London theatre, are generally passed over unobserved by the playgoing public, and often by the critics. It is a great mistake to think that the man who looks after the production of a new play is merely a stage manager. Stage managing is a business; producing a new play is a gift which can neither be taught nor acquired.

The stage manager stands (if I may be allowed the comparison) in the same light as a medical student does to a physician, with this difference, that the physician may be a specialist only, but the play-producer, or *metteur en scène*, must be proficient in every branch of the dramatic art. Not only must he be capable of arranging for the production of a new play with the scenic artist, costumier, master carpenter, property master, gasman, limelight man, musical director, the manager or manageress (as the case may be)—and now of late one more trouble is added to his work, viz., the electrician—but he has also to study the actors and actresses engaged for the play, to harmonise the colour of the scene and furniture with that of the dresses worn; he must know the rudiments of music, dancing, and elocution, for it may fall to his lot to have to produce a farce, a comic opera, burlesque, domestic drama, comedy or farcical comedy, a melodrama, tragedy, or what not.

In all the branches that I have already enumerated he must command the respect and acknowledgment of superiority over every one under his supervision; but his greatest quality must be that of a diplomatist to be able to cope with the many antagonistic interests unavoidable in the production of a new play, not being obstinate if a good suggestion is offered, and at the same time by appearing to give way to every one still to hold his own. Another point which must not be lost sight of

is, that he should never attempt to commence the rehearsals of a new play unless he has read and re-read the manuscript, and, as it were, made himself conversant with every act, situation, and scene; his work may also be to suggest to the author certain alterations which may be beneficial to the play. He must also be a man of many years' experience, and should have commenced from the very lowest rung of the ladder.

My object in sending this is to plead the favour of a few words of recognition, not only from the public, but also from the critics, for the unseen play producer. No one in front of the house on a first performance knows of his anxiety, nervousness, and heart-beating—he is, as it were, the masterhand which pulls the strings. In conclusion let me point out that it is time that the fact should be recorded of his existence. M.



The Broken Vow.

POEM FOR RECITATION.

Dedicated to, and recited by, Miss Florence Marryat.

BY ROBERT S. HICHENS.



HEY'D just left school, three maidens young,
They drove towards the railway station;
Before them—life; the death knell rung
Of rules, and schools, and “preparation.”
Bright Maud, a blonde, dark Jane, a queen,
With piercing eyes and manners haughty,
And Kate—well, something just between,
A wayward minx, now good, now naughty.

Their boxes on the carriage roof
Weighed heavily, a goodly cluster;
The horse was slow, though giving proof
Of strength few fly horses could muster.
“Now, girls,” said Maud, “before we part
Let's make a vow, and keep it duly,
That each will guard for each her heart,
The men are wretched creatures truly.

“ Their manners are uncouth and rough ;
Their tempers bad when they are seedy ;
Their voices ugly, harsh, and gruff ;
Their appetites are sadly greedy ;
They smoke until they grow as pale
As curl papers or wedding dresses ;
They drink great draughts of bitter ale ;
Untrue the love their tongue professes.

“ Miss Simpson says they often flirt
(Poor thing, she has good cause to know it).
They trample hearts like so much dirt ;
They swear strange oaths like ‘ Hang,’ and ‘ Blow it ;’
They play at pool, love ‘ penny gaff’—
Though what that means I have no notion—
In fact male beings are riff-raff,
Not worth a pretty maid’s emotion.

“ Let’s vow to meet in three years’ time,
Once more in sweet commune to mingle,
And promise—” (youthful faith’s sublime!)
“ That each will still be free and single.”
“ We vow it ! ” Here the carriage stopped.
The girls got out, kissed broken-hearted,
With handkerchiefs their faces mopped,
And to their diff’rent homes departed.

A year rolled by—and pretty Maud
Was reigning as the belle of Surrey,
By half a dozen youths adored,
All fain to wed her in a hurry.
Proud Jane had won the stolid love
Of Mr. Jones, an Oxford Proctor,
And Kate was sitting in a grove
With Robinson, the handsome doctor.

Another year—the Surrey belle
Could not withstand the love eternal
Of Mr. Brown, who wrote so well
Those verses in the “ Dorking Journal ; ”

Indited sonnets to her nose
 (For which they paid him half a guinea),
Called her his "Venus," "Pearl," and "Rose,"
 His queen of girls from Joan to Jenny.

While Jane had yielded to the tones,
 Like organ pipes emphatic, prosy,
Of learned little Mr. Jones,
 Who'd wealth enough to make her cosy;
And Kate, of whom so much was hoped,—
 Poor Mrs. Grundy, how it shocked her!—
Had positively—well—eloped
 With Robinson, the handsome doctor.

Each girl, remembering her vow,
 Concealed her marriage from the others—
"I'll wait, no need to tell it now—"
 Ah! shame the truth so often smothers.
"Next year, when we've arranged to meet,
 I'll take my husband to our trysting;
And when I introduce my sweet
 They'll see such charms there's no resisting."

Another year—the time had passed—
 Each girl, with guilty heart a-beating,
Set forth, bound to confess at last
 Her secret at the place of meeting.
Brown, Jones, and Robinson went too,
 Half-laughing, yet a trifle shyly.
"They'll understand when they see you,"
 Said to her spouse each maiden wily.

The place of meeting was a wood.
 First Maud arrived, leading her poet,
"I'll tell them; till they've understood
 Hide here, and mind! don't let them know it."
She hid the poor man in a bush—
 A bush close by, both thick and prickly.
With warning frown she whispered "Hush!"
 For footsteps were approaching quickly.

'Twas Kate—the naughty, wilful Kate ;
She'd left her spouse, the handsome doctor,
Behind a lofty tree to wait,
Near which proud Jane had hid her proctor.
With smiles they met, those maidens three—
“Darling!” “At last!” “You haven't altered!”
But no one said, “Still fancy free?”
Their six eyes met, and each one faltered.

“Well, girls,” at last said pretty Maud,
“The years bring changes in their flying.
Strong-minded females I applaud—
They're grand examples, no denying.
Your vows of course you've nobly kept;
Most men are brutes, too well we know it;
There's but one man that I except—
I mean, of course, dear girls, a poet.”

“A poet, Maud? I can't agree,”
Said Jane, her cheek with blushes burning.
“Something more solid pleases me—
A man of weight, a man of learning.
One who can make a pun in Greek,
Reads Hebrew for his recreation,
Works sixty hours in the week,
And loves a stiff examination.”

“Dear me!” cried Kate, “I never heard
In all my life of two such creatures :
Verses and classics—how absurd !
Give me a man with handsome features :
A large blue eye, a Roman nose ;
No poet, parson, prig, or proctor.
He must be something, I suppose ;
Then most of all I like a doctor.”

“A doctor!” shrieked out Maud and Jane ;
“A man of pills and draughts and blisters ;
Who'd probe a tender father's brain,
Dissect a loving wife or sisters.”

“Never !” cried Kate, and turned quite pale ;
“My Robinson would never do it.”
“*Your Robinson !* What ?—then——” (words fail).
“I’m married, though you never knew it.”

“Married ?” “Yes ; here’s my wedding-ring.

Why, Maud, you’ve got just such another.
And Jane, too.” “What a funny thing !”

Each girl said, looking at the other.
“I couldn’t help it—you will see”
(All spoke at once). “He looked so sad too.
No other man could conquer me
But Brown—Jones—Robinson. I had to.”

Hark ! hark ! Three sudden sounds near by,
Three rustlings in the trees and bushes,
Three manly steps—a stifled cry—
To each fond maid a husband rushes.
For learning, poetry, and pills
May fight, agree, unite, or sever,
But Cupid governs hearts and wills,
In past years, future ones, for ever.”



Our Play=Box.

“MERRY MARGATE.”

A Farce, in three acts, by SYDNEY GRUNDY.
Produced at the Comedy Theatre, March 27, 1889.

Ptolemy Tubbs	Mr. W. S. PENLEY.	Fritz	Mr. A. J. ANDREWS.
Lieut.-Col. Cadbury ..	Mr. RUTLAND BAR-	Narcissus Jones ..	Mr. E. W. GARDINER.
	RINGTON.	Mrs. Culpepper ..	Miss SOPHIE LARKIN.
Captain Montague ..	Mr. C. W. GARTHORNE.	Mrs. Tubbs	Miss VANE FEATHER-
Tompkinson	Mr. W. WYES.		STONE.
Jenkinson	Mr. J. W. KENNEDY.	Selina Culpepper..	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN!
A Stranger	Mr. W. J. HAWTREY.	Kate Cadbury ..	Miss LOTTIE VENNE.

Nowadays we have ceased to look for originality in the plot of a farce, and indeed it matters little what be the foundation if the author gives us good work in the building of his play. Truly we looked for this in a man of Mr. Grundy's ability ; in a dramatist whose style, if sometimes blunt, is generally witty, But, alas ! what a falling-off is here. Much that is almost silly, and sometimes dull, forms a great proportion of “Merry Margate,” which is anything but merry. You may sometimes laugh at a bad drama, but a dull farce is depressing and wearisome to a degree.

Narcissus Jones, a poet, arrives at Margate to see the girl he loves. Objected to by her father, but known to him by name only, he changes name with his friend Tubbs, a soap-boiler. This of course involves them in all manner of scrapes. These mistakes are the essence of modern farce, but all depends on how it is done. Tubbs, who has come to Margate for a few days' amusement, is followed hither by his mother-in-law, wife, and sister-in-law, who do not believe his statement that he went away on business. They have traced him easily from his zeal in advertising his soap, which makes him stick small round labels in praise of it on every place or thing he comes across. Now this was amusing enough in “The Duchess of Bayswater and Co.,” a one-act piece. But here not only it has lost the merit of novelty, but at the end of three long acts these little round labels become excessively irritating. Mrs. Tubbs has been persuaded by her mother to pass herself off as a widow ; why is not at all clear. But it brings about the funniest situation in the play. When Tubbs, who at first hides from his family, wishes to be recognised by them, they insist on calling him Mr. Jones, and calling Jones their dear Ptolemy. But why should I go into the details of a play whose wit consists in making one man, for no purpose whatever, wear the clothes and padded stockings of his friend, and making him say that “Turin is the place where they make the soup.” When a man of Mr. Grundy's high literary merit condescends to write such rubbish, one can only say, with Ruy Blas—“*Pour un homme d'esprit, vraiment,—vous m'étonnez !*”

"Merry Margate" may perhaps be worked up into a success, but this will be thanks to the acting. All do their very best to enliven the piece, and make the most of the parts entrusted to them; but it is up-hill and discouraging work. I do not mention any particular performer, for all deserve equal praise, and one is sorry to see so good a company wasted on so poor a play.

"THE LADY OF LYONS."

Grand Theatre, April 10, 1889. Miss Amy Roselle's Benefit Matinée.

Pauline Deschappelles has proved one of Miss Amy Roselle's greatest successes during her recent provincial tours. To London playgoers it is not so well known. Miss Roselle's Pauline is undoubtedly the very best reading and rendering of the part that we have seen for many years. There are many lights and shades in this character, and here we have an actress who brings them out with equal delicacy and power. At first we have the haughty girl, conscious of the supremacy of her great beauty (how truly handsome Miss Roselle looks), full of tender archness to the Prince who flatters her vanity, but not as yet loving the *man*, though she believes she does. Then the awakening—"I'll not wrong him by a harsh word," what a yearning in her tones!—to find it all a mistake. Then the bitter sarcasm of her reproaches. This is not the scold we too often see, but an injured woman crying out under her wrong. As she sank on her knees she thrilled every heart with her "Save thy wife from madness!" In the fourth act, when she forgives Claude, here, at last, do I find a Pauline who in one grand impulse gives her whole soul to the man she has not really loved until then. Altogether it is a fine impersonation, blending the finish of comedy with the greatest dramatic power—a rendering true and human without a trace of staginess. Mr. Arthur Dacre's Claude is unequal, but he should be commended for two things: he does not rant, and he does not speak at the audience like the Claudes of the old style. In the first act he was very good in the scene with Caspar. The second act did not show him at his best, except in the Palace speech, spoken very simply and tenderly. But in the cottage scene he showed great fire and depth of feeling and earnestness, and there is much to praise in his acting of the part.

"THE SILVER KING."

The revival of "The Silver King" on April 15 at the Princess's again proved welcome, as it ever does. Good plays gain in favour by repetition; the audience may become more critical, but so much the better when the acting is so excellent. Without altering a reading which was good and true from the first, the Wilfrid Denver of Mr. Wilson Barrett gains each time in finish, and, strange though it may seem, in freshness. There is, if possible, more spontaneity in the pathos: and never has the dream, an admirable piece of elocution, been more naturally delivered. Throughout

the play Mr. Wilson Barrett gives us additional cause to regret that he no longer has a theatre of his own in London. Mr. George Barrett's Jaikes remains as ever a finished and touching piece of pathetic comedy—more pathetic, I think, than Regnier's celebrated impersonation in "La Joie fait Peur." Miss Eastlake, earnest throughout, has gained power in some of her scenes, and certainly the one in which she learns her husband is alive has never been better rendered by her. Mr. W. A. Elliott deserves sincere commendation for the care he bestows on each character he undertakes. A part is never bad, however small, if it is well acted. Mr. Elliott understands this, and succeeds accordingly. Mr. S. M. Carson repeats his excellent sketch of Corkett, one of the very best things he has ever done. When Mr. Cooper-Cliffe first undertook *The Spider* some time back his reading was good, but there was a lack of power about the interpretation. I am now glad to see a marked improvement. *The Spider* of Mr. Cooper-Cliffe is now polished and resolute in manner, and his cool and incisive delivery gives tone to the whole rendering. I sincerely congratulate him. But all do well. Mr. Wilson Barrett, like a true artist, has always understood that by surrounding himself with a good company his own splendid acting only shines all the brighter.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

"YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP."

Play, in three acts, by BRONSON HOWARD.

Revived at a *Matinée* at Terry's Theatre, March 26, 1839.

Douglas Winthrop ..	Mr. J. G. GRAHAME.	Mrs. Douglas Winthrop	Miss KINHARVIE.
Herbert	Mr. H. REEVES SMITH.	Mrs. Winthrop	Miss MORELAND.
Dick Chetwyn.. ..	Mr. F. KERR.	Edith.. ..	Miss CUDMORE.
Buxton Scott	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.	Mrs. Dick Chetwyn ..	Miss MARIE LINDEN.
John	Mr. GILBERT.		

Even when produced at the Court Theatre on November 6, 1884, with Messrs. H. B. Conway, H. Reeves Smith, F. Kerr, Arthur Cecil, and Misses Marion Terry, Lydia Foote, Norreys, and Mrs. John Wood in the cast, "Young Mrs. Winthrop" did not prove a very inspiring play. One could but feel annoyed that the estrangement which had arisen between man and wife had not some deeper motive, rather than one that a word of explanation on the part of the husband could have cleared away, and which there was no earthly reason why he should not utter. Miss Kinharvie, the American lady who made her first appearance in London in the character of young Mrs. Winthrop, evidently considered it one well within her powers, and, though she did not afford proofs of being a great actress, gave a pleasing and intelligent reading of the part, and showed herself possessed of some emotional power. Miss Kinharvie is handsome, ladylike, and of good presence, and her next appearance will be looked forward to with interest. Of the rest of the cast Mr. Reeves Smith and Mr. F. Kerr, it will be seen, resumed their original characters. Mr. J. G. Grahame was a manly, agreeable Douglas Winthrop, and Mr. Alfred Bishop gave one of his finished sketches of character as Buxton Scott, the friendly lawyer who fights the demon of misconception, and brings the young couple together again.

Miss Moreland was most refined and tender as the elder Mrs. Winthrop, and Miss Cudmore was a gentle and lovable girl as the blind Edith. Miss Marie Linden was bright, but almost too worldly as the several times married Mrs. Dick Chetwyn, and was really too young for the part. The *matinée* was under the direction of Mr. F. H. Macklin.

"HER LADYSHIP."

New and Original Play, in three acts, by GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

First produced at a *Matinée* at the Strand Theatre, March 27, 1889.

Stuart Gerard	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE.	Isaac	Mr. PERCEVAL CLARKE.
Frederick Gerard ..	Mr. EDMUND GURNEY.	Fisherman Dick ..	Mr. SAM WHITAKER.
John Linnell	Mr. REGINALD STOCKTON.	Inspector	Mr. WILTON HERIOT.
Frank Burnett	Mr. GEORGE RAEMOND.	Claire Gerard	Miss AMY MCNEILL.
Major Maine	Mr. TOM F. NYE.	May Burnett	Miss GRACE HARDINGE.
Lord Carboro'	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Letty Gerard	Miss ELLALINE TERRISS.
Josiah Barclay	Mr. W. HARGREAVES.	Mrs. Barclay	Miss ROBERTHA ERSKINE.
Will Barclay	Mr. F. H. FRANCE.	Lady Teigne	Miss JULIA BRUTONE.

From the fact that "The Barrister" and "The Balloon," two pieces in which Mr. Fenn had the assistance of Mr. Darnley as a collaborator, have both proved successes, it seems a pity that the material which the author of "Her Ladyship" had at his command was not utilised in the same way. For it must be admitted that Mr. Fenn rendered his plot involved, and at times difficult to follow, whilst he was constantly shifting the interest that should have been centred on the principal characters, to side issues. Lady Teigne, from whom we suppose the play takes its name, is not a very important, though sketched as a most disagreeable, character; but it is her diamonds that bring about the trouble. She is a sort of boarder in the house of Stuart Gerard, a gentleman very much out at elbows, who has a money-lending friend, Josiah Barclay, that takes the opportunity of being present at a party to sell Lady Teigne some very valuable brilliants. A Major Maine, who is, it need scarcely be said, a disgrace to the army, sees the jewels, and being in the direst straits for money determines to enter the house at night and steal them. Frederick Gerard is a wild young fellow, has enlisted in Maine's regiment, and been forbidden the house by his father. When Maine makes the attempt to rob, and in so doing strangles Lady Teigne, her shrieks arouse Stuart Gerard, who rushes and struggles to seize the burglar, and finding it is a soldier, from the uniform, imagines it is his son. The daughter Claire entering immediately after and discovering her father with the jewels in his possession, he having taken them from the thief, looks upon him as the criminal; she herself, from a nocturnal visit paid by Maine to her sister, May Burnett, a thoughtless, flighty young wife, lies under the imputation of carrying on an intrigue with him, and thereby very nearly loses her own lover, John Linnell. Through the evidence of Fisherman Dick and Will Barclay, a boy lover of Letty Gerard's, the crime is brought home to Major Maine. May Burnett confesses her foolish flirtation with him, and so reunites Claire and her sweetheart.

Lady Teigne, very cleverly played by Miss Julia Brutone, soon dis-

appears from the scene, in fact just as we are becoming interested in a personage that is originally drawn. Mr. Luigi Lablache showed considerable power, and Frederick Gerard was played in a manly way by Mr. Edmund Gurney. Two of the most telling characters were those of Josiah and Mrs. Barclay, so well were they filled by Mr. Hargreaves and Miss Robertha Erskine. Miss Ellaline Terriss was very bright as Letty Gerard. Mr. John Beauchamp was a dignified and kindly old nobleman as Lord Carboro', who offers himself to Claire Gerard, sympathetically played by Miss Amy McNeill, and Mr. Sam Whitaker drew a good picture of an old salt as Fisherman Dick.

I think the motive is strong enough to induce Mr. Fenn to reconstruct his play, when it might result in a success.

"THE PANEL PICTURE."

A Play, in four acts, by OUTRAM TRISTRAM.

First produced at the Opera Comique, March 28, 1889.

Count Sinbert	Mr. LAURENCE GREY.	Charles	Mr. FRANK ATHERLEY.
Lord Saltash	Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD.	Mahmoud	Mr. J. HASTINGS BATSON.
Father Ingram, S.J. ..	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Stephen	Mr. W. L. BRANSCOMBE.
Julian Dumaresq	Mr. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.	Countess Sinbert ..	LADY MONCKTON.
Jack Best, R.N.	Mr. J. G. GRAHAME.	Mrs. Dashwood	Miss LUCY ROCHE.
M. de Cavignac	Mr. ETIENNE GIRARDOT.	Blanche Sinbert	Miss ANGELA CUDMORE.
Marasca	Mr. HENRY BEDFORD.	Rose	Miss VIOLET CROFT.
Adrian Fiore	Mr. HENRY V. ESMOND.		

By some strange coincidence, it almost invariably happens that when the fate of a play is just on the balance, and it only needs the weight of a hair to tip the beam, some unlucky line presents itself which turns the scale and sets the audience tittering. Once this happens in a serious play, good-bye to the chance of success; and two unfortunate sentences in "The Panel Picture,"—"What's going on in this house?" and this is "simply and briefly—mysterious"—started the audience, for they conveyed the incomprehensibility of the plot or of the motives which actuated the characters.

I will try to give some idea of the story, but must confess I shall find it difficult to make it intelligible. Countess Sinbert is married to one who has a hatred of all Communists, and who in consequence is the more determined to hunt down one Adrian Fiore, a son of the countess by a previous union with an Italian. Adrian comes to the Château Tenebreux to see his mother, and she takes advantage of the superstition that the "veiled lady," the subject of the "Panel Picture," walks at night, to dress herself up as the ghostly visitant, and to leave the house at midnight to give her son rendezvous in the snow. To the strange household, in which Father Ingram does such things as surely no priest ever did before, Julian Dumaresq, one of a band of robbers, has obtained admission as a guest with the view of stealing the valuable Sinbert sapphires, which he learns are hidden in a vault, the entrance to which is concealed by the panel picture. He is anxious to learn the secret of opening this, and sets another of his accomplices, Mrs. Dashwood, apparently a fashionable lady, to aid him; but eventually learns it through the countess, by threatening

to betray the fact that Marasca, yet another of the band, is no other than her former husband, whom she supposed to be dead. Lord Saltash is a visitor who, having his suspicions of Dumaresq, sets his native servant Mahmoud to watch him and follow him like his shadow, and with instructions that when the proper moment arrives, the Indian is to turn Thug and strangle him. M. de Cavignac is a *commissaire de police*, whose principal anxiety appears to be as to his personal appearance, and whose frequent announcement that he held all the robbers (for Charles Dumaresq's valet is also *un des treize*) in the hollow of his hands was drowned in shouts of derisive laughter. Marasca has at length obtained admission to the corridor leading to the vault, when Countess Sinbert is horrified at the return of Adrian, whom she fancied had escaped on board ship. Father Ingram takes upon himself all consequences: he places a pistol in Adrian's hand and tells him to enter the corridor; he does so, and we presume is molested by Marasca, for he shoots him down, and thus gets rid of his very objectionable father. Dumaresq has been, in the meantime, disposed of by the wily Asiatic, and Adrian gets off to the boat waiting for him, and there is the end. But all this was not accomplished without the most extraordinary goings on. The various personages ran in and out like rabbits in a warren: they went upstairs, and appeared next moment coming in at the front door; walking about out of doors with four feet of snow on the ground seemed to be their favourite occupation, though in evening dress; resounding knocks were heard at the window, the sounds being explained away as only the ivy tapping against the casement. Dumaresq, who is supposed to be a man of iron nerve, shrinks and trembles when any one suddenly enters; Count Sinbert treats his wife with the brutality of a ruffian; and Blanche Sinbert, the daughter of the house, talks alternately with a strong French accent and in the purest English. Lady Monckton did all she could to save the piece, and if anything could have retrieved its fortunes her magnificent telling of the legend of the veiled lady would have done so. Miss Lucy Roche was a very weak and colourless Mrs. Dashwood; Mr. Nutcombe Gould was excellent as Lord Saltash, a cool, unimaginative man of the world; and Mr. John Beauchamp rendered impressive a character that I trust, for the credit of human nature, is an impossible one. Mr. Laurence Cautley was a very melodramatic villain, and attitudinised too much, besides being a contradiction. Mr. Henry V. Esmond displayed considerable power and feeling as Adrian Fiore, and Mr. J. G. Grahame was manly and hearty as Jack Best.

The set of the Château Tenebreux, designed by Mr. Herbert Railton, and painted by Mr. E. G. Banks, was one of the most beautiful on record, and the piece was produced under the direction of M. Marius. "The Panel Picture" only ran eight nights.

"RUMOUR."

New Original Play, in three acts, by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER" (Mrs. STANNARD).

First produced at a *Matinée* at the Vaudeville Theatre, April 2, 1889.

Colonel Coles ..	Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR.	Mrs. Forrester ..	Miss MARION TERRY.
Captain Graham .	Mr. ARTHUR DACRE.	Mrs. Jervis	Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
Capt. the Hon.		Mrs. Antrobus ..	Miss ROSE EVELYN.
Marcus Oxford	Mr. HERBERT SPARLING.	Mrs. Trafford ..	Miss CONSTANCE ABBOTT.
Captain Forrester	Mr. EILLE NORWOOD.	To-To Antrobus ..	Miss FLORENCE WOOD.
Herrick Brentham	Mr. H. H. MORRELL.	Madge Trafford ..	Miss MARY BURTON.
Barnes	Mr. STEWART DAWSON.		

"John Strange Winter's" latest play, "Rumour," appears to have been written with the motive of showing how mean and small garrison life must be, and what a thoroughpaced scoundrel may exist under the garb of a British officer. For surely there was never a more contemptible cur than Captain Graham, more utterly vicious a creature than Mrs. Jervis, or a more spiteful, backbiting old woman than Mrs. Antrobus. It is hardly to be credited either that a colonel in Her Majesty's service can find no better occupation than to listen to and retail all the scandalous tittle-tattle that is poured into his ears. Against all this it must be confessed that the first act showed elements of strength, and almost led one to hope that a fairly good play would follow. Captain Graham is a heartless lady-killer that has marked down for his prey Mrs. Jervis, who, like her friend Mrs. Forrester, is a "grass widow," both their husbands being absent on duty in Egypt. He has persuaded his victim to elope with him, and she is on the point of leaving for the rendezvous when Mrs. Forrester lays bare before her the consequences of her folly, not only to herself, but to her children, and for their sake persuades her to give up her rash determination. But in doing this the pure woman has raised up against herself two deadly enemies. Graham, enraged at his failure, sets about the rumour that Mrs. Forrester intended to elope with him, and Mrs. Jervis, furious at having been baulked in her desire, now that her lover will no longer notice her, confirms the scandal. As a consequence, Mrs. Forrester is cut by her acquaintances; but one true friend telegraphs to her husband to come home at once, and on his arrival he taxes Captain Graham with spreading the evil report, which is refuted through the clumsy artifice of a cabman's evidence. All this takes place in public at a bazaar, where Graham, to revenge himself on the woman who has been the cause of his baseness being exposed, tries to shoot Mrs. Forrester, but failing this, then and there kills himself, and Mrs. Jervis is so lost to all sense of self-respect as to throw herself upon his corpse, crying out, "Oh, Jack! I love you—you only!" We all know how good women can be, but it is difficult to imagine that one so true and pure could consort with such an evil nature as that of Mrs. Jervis, a character that Miss Gertrude Kingston portrayed with great power and firmness. Miss Marion Terry, too, was thoroughly womanly and artistic as Mrs. Forrester, but it was impossible for any actress to render such an overdrawn part sympathetic to an audience. Mr. Arthur Dacre was certainly as uncompromising a scoundrel as could be conceived, and Mr. Gilbert Farquhar was to the life a kind-hearted, meddlesome old colonel. Mr. H. H. Morrell and Miss Florence Wood

and Mr. Sparling with Miss Mary Burton played well as two couples of young lovers, and Miss Constance Abbott displayed some humour as an intriguing, scandal-loving widow. Much of the dialogue was weak, though evidently intended to be smart, and the *dénouement* was quite out of keeping with the rest of the play. Despite the applause of a very friendly audience, in which were included H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor, the verdict was an unfavourable one.

"CALUMNY."

Play, in three acts, written by MALCOLM WATSON, founded on the Spanish of José Echegaray.

First produced at a *Matinée* at the Shaftesbury Theatre. April 4, 1889.

Edward Fairfax	Mr. ELWOOD.	Lord Rivington	Mr. AYLMER.
Sir Henry Fairfax	Mr. W. FARREN.	Servant	Mr. C. RIMBAULT.
Eustace Errol	Mr. FRED TERRY.	Lilian	Miss WALLIS.
Larry	Mr. MATTHEW BRODIE.	Lady Fairfax	Miss ROBERTHA ERSKINE.
Archie Munroe	Mr. FRANK FARREN.	Babette	Miss DAIROLLES.

"Calumny," written by Mr. Malcolm Watson, and founded on the Spanish of José Echegaray, a favourite dramatist, is a most tantalising play. We are supposed to believe that Lilian and Eustace are as pure as snow, and yet their conduct is such as to thoroughly justify the suspicions aroused, not only in the minds of onlookers, but in a most honourable and confiding husband. For what can be said of a young and lovely wife, married to a man considerably her senior, when she is having constant interviews with his handsome adopted son; of her visit to his studio to endeavour to prevent his fighting a duel, and her concealing herself in his private room when she hears her husband's voice, and, lastly, when that husband is at death's door, indirectly through the young fellow, allowing the latter to address her in terms that have all the passion of love? This misconception as to the purity of the two may be attributable to the original author; however it may arise, there is no doubt that the verdict passed upon their behaviour would be justly censorious, and the husband would be looked upon as a wronged and injured individual. Eustace Errol is the adopted son of Edward Fairfax, a middle-aged man that has married Lilian, who is quite a girl. Sir Henry and Lady Fairfax have come to the conclusion that the young people are too much together, and therefore consider it their duty, as the world is beginning to talk, to warn their brother. Though he cannot believe what he looks upon as "calumny," the report sows the first seeds of jealousy in his heart. Eustace, we can only imagine, has found the society of his benefactor's wife becoming dangerous, and so, very properly, decides to leave the house and follow up his career as an artist. He has been gone some time, when from an unexplained motive Fairfax determines to have him back under his roof-tree, and with his wife goes to Paris to induce him to return. Immediately on their arrival Lilian learns that Eustace is going to fight a duel in defence of her good name; she goes to his studio and entreats him to forego the encounter. In the meantime, from the babbling of Larry, Fairfax is made aware of the coming duel, takes it upon himself, and, being desperately wounded in it, is borne back to Eustace's studio. At his approach Lilian conceals herself in Eustace's

inner room, and, hearing her husband's voice, she comes forth, and is, I must think, very naturally branded by her husband as a "wanton." In the third act Fairfax is lying at death's door, at Sir Henry's house. Eustace forces himself into the presence of Lady Fairfax, and, though it is pointed out to him how unseemly his presence is, he persists in remaining and will see Lilian, to whom he pleads in lover-like fashion for forgiveness, and that he may not be driven from her presence. She—for no other term can be used—dallies with him, and in the midst of their almost, if not quite, lover-like interview, Fairfax enters, and can come to but one conclusion—that the wife whom he adored is faithless, and so dies; Lilian uttering over his corpse the words of cold comfort, that now at least he knows that she is innocent.

Mr. Watson has done his work gracefully, and his writing is at times powerful, while the lighter scenes are in a happy vein. These last were capitally rendered by Mr. Matthew Brodie, as Larry, and by Miss Dairolles, who was most excellent as Babette. Mr. Frank Farren was uneven, but showed humour as Archie Munroe. Nothing could have been better than the acting of Miss Wallis as Lilian, and of Mr. Elwood as Edward Fairfax, who brought out to the full the attributes of the two characters. Mr. Fred Terry, too, must be highly commended for the manner in which he portrayed the very difficult character of Eustace Errol, and Mr. William Farren and Miss Robertha Erskine rendered valuable aid. Mr. Watson's play was preceded by "The Landlady," a new comedietta by Alec Nelson. There is nothing very novel or striking in the story, but it is prettily told. It is only the history of a couple of young lovers, whose future appears likely to be jeopardised through the drunkenness of Uncle Leonidas, who, however, having some good left in him, takes himself off to Australia. The character is indeed only that of another but more virtuous Eccles, and was well played by Mr. Charles Collette. Miss Mary Collette was bright and clever as Nell, and Mr. Sydney Brough as Bob Bateman was, as usual, natural and easy. "Calumny" was produced under the direction of Mons. Marius, whose stage management was excellent, and the piece was beautifully mounted. The performance was given by Mr. W. H. Griffiths as his annual *matinée*.

"MY QUEENIE."

Comedy-drama, in four acts, by H. W. WILLIAMSON.

First produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, April 9, 1889.

Sir William Leyton..	Mr. ARTHUR MARCEL.	Lady Foresight ..	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.
Willie Leyton	Mr. FRANK GILLMORE.	Miss Sutherland ..	Miss ISABEL ELLISSEN.
Captain Dashington .	Mr. C. W. GARTHORNE.	Queenie	Miss ELEANORE LEYSHON.
Ben Seamore	Mr. W. HARGREAVES.	Madame Dubois ..	Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND.
John Sinclair	Mr. LAWRENCE D'ORSAY.	Grannie Seamore ..	Miss FANNY ROBERTSON.
Richard Dunbar .. .	Mr. ALBERT BERNARD.	Alice	Miss M. BROUGH.
The Professor	Mr. MARK KINGHORNE.		

Mr. Williamson chose for his plot the story that has been oft told of a young girl who, saved from a wreck and brought up as the child of a poor man, turned out to be an heiress; but, in the development of his play, has introduced such novel treatment as to make his story quite fresh and

enjoyable. Queenie has been picked up at sea by Ben Seamore, who just at the time had lost his wife and children through some epidemic, and so clings to the little one thus given to him as though it were his own. His old mother, Grannie Seamore, knowing this, has concealed from him the fact that the child had round its neck a locket by which its relations might have been traced, and who might have claimed her. Queenie has grown up a lovely girl, universally esteemed, and has won the heart of Willie Leyton, but she has another admirer in John Sinclair, a worthless fellow, who has in some way obtained such an influence over old Grannie that she shows him the locket, and he recognises it, and knows that Queenie is the girl that has long been sought for, and is an heiress. He determines to marry her, and to attain his ends he brings forward a tool of his, whom he represents to be her uncle, Richard Dunbar, and she is taken from the custody of those who brought her up, and has to reside with her supposed relative. Here she has as a companion a Madame Dubois, who takes a deep interest in the motherless girl, and, having her suspicions of Sinclair and his associate, keeps a watch on them and discovers their plots, and is the means of restoring Queenie to her lover, from whom she has been estranged through the misrepresentations of Sinclair. He is handed over to justice for attempting the life of his accomplice Dunbar, who he fancies has betrayed him. This is the main plot, but there is much comic element introduced (in the third act it must be reduced, as it becomes farcical and absurd) through the attempts of Lady Foresight to draw Sir William Leyton into a declaration, in which she eventually succeeds. The two middle-aged wooers were well represented. The Professor, too, is an amusing seaside photographer; and there was great humour and skill shown by Mr. Albert Bernard as Richard Dunbar, a bibulous good-for-nothing, who still retains the outward manners of a gentleman. The more credit is due to Mr. Bernard as, owing to the illness of Mr. Caffrey, he played the part at thirty-six hours' notice without rehearsal. Mr. Garthorne as the typical St. James's army man was excellent, and Miss Ellissen showed promise. Mr. Frank Gillmore was a little stiff as Willie Leyton. Miss Leyshon was very charming as Queenie, depicting the character with a gentle pathos and strength that completely won her audience. Mr. Lawrance D'Orsay was a fierce and uncompromising villain. Miss Dolores Drummond was of the greatest assistance as Madame Dubois, and Miss Fanny Robertson was excellent as the old seaside crone, Grannie Seamore. With a very little alteration "My Queenie" should prove acceptable to any manager.

"DORIS."

New Comedy-Opera, in three acts, by B. C. STEPHENSON and ALFRED CELLIER.

First produced at the Lyric Theatre, Saturday, April 20, 1889.

Doris Shelton	Miss ANNIE ALBU.	Sir Philip Carey ..	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN.
Lady Anne Jerningham	Miss AMY F. AUGARDE.	Alderman Shelton ..	Mr. J. FURNEAUX COOK.
Mistress Shelton	Miss ALICE BARNETT.	Crook	Mr. JOHN LE HAY.
Dolly Spigot	Miss EFFIE CHAPUY.	Dormer	Mr. W. T. HEMSLEY.
Tabitha	Miss HARRIETT COVENEY.	Burnaby Spigot ..	Mr. PERCY COMPTON.
Martin Bolder	Mr. BEN DAVIES.	Serving Man	Mr. B. P. SEARE.
		Diniver	Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

There will be no question raised as to the fact that in Mr. Alfred Cellier's latest opera he has still further increased his reputation as a composer, and that his music will be listened to with the greatest delight by amateurs of really good composition, but whether the general and playgoing public will be equally satisfied remains another question. So far as the first night's verdict was concerned, it was doubtful as to the opera taken as a whole, but the signs of disapproval were elicited, I feel sure, principally by the pooriness of the libretto furnished by Mr. Stephenson. There was an infinite lack of humour in the telling of the story, which in itself was very meagre, and, so far as the last act was concerned, I should think incomprehensible to many. Sir Philip Carey, a young cavalier, is in hiding in the neighbourhood of Highgate Hill, he having taken part in some conspiracy. Thither come Alderman Shelton and his wife and daughter Doris, the latter being in love with Martin Bolder, her father's apprentice. Sir Philip comes forth from his concealment, and, explaining his situation to Doris, ventures to kiss her hand; this, witnessed by Martin, makes him jealous, but he soon becomes a staunch friend of the young cavalier when he learns that he is engaged to Lady Anne Jerningham, a foster-sister to Doris, and goes off to summon the assistance of his fellow-apprentices Crook and Dormer. On their return they find that their conversation has been overheard by Diniver, a sneaking poet and scrivener, who has sent Tabitha to the Alderman to announce the presence of a traitor, and so they compel him to change clothes with Sir Philip, with the result that Diniver is taken prisoner by the guards whom the Alderman has summoned. In the second act Sir Philip has for some time, unknown to the Alderman, been acting as his journeyman, but has determined to seek his fortunes on the Spanish main. Lady Anne has one last interview with him, and her persuasions and those of Doris induce him to remain. Lady Anne learns, however, that he is in danger, and the note of warning she sends him, and in which she expresses her love, is unfortunately mistaken by Martin for one from Doris. In his rage he gives notice to the authorities of Sir Philip's whereabouts, but when he knows that Doris is true to himself, he repairs the evil by dressing in Sir Philip's clothes, and is taken prisoner for the conspirator, who in the meantime escapes along the housetops. In the third act, a masque has been arranged in Shelton's house, to be witnessed by Queen Elizabeth as she passes to Westminster Abbey. Martin at all risks has returned to take part in it, and Sir Philip's real character being discovered by the Alderman, he is giving them both

up to justice as conspirators, when, as the Queen advances, Doris and Lady Anne throw themselves at her feet and sue for pardon for their lovers, which being granted, they are happily reunited.

Miss Annie Albu was heard to most advantage in the florid passages, but was not quite engaging enough for comedy-opera. Miss Amy F. Augarde was charming and sympathetic, and has an exquisite duet with Sir Philip, "'Tis hard that I should bid thee go," and a solo, "The Queen's Pardon," which gained an encore. Mr. Ben Davies's best numbers were "I've sought the brake and bracken" and "All the Wealth," which were magnificently sung, and he acted throughout splendidly. Mr. Hayden Coffin, too, was enthusiastically applauded for "Honour bids me speed away," and Mr. Furneaux Cook's "The Alderman's Song" gained a treble encore, and is one of the most taking numbers in the opera. Mr. Arthur Williams was good, and will no doubt work up his part, and Messrs. Le Hay, Hemsley, and Percy Compton rendered valuable aid. Want of space prevents my saying more of the choruses and part-songs than that some are really gems.

The opera is splendidly mounted, the scene "Highgate Hill" being one of the most beautiful on record; and the masque, for its brilliancy of colour and costume, stands unrivalled, its arrangement reflecting the greatest credit on Mr. Charles Harris. Mr. Ivan Caryll's orchestra was perfection.

"LANCELOT THE LOVELY; OR, THE IDOL OF THE KING."

Burlesque, in two acts, by RICHARD HENRY. Music by JOHN CROOK.

First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Monday, April 22, 1889.

Arthur Pendragon ..	Mr. ALEC MARSH.	Iseult	Miss NELLY WOODFORD.
Tristram	Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY.	Morgan-le-Fay ..	Miss SALLIE TURNER.
Leodograunce	Mr. A. COLLINI.	Vivien	Mdlle. VANONI.
Gareth	Mr. H. GRATTAN.	Gawaine	Miss HETTIE BENNET.
Kaye	Mr. G. CAPEL.	Bedivere	Miss MILDRED MILDREN.
Merlin	Mr. E. D. WARD.	Geraint	Miss F. WOOLF.
Lancelot the Lovely..	Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS.	Elaine	Miss GARTHORNE.
Guinevere	Miss ANNIE HALFORD.	Enid	Miss LLOYD.
Lynette	Miss CARRIE COOTE.		

Lovers of Tennyson need not be alarmed. "Richard Henry" has so whimsically twisted and turned the loves of Arthur, Guinevere, and Lancelot as scarcely to touch the Poet Laureate's beautiful legend. In the Avenue version Lancelot is the son of Morgan-le-Fay, who has been brought up by the naiads at the bottom of the lake, and appears as a semi-modern masher boating-man, with an eye that no fair one can resist. The Britons want a king, and he who draws the sword Excalibur from a rock is at once to be proclaimed. Arthur Pendragon succeeds, while Lancelot fails, but his mother manufactures for him an exact counterpart, and with the aid of this he declares himself Guinevere's champion, and, defeating his opponent, carries his love off to Castle Dolorous, from whence she is eventually rescued by the Knights of the Round Table, who take the castle by storm in a mock combat. Merlin is a modern prophet and tipster, and Vivien a fascinating little enchantress, who makes love to

every man in general, but Merlin in particular, though she eventually gives her hand to Lancelot. "Richard Henry" has written the piece for Mr.



Arthur Roberts, and for that section of the *jeunesse dorée* who are his particular admirers, and the end is certainly achieved in giving him a part which may be elaborated to almost any extent by his inventive genius. Mr. Roberts has a very funny duet with Mdlle. Vanoni, in which he parodies a well-known music-hall singer, and has some other business, such as playing on a burlesque xylophone, imitating the swimming man in the water tank, &c., that produced much laughter. Mdlle. Vanoni sings one of her special French songs, and dances her eccentric dances. Miss Halford has, among others, one very pretty ballad, which she sang very sweetly. Mr. Alec Marsh, who is a noble-looking Arthur, joins in a charming duet with Mr. Joseph Tapley, who has also a love song in which he was encored. Mr. E. D. Ward showed his usual comic power, and Miss Carrie Coote gained a double encore for a very graceful dance. Mr. Crook's music is unusually bright, lively, and catch-

ing, and some of the choruses are very effective. Miss Sallie Turner showed plenty of humour as the vixenish Morgan-le-Fay, and Mr. G. Capel got a considerable amount of fun out of the character of Kaye, "the chief constable of Camelot." There is some very funny business in the opening scene, the rock from which the sword has to be drawn representing a "try-your-strength" machine. Merlin's sudden appearance up a trap too is quaint, as it is also when later his double is shut up in a rock, which is transformed into a Punch and Judy Show. Some clever and amusing changes are also produced in the rocks, which become automatic machines for the supply of cigarettes and lights, &c.

The piece is very handsomely mounted, the scenery excellent, and the



dressess, worn by a number of fine handsome young ladies, rich and in the most perfect taste; they are by Alias, from designs by W. J. Houghton, an artist of whose work I shall hope to see more. The whole is produced



under the direction of Mr. H. Watkin, who has Mr. R. Soutar as his stage manager. In reply to a call for "author," it was announced that Richard Henry could not be found. CECIL HOWARD.

A Glance Round the Galleries.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S GALLERIES.—Never perhaps in the annals of Bond Street has such a deeply interesting exhibition been offered to the public as that of the French and Dutch Romanticists now on view at these galleries. By Romanticists are meant those men of the famous Barbizon School who were to the classic school of that period what Wordsworth and Shelley were to Pope and Johnson. In other words, as Mr. Henley in his admirable preface to the catalogue says, their work "was a revolt from the dictates of a hide-bound, superannuated convention, and in that way an effort to realise new ideals, experiment with new methods, and discover and collect a set of new materials"—in fact, an awakening to the beauty of Nature in all her natural grace. Such is the irony of fate that these pictures, which now, for the most part, easily fetch their thousands and tens of thousands, scarcely brought bread and cheese to the painters when alive, so dead was the world then to the appreciation of their genius.

To describe fully an exhibition where every picture is a priceless gem is

impossible in these columns, but the mere mention of such a galaxy of names as those of Josef Israels, Millet, Rousseau, Troyon, Diaz, Jules Breton, the two Maris, and Corot should be sufficient to give a notion of what a treasure house of art is here. Never before has Josef Israels been seen in this country in all his strength and grandeur, in all the poetic solemnity of his genius. As we look at his pictures of peasant life—a sad side of that life—we seem to be standing in the sanctuary of holy sorrow, in the presence of bitter poverty, but poverty idealised and raised in its spirituality to a sublimity above the state of thrones. From Israels to Corot is like sweet music after grief, sunshine after shadows, a Shakespeare song after King Lear. There are an ethereal grace and delicacy in his landscapes that justify the remark of Jules Dupré, that he painted “pour ainsi dire avec des ailes dans le dos.” Corot is Corot alone, and there is no one with whom to compare him. The fine “Glaneuse,” by Jules Breton, is here in all its classic dignity and richness of tone, while of the exquisite landscapes and figures of Millet it is impossible to speak too highly. I would fain linger over the works of Rousseau, Troyon, and Mattys, but space forbids.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, PALL MALL.—In addition to the attraction of Meissonier and Josef Israels, Mr. Wallis has enriched his charming little gallery with many excellent works. “Needlework,” by Walter Firle, is a happy subject beautifully painted, and the work girls seem imbued with the genial influence of the sunlight. Mr. James Bertrand’s “Lesbia” is a welcome replica of an exquisite figure, while for excellence of minute finish and artistic skill “Musicians at Fault,” by Professor Aug. Holmberg, and “The Pen is mightier than the Sword,” by J. Weiser, are remarkable examples. M. de Munkacsy’s “Pharisee” is the finest work contributed by this artist for some time, and “The Descent from the Cross,” by J. V. Krämer, is powerful in its daring, realistic treatment. Professor K. Heffner is represented by an interesting series of studies from Nature.

MR. THOMAS MCLEAN’S GALLERY.—In the centre of the gallery, as befits such a work, hangs Sir John Millais’ “Ducklings,” simply a fair-haired child standing somewhat stiffly up, but with a face like that of a young angel with an aureole of golden hair, and painted with all the master’s consummate genius and power. “Retribution,” by Briton Rivière, R.A., is one of the gems here, the expression on the dog’s face being inimitable in its humorous fear. Messrs. Edwin Ellis, John Pettie, R.A., and John McWhirter, A.R.A., are powerful contributors to an interesting collection.

MESSRS. TOOTH AND SON’S exhibition this year is noticeable for the excellence of its foreign pictures, which include two masterpieces by M. Meissonier; “A Tunisian Wedding,” by G. Richter, a dream of voluptuous beauty; “A Siesta,” by Conrad Kiesel, highly decorative in treatment and harmonious in colour; and an admirable landscape by V. Binet. An exquisite work by Millet enhances the value of the exhibition, while “Le Jardin du Poète,” by M. de Fortuny, is alone worth going to see, it being the finest perhaps ever seen in London. HERBERT LEE COLLINSON.

Our Omnibus=Box.

Philothespian poem written and delivered by Frederick Upton, president,
at the Club supper, March 19, 1889 :—

Brothers and sisters of the sock and buskin !
 I thought, at first, of emulating Ruskin,
 And issuing to the public, part by part,
 A work on "Twelve Years' Philothespian Art !"
 I told my publisher that I should try it ;
 He bowed, and asked me "Who I thought would buy it ?"
 I said that "All the members of the Club wish'd it ;"
 He said "'T would *ruin* any one who published it !"
 Well, this presented a deterrent feature—
 I could not ruin *any* fellow-creature :
 Crush'd, I return'd to sob over my serial,
 And wallow'd, weeping in the unused material ;
 Sobbing I slept, and in my sleep—I dream'd,
 And thro' my grief a ray of sunshine gleam'd,
 Beat on my brain and woke me—wondering whether
 I could not, after all, collect together
 My mass of facts, then make the Club get up a
 Performance to be follow'd by a supper—
 Collect the members, lull them to security
 By draughts of wine—then drag from its obscurity
 A loaded *poem*—then and there present it
 And fire it off before they could prevent it !
 And here it is. If you will stay to listen,
 And seize the scintillations as they glisten,
 I trust you will not chafe at your remaining,
 Nor charge me with unlawfully detaining.
 The origin of Philothespian Art !
 Prologue B.C. 536—Don't start !
 While I admit the date *is* early—rather,
 I promise you to take you back no farther ;
 While at this end I strictly draw the line,
 And mean to stop at 1889.
 B.C. 536—this side the Flood,
 High on a cart our rude forefather stood,
 Our good old THESPIS, happy in the fact
 That on his cart he had *carte blanche* to act.
 His plays, in settings not beyond reproach,
 At least were *mounted* on the first *stage coach*.
 The Play has made some progress since its start
 By good old THESPIS on his travelling cart.
 Through evil days and good the Drama grew,
 Condemn'd by most and foster'd but by few ;

Actors by kings supported, then suppress'd,
 At times imprison'd, and at times caress'd.
 And so the Drama grew, until in time
 What was ridiculous became sublime,
 Until the actor, "vagabond and rogue,"
 Now is our honour'd guest, and most in vogue.
 Well for the actors have their fortunes grown
 Since days when mummer worship was unknown.

In course of time arose another feature
 Born of the Drama, a most trying creature—
 The Amateur. Why "trying"? From the fact
 That he was always *trying how to act!*
 He seiz'd at first, in slavish imitation,
 Actors' creations for his re-creation.
 Laugh'd at, and written down, he persever'd
 Till from the mass of bad some good appear'd ;
 Until you find it sometimes occurs
 That in the first-class club of amateurs
 A piece is play'd, and play'd extremely well.
 Of such a club I have a tale to tell.

While many clubs of praise are all-deserving,
 The "Strolling Players," "Romany," the "Irving,"
 The "Momus," "Kendal," and the "Busy Bees,"
 All these are good, but far above all these
The Philothespians your affections claim
 As standing foremost with a twofold claim.
 Playing and feasting! name the club can beat them,
 All *under-act*, while none can *over-eat* them!
 Therefore I give you as this evening's toast,
 "The Club of all the clubs we love the most—
The Philothespians!" May it prosper long
 In acting, and in appetite keep strong.
 To-night may all the members' dreams be good,
 And may old THESPIAS, in his merriest mood,
 Chant soft about each feaster's pillow—yes, pæans
 In celebration of the PHILOTHESPIANS!

And now I feel I owe one word to those
 Who are our guests, and so before I close,
 I tell them how each year we wish to dub
 All who are strangers—members of the Club ;
 To see, before the last day of December,
 Each single one and married one—a member!

Hunting over some old papers, I discovered an old letter from Ada Isaacs Menken, addressed to a friend. What an extraordinary woman she was!—"Cataldi's, 42, Dover Street, Friday a.m. To-day, Roberto, I should like to see you if you are good-tempered, and think you could be bored with me and my ghosts. They will be harmless to you, these ghosts of mine; they are sad, soft-footed things that wear my brain, and live on my heart—that is, the fragment I have left to be called *heart* *Apropos* of that, I hear you are married—I am glad of that; I believe all good men should be married. Yet I don't believe in women being

married. Somehow they all sink into nonentities after this epoch in their existences. That is the fault of female education. They are taught from their cradles to look upon marriage as the one event of their lives. That accomplished, nothing remains. However, Byron might have been right after all: 'Man's love is of his life a thing apart—it is a woman's whole existence.' If this is true we do not wonder to find so many stupid wives—they are simply doing the 'whole existence' sort of thing. Good women are rarely clever, and clever women are rarely good. I am digressing into mere twaddle from what I started out to say to you. Come when you can get time, and tell me of our friends, the gentle souls of air; mine fly from me, only to fill my being with the painful remembrance of their lost love for me—even me! once the blest and chosen. Now a royal tigress waits, in her lonely jungle, the coming of the King of forests. Brown gaiters not excluded. Yours through all stages of local degradation, INFELIX MENKEN." And to think that such a woman could have delighted to play Mazeppa in cultivated undress, and was the wife of a Prize Fighter! John C. Heenan, who fought Tom Sayers.

The "Panel Picture" has been succeeded in the evening bill at the Opéra Comique by "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," which, to judge from the reception given to it on April 13 by a crowded house, has a long and prosperous career before it. The cast is the same as seen at the afternoon performances, with the exception that Miss Marion Terry takes the place of Miss Mary Rorke as Mrs. Errol. Her rendering of the part is admirable; indeed, she has never done herself greater justice. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is preceded by a first piece entitled "Her Own Rival," by Messrs. F. Broughton and Boyle Lawrence, which was very well received, and caused much laughter, though the plot was highly improbable, and the dialogue, too much interlarded with good things, *tirés par les cheveux*. Ernest Arundale (Mr. J. G. Grabame) falls in love, in his native village, with a young girl, Grace Milton (Miss Cissy Grahame), and becomes engaged to her. He then leaves for London, where he becomes a celebrated and fashionable painter, and forgets all about his attachment to his youthful love, though there is still sufficient sentiment about him to induce him to paint her picture from memory and keep it in his studio. Some half dozen or so of years elapse, and Grace Milton inherits a large fortune and changes her name. She comes to London and induces Lady Carraway (Miss Fanny Brough), with whom she is staying, to give a fancy dress ball, to which Arundale is invited. He comes, and—having apparently no memory either for faces or voices—fails to recognise Grace under her disguise of Lady Teazle. He falls desperately in love with her at sight, and persuades her to come the next day to his studio to have her portrait painted. She comes, and though the lady and her portrait are before him at one and the same time, he still fails to detect even a resemblance between them. Grace worms out of him an admission that there had been

some slight love passages between himself and the original of the portrait, and a rather sudden and vehement declaration of love on his part is met by a statement by Grace that, though she loves him, she insists upon his keeping his promise to his village love. He agrees, with a rather bad grace, and then he meets with his reward—which he certainly did not deserve—by the lady's revealing her identity. The part of Ernest Arundale was played with only moderate success by Mr. Grahame, but Miss Cissy Grahame was excellent as Grace Milton, playing with great delicacy and *finesse*. Miss Brough, as Lady Carraway, was perfect, as Miss Brough always is, and Mr. Nutcombe Gould, as a penniless baronet in search of an heiress, did very well what little he had to do. The dialogue abounded with those brilliant things which are never heard in conversation except upon the stage, and which, if they were *de rigueur* in everyday life, would reduce nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand to silence for the rest of their days.

Very many will hear with regret of the death of Mr. John Vollaire, who, after treading the boards for some fifty-seven years (for he began his theatrical career when he was but twelve years of age), died at the London Hospital on April 11, aged 69. Mr. Vollaire was born in London on December 4, 1820, and made his first appearance in the metropolis October 3, 1854, at the old Surrey Theatre. He had been acting in the provinces for some twenty years, and the parts in which he achieved the most reputation were perhaps Polonius in "Hamlet," Mo Davis in "The Flying Scud," Peter Grice in "Nobody's Child," and he was a good Sir John Falstaff. He was always a sound reliable actor, and though fortune had not been kind to him he would not accept of charity, but fought the struggle of life bravely and uncomplainedly. He experienced much kindness at the hands of the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, from whom he held his last engagement.

"Jack-in-the-Box" has met with very great success in the provinces, and its revival at the Marylebone Theatre on April 8 proved that it was again most acceptable to London audiences. Great credit was due to Miss Nellie Bouverie, who, as the ubiquitous Jack Merryweather, kept the house in a roar with her quaint songs, sayings and doings; her cheery bright manner, and her banjo playing and dancing. Mr. T. H. Volt too was excellent as Professor O'Sullivan, and Mr. Henry Dundas brought out the cruelty and rascality of Carlo Toroni, the padrone, in a very effective manner.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has during the past month given us a proof of how readily and artistically he can assume two thoroughly opposite characters. To be able to appear and give satisfaction as the burly roystering Sir John

Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and as the lean starveling romantic poet Gringoire in "The Ballad Monger" on the same evening, constitute a feat of which any actor may well be proud.

Saturday, April 27, is set down for the production of Mr. Jones's new play, "Wealth," at the Haymarket, in which the author will deal with the effects that the acquisition of money has on a certain class of character. Mr. Beerbohm Tree plays Matthew Ruddock, and Mrs. Tree his daughter Edith, and the strong cast includes Messrs. Macklin, Brookfield, Kemble, Allan, Harrison, Weedon Grossmith, Hargreaves, Maurice, Percival Clarke, Robert Harwood, and Misses Norreys, Ayrton, and Rose Leclercq. The scene is laid partly in London and partly at a seaside village, and the entire action is supposed to occupy about a year.

"Léna," the French adaptation by M. M. Pierre Berton and Madame Van de Velde of Mr. F. C. Grove's dramatic version of F. C. Phillips's novel, "As in a Looking Glass," was produced at the Variétés, on April 16, and proved a success, especially for Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt, for whom, indeed, the French version was written. The other characters have been completely subordinated to hers, and it may be looked upon as almost a one-part play. The novel is closely followed, though, as might be looked for, for French audiences, the love episodes are more sensuous. Mdme. Bernhardt's greatest scene is where she implores the forgiveness of the man whom she has so deceived, and her subsequent death from chloral. In this—as may be expected from the nature of the drug—there is no struggle, the unfortunate woman feels its power gradually creeping over her, and, though in perfect silence, expresses, by the most eloquent and expressive dumb show, how the end approaches, and, at length, falls dead as her husband breaks into the room. With the superstition that so often attaches to things dramatic, the name of Balfour was changed to that of Ramsay, *four* signifying in French failure. M. Valbel played this part; M. Pierre Berton, Fortinbras; M. Montigny, Comte Dromioff; and Mdle Saryta, Beatrice Vyse. We in England are so accustomed to be twitted with our adaptation of foreign plays that it is pleasant to hear that other nations are coming to us for English pieces to be produced in their languages.

"Harbour Lights" will always be looked upon as one of the best joint efforts of Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, and bearing in mind the success it achieved when it was produced at the Adelphi some three years ago, Messrs. Gatti determined to revive the piece on Saturday, April 20, as their Easter attraction. Every scene was hailed with enthusiasm, and there is no doubt that the play will again have a long run. Mr. William Terriss has not, for some time, done anything so well as David Kingsley, the good-

looking chivalrous sailor. Miss Millward is once more the tender loving Dora Vane, and Miss Gertrude Kingston now assumes, with considerable pathos and effect, the *rôle* of the unhappy Lina Nelson, originally played by Miss Mary Rorke. Mr. W. L. Shine is the ideal of the sunny, jovial, good-hearted British tar, Tom Dossiter (Mr. Garden's part), and has a merry sweetheart in clever Miss Clara Jacks. A strongly contrasted but powerful pair of villains are found in Mr. J. D. Beveridge and Mr. W. L. Abingdon, and Mr. Charles Cartwright gives a splendid study of the jealous Mark Helstone. H.M.S. "Britannic" and the lighthouse scenes are as well brought out and beautiful as before, and the entire piece is splendidly mounted and arranged.

Mr. John Coleman reopened the Olympic Theatre at "popular prices" (pit 1s., gallery 6d., &c.), with Mr. Chute's version of "East Lynne," a revival that appears always to take a hold on the public. For his heroine he has, as Lady Isabel, Miss Rose Meller, a young actress who will make her mark. In addition to possessing good looks and voice, there is evident intelligence combined with earnestness and capability of expressing the deepest feeling. Mr. Edward O'Neill, another promising actor, is good as Levison. Miss Clarissa Ashe played very well as Afy Halijohn. Mr. F. M. Paget was a dignified Archibald Carlyle, and Master Lionel Calhaem was a clever Little Willie. Mr. Philip Darwin and Miss Margaret Earle rendered valuable assistance.

A new drama, adapted (by permission) from *L'As de Trèfle* by Mr. Arthur Shirley, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Darlington, in March last, and achieved a success. The characters are happily drawn, the dialogue good, and the situations strong. The piece will probably be very shortly seen in London. Miss Patti Rosa has been delighting the Islingtonians at the Grand with her performance in "Bob" during a portion of the past month; the part she sustains, however, in this does not do her justice. In "Myrtle," a new three-act comedy-drama, written specially for her by Mr. Philip Havard, and produced at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, on April 8, Miss Rosa has, in the title-*rôle*, a character in which this clever actress can give full scope to her versatility in acting, and, though the author has laboured under the disadvantage of having to keep his principal character constantly *en evidence*, he has overcome the difficulty and accomplished a well-balanced, interesting play, both in dialogue and situations.

The Crystal Palace afternoon and Saturday evening dramatic performances are much appreciated, and the theatre is always well filled, thanks to Mr. Oscar Barrett's excellent judgment in selecting the pieces that shall be played. On Saturday evening, April 13, "The Merchant of Venice" was performed. Mr. Hermann Vezin was the Shylock, and emphasised the malignant hatred

the Jew feels towards all Christians, but more particularly towards Antonio, but does not bring into prominence the dignity of the Hebrew. It was a fine performance. The Portia of Miss Janet Achurch was marred by occasional indistinctness in delivery, but was otherwise interesting and artistic. Mr. Charles Charrington was really good as Bassanio; he looked the character, and played with much fervour. Mr. Fred Terry, as Gratiano, was at his best in the trial scene. Mr. Julian Cross was a rather too sombre Antonio. Mr. John Stone spoke his lines admirably and with much dignity as the Duke of Venice, and Mr. Arthur Lyle was excellent as the Prince of Morocco. Mr. Arthur Wood's Lancelot Gobbo was an intellectual treat, and Mr. Matthew Brodie did fair justice to the character of Lorenzo. Miss Irene Vanbrugh was pleasing, if not very strong, as Jessica, and has at least a good knowledge of how to deliver blank verse. The general performance was so much approved of by the public as to be repeated on Tuesday, the 23rd April. Credit should be given to Mr. Julian Cross for his good stage management and the general production of the play. The dresses were remarkably rich and handsome.

Three years ago "Le Bivouac" was received with such favour at the Alhambra that the management, wisely, as events have proved, determined to revive it on a more extended and grander scale. The naval and military display is now called "Our Army and Navy," and the ballets have been arranged by Signor E. Casati with some very fine *tableaux*, for which M. Jacobi has composed some very bright and tuneful music, as well as



being responsible for the original conception and construction of the entire production. The scene, which is most beautifully painted by Mr. T. E. Ryan, represents Portsmouth, a large ironclad filling one entire side of the

stage. Almost every branch of our services is represented. Royal Horse Guards and Horse Artillery, Grenadier Guards and the Black Watch, the Devil's Own (Volunteers) and Irish Fusiliers, Sailors and Naval Volunteers, Bengal Lancers and the Royal Naval School, march past, form square, and go through various manœuvres, and take part in characteristic ballets, such as a Highland Fling, Sailor's Hornpipe, Irish jigs, English dances, &c. There are also sham fights and attacks, which are carried out with great



spirit. A most brilliant spectacle is afforded in the "Reception of Nations." The different representatives of various foreign regiments appear carrying their flags to the playing of their respective national airs, "Rule Britannia" bringing the curtain down on a most effective and brilliant spectacle. The uniforms of all who file before the audience are absolutely correct, no pains or expense having been spared by Mons. Alias (who has carried out the designs of M. Besche) to obtain the utmost accuracy of detail, and in this he has achieved a complete success. A very elegant little book of the principal costumes has been published by M. Alias, and is a welcome *souvenir*. Miss M. Thurgate, Miss Phillips, and Mdme. Roffey, the principal *danseuses*, acquitted themselves beyond reproach; and the Alhambra *corps-de-ballet*, which has for a long time rivalled the best continental dancers, was as usual perfect. The beautiful ballet of "Irene" still continues to be most attractive, and the rest of the entertainment at the Alhambra is as amusing as is ever the case at this favourite place of amusement.

Miss Muriel Wylford, who has gained an excellent reputation in the provinces as Mrs. Errol in "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," gave a performance at the St. George's Hall, on Thursday, April 4, in aid of the funds

of the University College Hospital, and appeared as Dora, in the late Charles Reade's pastoral play of that name. Her performance was noticeable for its grace and womanliness, it was sympathetic and tender, and combined with it a strength of character that was very praiseworthy. Miss Wylford was ably supported by Mr. George Capel as the obstinate, rugged Farmer Allen, and by Mr. Charles Vane, who was remarkably good as Luke Bloomfield. On the same evening Mr. Alfred Capper appeared, for the first time, in the original monologue, written for him by E. F. Turner, entitled "Chopper's Wedding Morn." The unfortunate Chopper, who is discovered preparing for his bridal, is suddenly disconcerted by the appearance, at the opposite window, of a man who has threatened him with condign punishment for jilting a former flame. Chopper is not brave and so determines to escape, and that he may avoid detection he proceeds to shave off his lovely moustache, and has just sacrificed one long, "windy" whisker, when a note is handed to him from his first lady-love, saying that she is going to wed the man of her choice and has no thought of uniting herself with a chimpanzee. However, as a man cannot appear at the altar with only one whisker, he is compelled to divest himself of the other, and the curtain falls on his bewailing the loss of his cherished "hirsute appendages." Mr. Capper rattled through the sketch in a manner that caused a very great deal of laughter, and showed no mean talent as an actor.

Mr. E. J. Lonnen has become such a favourite with the public that it was no wonder that every seat in the house was filled on the occasion of his *matinée* at the Gaiety Theatre on April 1. There is no need to go into the programme, a very long one, further than to say that Mr. Lonnen resumed his character of Claude Frollo in the first act of "Esmeralda," and appeared as the "Dougal" cratur (*E. IV. Royce*) in F. C. Burnand's burlesque of "Robbing Roy; or, Scotched and Kilt." Mr. Edward Terry once more filled the title-*rôle*, originally played by him November 11, 1879, and was supported by E. W. Warde, Rashleigh Osbaldistone (*W. Elton*); Sir Frederick Vernon, Sant Mathews (*T. Squire*); Frances Osbaldistone, Miss Fanny Robina (*Miss E. Farren*); Helen Macgregor, Miss Maria Jones (*Miss Edith Bruce*); Diana Vernon, Miss Emma Broughton (*Miss Kate Vaughan*); Captain Thornton, Miss Maud Hobson (*Miss Wadman*); Major Galbraith, Miss L. Delphine (*Miss Connie Gilchrist*); Martha, Miss Minnie Ross (*Miss R. St. George*); McStewart, Miss R. Robina (*Miss Louis*); Hamish, Miss Brickwell (*Miss Jenny Rogers*); Robert, Miss Lonnen (*Master Griffin*). The names printed in italics are those of the original cast. Miss Brickwell and Miss Lonnen, two very small children come of a dramatic stock, made their first appearance on any stage. Mr. Terry was as amusing as ever as a burlesque actor, and showed that his now long absence from such parts had not in the least affected his eccentric dancing or his capacity for broad humour.

Mr. Leo Thomas, the president of the "Bons Frères" Club, which is composed of a number of gentlemen well-known for their hospitality and for the excellence of their dinners, gave a "Dramatic Supper" on April 11, at the Café Royal, to which were invited a host of theatrical celebrities, as a very small return for their kindness in entertaining the club at all times. Mr. Thomas made some capital speeches, and proposed the toast of "The Drama," to which Mr. Wilson Barrett most humorously responded. Mr. Lal Brough replied for the honorary members equally happily, and Mr. H. B. Reed, M.P., for "The Visitors."

"Woodbarrow Farm," Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's clever play, produced at a *matinée* at the Comedy last year, is to be translated into Dutch by Mr. Jack T. Grein, and performed in Amsterdam; and "Bachelor's Quarters," Mr. Fred Horner's English adaptation of "La Garçonnière," is to be done in German in Berlin.

Mr. H. Savile Clarke, who had seen a good deal of medical practice before he took to journalism, wrote first for the "Edinburgh Courant," during Mr. James Hannay's editorship. He has written many hundreds of leaders and other articles for London, country, and American papers, and been a contributor to the "Standard," "Globe," "St. James's Gazette," the "World," "Truth," "Illustrated London News," "Graphic," "Punch," and many other journals, and innumerable magazines. He is editor of the "Court Circular," and London dramatic critic of the "Scotsman." Mr. Savile Clarke's plays are "Love Wins" and "A Fight for Life," written in collaboration with Mr. Du Terreau, "Pendarvon" with Mr. Watson, and "Another Drink" with Mr. Lyne. His independent productions are "That Beautiful Biceps," "A Tale of a Telephone," "The New Rip Van Winkle," "A Lyrical Lover," "An Adamless Eden," "Gillette," "The Inventories," and "Alice in Wonderland," the stage version of Mr. Lewis Carroll's stories.

I think it better to give an exact copy of Miss Ellaline Terriss's letter sent to me in reply to inquiries as to her theatrical experience:—"You set me a difficult task to give you any particulars of my theatrical career, for it is so short at present. But if it prove interesting and worthy of your acceptance, I will try and send you an account of how I went upon the stage. My father was always indifferent as to whether I became an actress or not, for he was always saying, 'Why do you want to work? I have enough and more than enough for all your wants. Enjoy your life. I'll give you whatever you want.' But somehow I was not satisfied—I was for ever craving to act—and I was barely sixteen when Mr. Calmour, who wrote the 'Amber Heart' and named the title-*rôle* after me, proposed that we should surprise my father one day and play in our little drawing-room his play, 'Cupid's Messenger,' and that I should sustain



MR. H. SAVILE CLARKE.

“Do you know that person?
Be not amaz'd, but let him show his dreadfullest.”

“THE PROPHESS”—*Beaumont & Fletcher.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR “THE THEATRE”
BY DISDERI & CO., BROOK STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

the leading part. So we had a brass rod fixed up in the room, and made a stage, and on the preceding night informed a few friends of the morrow's performance. I need scarcely say that it greatly surprised my father, who laughed, and I daresay secretly was pleased, though he pretended not to be. We obtained all the dresses; and the performance, with the aid of impromptu footlights, viz., oil lamps, and the piano outside for the orchestra, was a great success. However, a couple of months passed, and I heard that Miss Freake was engaged at the Haymarket to play the part I had sustained. Oh! how I wished it was me, and little did I think my wishes so near fulfilment. I was sitting alone over the fire (it was last January, 1888), when a telegram was handed to me. It ran thus: '6.30. Haymarket Theatre. Come up at once; play "Cupid's Messenger" to-night at 8.' First I was struck with astonishment. However, nothing daunted, I snatched an old book of the piece up from the escritoire, rushed to catch the train, and found myself at the stage-door of the theatre at 7.15. All was hurry and excitement. I didn't know how to make up, who I was going to play with, where the curtains were, and Miss Freake's dress was too big for me. It all seemed like a dream. I heard the orchestra strike up, the curtain rose; but all things have an end, and so had my first appearance. The actors and actresses were scarcely aware even that Miss F. was not playing, for not a minute had we for rehearsal. However, I am happy to say Mr. Tree stood by and saw me play, and I secured the honour of a call. I played it for a week, and Mr. Tree gave me a five-pound note, and, what was appreciated much more, a sweet letter of thanks, which I shall ever hold with feelings of the happiest. My father then said, 'Ellaline, if it will make you happy, go on the stage; I will get you an engagement.' My wish was fulfilled, and Mr. Charles Wyndham engaged me for three years; so you see where there's a will there's a way. That's how I went on the stage, and I have since played Ada Ingot in 'David Garrick' at *matinées* during Miss Mary Moore's indisposition, and also Lotty, one of the 'Two Roses,' &c., and I never wish to be with a kinder manager than Mr. Wyndham, whom I have been with a year. I am now appearing in 'The Balloon,' and return to the Criterion in the autumn."

The following particulars of the Garrick Theatre, built for Mr. John Hare, cannot fail to be of interest:—The style of this theatre is classic. The whole of the Charing Cross Road front, to the extent of about 140 feet, is executed in Portland and Bath stone. The theatre is entered on the dress circle level, which is reached after passing through the outer vestibule by a large inner vestibule, which will afford accommodation for lounging and as a promenade between the acts. From this, by a staircase on either side, the stalls are entered, and from it, by a staircase, the foyer level, with its refreshment saloon and smoke room, is approached. The saloon on the foyer opens on to a broad balcony

facing on to Charing Cross Road, the balcony being covered with an arcade. The floor of the outer vestibule is laid in mosaic, and that of the entrance hall and saloons in parquetry, and they are surrounded by dados of polished walnut, in panels, the upper part of the walls being divided by marble pilasters, the panels thus formed being filled with mirrors and decorations in relief. The ceilings are of a highly ornamental character, the whole of these decorations being in the Italian Renaissance style. To every part of the house there are two separate means of exit, ten in all. The construction of the theatre is fireproof, and is arranged on the same system as that adopted by Mr. Emden, the architect, in Terry's and the Court theatres, by which the columns, always a great source of annoyance to the sight-seeing public, are entirely avoided. The Prince's room is entered, from the Charing Cross Road front, by a separate entrance, after passing through a small lobby. His retiring room is in similar colours to those of the auditorium, the walls being covered with Chinese papers, and hangings with decorations in the Chinese style. The house consists of four tiers, pit and stalls, dress circle, upper circle, and gallery, and will hold about 1,500 persons. The auditorium is decorated in Italian Renaissance, the ornamental work being in high, bold relief; the proscenium opening is formed by groups of columns on either side of the first proscenium box, the general form of the theatre being after that of the Covent Garden, with four openings forming a square, supporting, in their centre, a circular dome. The box front of the dress circle tier is divided by groups of cupids, supporting shields crowned with laurels, each shield bearing the name of a celebrated author. The lighting is by electricity, supplemented by gas in case of accident; there being no sun-light, all the lighting in the ceiling is round the dome itself. The whole of the auditorium is heated with hot water, on the Canadian system, introduced into England by Mr. Cowan. The ventilation is carried out by self-acting exhausts. The decoration of the house is white with gold ground, by which the ornamental work is well thrown into strong relief, the ground colour being a cherry red. The walls round dress circle and stalls are hung with cherry coloured red silk, the pit walls being covered with Japanese paper of cherry coloured red and gold, and the upper circle and the rest of the house being decorated in the same colour. The box rests are in cherry coloured red satin. The pit seats are of a new kind, to lift up and with arm rests to each seat, and arranged so as to take the hat, coat, umbrella and programme. They have been manufactured by Messrs. Lazarus and Son, of Curtain Road, the patentees with Mr. Farini. The stalls are seated with lounge chairs, with padded backs, circular on plan, covered in the same cherry coloured red silk as are the dress circle, the other seats in the house being covered in material of a similar colour. There is no fireproof curtain in the theatre, Mr. Hare having decided to omit it. The theatre is well provided with fire appliances. The stage is ventilated with large exhausts in the fireproof roof over it, which also provide for drawing off the smoke and fumes in the event of a fire. There is accommodation for

both ladies and gentlemen to every part of the house, with cloak rooms and lavatories, and every convenience. The stage, also, is fitted with two separate exits, the proscenium opening is 30 feet, and the stage about 40 feet in depth. The dressing rooms are in a separate block, and are provided with every convenience, hot and cold water, and baths for the use of the artists. The theatre is large enough to accommodate drama as well as comedy, it stands almost isolated and can be approached from three sides. It has been erected from the designs of Mr. Walter Emden, and the work has been carried out by Messrs. Peto, the decorations by Messrs. Highway Kusel and Depree, and the furnishing by Messrs. Gregory.

Saturday, April 6th, saw the last London performance of "Dorothy," it having been played 931 times consecutively. Miss Effie Chapuy appeared as the heroine. The house was crowded, the opera was enthusiastically received, and author, composer, conductor, and principals were honoured with repeated calls.

The opening of the Garrick Theatre on Wednesday, April 24, 1889, was a stupendous success. So perfect were all Mr. Hare's arrangements that everything before and behind the curtain went as smoothly as if the whole machinery had been running for weeks. A brilliant gathering attended the *première*, and all admired the rich, yet chaste, appearance of the house, and was loud in praise of the civility and courtesy of the attendants. Unfortunately, it is impossible in this number of THE THEATRE to afford that space to the notice of Mr. A. W. Pinero's new play, "The Profligate," which such a truly powerful and most interesting piece demands. It will therefore be treated at length next month. The following lines, which appear on the programmes, give the keynote to the author's plot :—

"It is a good and soothfast saw ;
Half-roasted never will be raw ;
No dough is dried once more to meal,
No crock new-shapen by the wheel ;
You can't turn curds to milk again,
Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then ;
And having tasted stolen honey,
You can't buy innocence for money."

The redemption of a man who has wofully sinned is worked out by the purity of a woman's love, and perhaps never has a more human play been written to illustrate it. The cast included Mr. John Hare, Messrs. Lewis Waller, S. Brough, Dodsworth, R. Cathcart, Hamilton Knight, Mesdames Gaston Murray, Beatrice Lamb, Olga Nethersole, Caldwell, and Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke. The two latter fairly electrified and held the audience by the perfection of their acting, nor could anything but praise be awarded to the rest of the performers in their several *rôles*.

Mr. J. L. Toole reopened his theatre in King William Street on Easter Monday with "The Don" and "Ici on Parle Français." It need scarcely be said that the reception of the favourite comedian was most cordial; indeed, it was almost affectionate. Mr. Toole has some novelties in preparation, but his present programme is so thoroughly enjoyed that it appears very doubtful whether there will be any occasion to change it for weeks to come.

This evening, Wednesday, May 1, will see the *première* of "Tenter Hooks," new farcical comedy, in three acts, by H. M. Paull. Messrs. Marius, C. H. Hawtrey, W. F. Hawtrey, T. G. Warren, A. G. Andrews, and Harry Nicholls, and Mesdames Vane Featherstone, Susie Vaughan, and Lottie Venne will be included in the cast.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London from March 21 to April 24, 1889:—

(Revivals are marked thus *)

- Mar. 22.* "Les Surprises du Divorce," three-act comedy, by MM. A. Bisson and A. Mars. French Plays. Royalty.
- „ 26.* "Young Mrs. Winthrop," play in three acts, by Bronson Howard. Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 27. "Her Ladyship," new three-act play, by George Manville Fenn. Matinée. Strand.
- „ 27. "Merry Margate," farce in three acts, by Sydney Grundy. Comedy.
- „ 28. "The Panel Picture," play in four acts, by Outram Tristram. Opera Comique.
- „ 28. "Love and Art; or, the Artist's Ghost," one-act play, by Alfred A. Wilmot. New Lyric Hall, Hammersmith.
- April 1.* "Robbing Roy; or, Scotched and Kilt," burlesque, by F. C. Burnand. Matinée. Gaiety.
- „ 1. "Pépa," three-act comedy, by MM. Meilhac and Ganderau. French Plays. Royalty.
- „ 1. "A Real Lady Macbeth," farce, by Edward Copping. Park Hall, Camden Town.
- „ 2. "Rumour," new play in three acts, by John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard). Matinée. Vaudeville.
- „ 2. "Romany Lore," operetta; music by George F. Vincent. St. George's Hall.
- „ 4. "The Landlady," new comedietta, by Alec Nelson. Matinée. Shaftesbury.
- „ 4. "Calumny," play in three acts, written by Malcolm Watson, and founded on the Spanish of Jose Echegaray. Matinée. Shaftesbury.

- April 4.* "Dora," pastoral play in three acts, by Charles Reade. St. George's Hall.
- „ 5.* "Tartuffe," comedy in five acts, by Molière. French Plays. Royalty.
- „ 8.* "Jack-in-the-Box," melodrama in four acts, by Geo. R. Sims and Clement Scott. Marylebone.
- „ 8.* "Mdlle. de Belle-Isle," five-act drama, by Alexandre Dumas, père. French Plays. Royalty.
- „ 9. "My Queenie," new comedy-drama in four acts, by H. W. Williamson. Matinée. Vaudeville.
- „ 11. "A Broken Sixpence," play, by Mrs. Thompson and Miss K. Sinclair. Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 11. "A Laughing Philosopher," one-act play, by "Re Henry." Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 13. "Her Own Rival," one-act comedietta, by Fred Broughton and Boyle Laurence. Opera Comique.
- „ 15.* "The Silver King," five-act drama, by H. A. Jones and H. Herman. Princess's.
- „ 20.* "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie," by M. Pailleron. French Plays. Royalty.
- „ 20.* "Les Femmes Nerveuses," by MM. Ernest Blum and Raoul Toché. French Plays. Royalty.
- „ 20.* "The Harbour Lights," by G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Adelphi.
- „ 20. "Doris," new comedy-opera in three acts, written by B. C. Stephenson, and music by Alfred Cellier. Lyric.
- „ 22. "Lancelot the Lovely; or the Idol of the King," new and original burlesque, written by Richard Henry, music composed by John Crook. Avenue.
- „ 24. "The Profligate," new and original play in four acts, by A. W. Pinero. Garrick.

In the Provinces, from March 18 to April 10, 1889:—

- Mar. 20. "The Captain of the Vulture," five-act drama, by Joseph Lewis and the late Henry Falconer. (Produced for copyright purposes at Swindon, November 6, 1888.) Royal, Warrington.
- „ 22. "Ace of Clubs," four-act melodrama, by Arthur Shirley. Royal, Darlington.
- „ 25. "Girouette," comic opera in three acts, music by M. Cædes, libretto by MM. Hennery and Bocage, English adaptation by Robert Reece. T.R., Portsmouth.
- „ 30. "Cupid's Frolic," dramatic incident, by Wilford F. Field. Vestry Hall, Ealing.
- April 1. "Chickabiddies," burlesque extravaganza. Opera House, Darwen.

- April 1. "Bright Days ; or, the Bride of Two Isles," musical comedy-drama in four acts, written by Horace Wheatley and C. A. Aldin. Rotunda, Liverpool.
- „ 1. "The Fenian," new romantic four-act drama, by Hubert O'Grady. Princess's, Glasgow.
- „ 8. "Myrtle," three-act comedy-drama, by Philip Havard. T.R., Birmingham.
- „ 10. "Our Flat," comedy in three acts, by Mrs. Musgrave. Winter Gardens Theatre, Southport.

In Paris, from March 18 to April 16, 1889 :—

- Mar. 22. "Mes Anciennes," "folie-vaudeville" in three acts, by MM. Hippolyte Raymond and Jules de Gastyne. Variétés.
- „ 24. "Le Château Yquem," comedy in one act, by M. William Busnach. Gymnase.
- April 3.* "Les Pommes du Voisin," farcical comedy in three acts, by M. Victorien Sardou. Théâtre Cluny.
- „ 8. "Les Maris sans Femmes," comedy-vaudeville in three acts, by M. Antony Mars. Menus-Plaisirs.
- „ 9. "Revoltée," four-act comedy, by M. Jules Lemaitre. Odéon.
- „ 13. "Monsieur ma Femme," farcical comedy in three acts, by M. Adrien Barbusse. Palais Royal.
- „ 15.* "Maitre Guerin," five-act comedy, by M. Emile Augier. Théâtre Français.
- „ 16. "Léna," play in four acts, dramatised in French by M. Pierre Berton and Mdme. Van de Velde from "As in a Looking Glass." Variétés.





MISS LOTTIE VENNE.

“Not to-day, Baker. Away! away!”

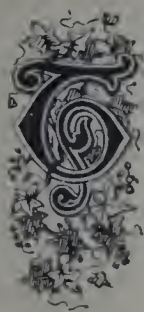
“PICKWICK.”

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR “THE THEATRE
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

THE THEATRE.



A Critic on the Criticised.



THE other day I came across, in a small and somewhat bumptious newspaper called "The Playgoer," a pregnant passage that in a short space contains a vast amount of truth, and by accident gives me a text on which to discuss a subject that is interesting to all of us, now that the stage is said to be so interesting, and the profession of acting claims so much of our attention. It is this :—

"The recent theatrical libel cases and their results have naturally caused a flutter in the critical dovecots. Even as it is, social and advertising influence makes it very difficult indeed for the public to obtain a really truthful and outspoken press opinion upon theatrical matters; but if judges and juries are going to fine a paper £1,000 or so (for £200 damages means quite £1,000 before costs are paid and the matter ended) every time the criticism is not sufficiently soapy to suit the ideas of the actor, then newspapers had better give their dramatic critics the sack, and leave the acting managers to write their own notices, and charge for their insertion as per advertisement scale.

"In the case of Mr. Walter Bentley, described in the reports of his case against the 'Belfast News Letter' as an actor, the writer, Mr. F. Moore, seems to have been convicted, to the satisfaction of the jury, of malice; and, if malice was the cause of Mr. Moore's adverse notice, then his punishment was well deserved. For a critic to allow personal malice against an

actor or an author to influence, in the slightest, his pen would be a shameful abuse of his position, and should entitle the victim to the heaviest damages. But, speaking generally, we do not believe malice does often influence a notice. It is an accepted theory among actors and actresses that every adverse notice of themselves is prompted by personal malice against them on the part of the writer. When an actor or actress reads a criticism in which they are not excessively praised, their first thoughts always are: 'Who wrote that? And what have I done to offend him?' As a matter of fact, whatever unjust criticism personal feeling may be responsible for, is of the unjust praise rather than of the unjust blame order. Often and often does friendship for the artist make a critic say kind things when he ought to say severe ones; but it is very rare indeed that enmity will cause him to say severe things when truth should compel him to write kindly."

Now, except for the purpose of arriving at the truth, I have no special object in quoting, or advertising, the opinions of this always clever but frequently mistaken little print. Mr. Sydney Grundy, who is a comical cynic, has got it into his head that "The Playgoer" was instituted for the sole purpose of endorsing my objectionable and heretical opinions. "In that anxiety to agree with Mr. Clement Scott which so amusingly pervades every issue of your independent paper," writes Mr. Sydney Grundy, smarting under the withdrawal of "Merry Margate," which he never dreams of attributing to its failure to attract public attention, or to the fact that the public, by whom he is universally admired, did not take kindly to this particular farce. The public voice, according to Mr. Grundy, has nothing to do with the matter; the first-nighters are wholly free from blame. "To them I owe the satisfaction of having survived the most protracted *crusade* (*sic*)—extending now over seventeen years—which the most influential critic of the day has felt it his duty to wage against any playwright." There lies the root of the whole grievance. The play was all right; it might have succeeded, but that wretched critic and his "crusade" were too much for "Merry Margate." Fancy the position taken up by a hard-headed, sensible man like Mr. Grundy. One critic, according to his wholly untenable theory, is able to sway, bias, and influence the millions of playgoers

who have admired and applauded many a time and oft the brilliant work of Mr. Sydney Grundy. The play was good enough; how could it fail to be otherwise? It was all that detestable "critic" and his "motive." How easily these head-strong authors forget! There was nothing said about a "crusade" when the "Arabian Nights" was conscientiously recommended to public attention, and was duly endorsed by the public voice. Though "protracted for seventeen years," it was, if the truth be told, suddenly arrested whenever Mr. Grundy wrote a successful as well as a clever play. Authors speedily forget all the kind things said about them; they remember only too bitterly the unpalatable truth that a conscientious critic is bound to put on record. All Mr. Grundy's brilliant comedies, all his excellent adaptations, all his Adelphi melodramas, cordially and enthusiastically recommended to the public attention, are speedily forgotten. One of his obvious "pot boilers" has not turned up trumps; so he is henceforth the victim of a "protracted crusade that has lasted seventeen years." Well may "The Playgoer" in its editorial notes say, "As for our anxiety to agree with Mr. Clement Scott in *every issue*, that is indeed funny." Did Mr. Sydney Grundy ever take the trouble to buy or read No. 1 of "The Playgoer," wherein, from the constant repetition of my detested name, I fondly believed that yet another journal had been started for the sole purpose of amusing itself and its readers at my expense. How often have I felt like the philosophic coalheaver whose wife was belabouring his brawny shoulders: "Let 'er bide! It pleases she, and doan't hurt I." At least half a dozen apparently earnest and enthusiastic little prints, and many more scurrilous sheets, have, in the course of my experience, started a "crusade"—not against poor Mr. Sydney Grundy—but against the critic who is so obnoxious to him. But they are all dead and buried, or they kept on harping on the same string with such "damnable iteration" that their readers got sick of the stale old tune and protested against what seemed like public spirit, but looked to them suspiciously like malice. Most of their editors or more violent contributors departed to more congenial climes, for the benefit of their health or because old England became too hot to hold them, or went into exile, or generously held out the "olive branch," and the hardened old crusader lives on the

object of the adulation of actors, actresses, and authors, provided their work is good and successful, the object of their hate, their malice, their execration, and their anonymous letters whenever their work happens to fail, as occasionally it must do. As to "The Playgoer," I always thought it was started in the interests of certain misguided and hot-headed young gentlemen who desired to show their "independence," or their "liberality," or their "fair play," or whatever it may be called, by publicly hissing in a place of public entertainment a writer for printing comments of which he was absolutely innocent; for assuming, without any evidence whatever, that a journalist had held views utterly detrimental to his opinions and artistic policy, and would even consent to be the slave of a clique; and for following an unarmed man in a compact mass with sticks and threats for assuming that very independent and critical and earnest tone which, so far as I can see, is the *raison d'être* of "The Playgoer."

But, on that score, let bygones be bygones. When the accused, who was judged and condemned without trial, was allowed by these generous young gentlemen—who do not hesitate to threaten with violence an unarmed man—to defend himself, he was honourably acquitted of doing more than he conscientiously believed to be his duty. But "The Playgoer" has hit the right nail on the head as to "motive." My experience is this—that in the dramatic profession no article, good or bad, was ever written to which "motive" of some kind was not ascribed by the fretful and ungenerous. Is the notice good and laudatory: How much chicken and champagne has the sycophant swallowed? How many favours has he received? How many plays has he got accepted? How many diamond rings has he taken to the pawnbrokers? Is the notice bad: How much chicken and champagne has he asked for and been refused? How many favours has he sought and been shown the door? How many bribes has he demanded and been denied, to his personal chagrin and mortification?

Mr. William Winter's remarks on this subject of "motive," in reply to Mr. Dion Boucicault's public execration of the press that originally applauded his maiden work and subsequently assisted his great public reputation, are well worth quoting:—

"Critics may differ in feeling and in taste, but they finally

concur as to the essential fact; and when they do agree, as remarked by Mr. Puff, their unanimity is wonderful. With reference to the charge of dishonesty on the part of the press, those who make the charge should take care to prove it. *This they never do.* Mr. Boucicault himself, for example, has been giving forth dark intimation any time within the last ten or twelve years as to his dexterity in having captured 'a conspicuous critic' on the New York press, with a 'bait' which, to use his own elegant expression, 'had a hook in it.' But this mysterious censor deals almost always in vague generality and innuendo. The 'conspicuous critic' is never named. Perhaps his name is Mrs. Harris. Against Mr. Boucicault's weapon of shameful insinuation, however, I place Mr. Boucicault's own words, written in one of those rare moments when he has chosen to be explicit. On Saturday, March 8, 1873, at the Clarendon Hotel, New York, Mr. Boucicault wrote and signed the following statement, which was duly published:—*'I never paid a farthing for a favour from the press, and I never will, and in candour I am bound to say that if I offered it I am sure it would be regarded as a gross insult.'*

One of the strangest arguments in favour of "motive" is based on the prevalent and most erroneous idea that a critic who sees innumerable plays and acting of various and varied excellence is bound to "take up" author, actor, or actress, and to go in for that favourite thick and thin, good or bad, whatever the play, whatever the performance. At the public school at which I was educated this system of "taking up" was prevalent. A small boy knew a big boy at home, he was recommended to his care, he walked out with him, and visited his study, and as a proof of this superior patronage the big boy constituted himself the champion of the younger one, thrashed his enemies, fought his battles, established himself as his protector, and in nine cases out of ten made him hated by his companions, and as a rule intolerably conceited. By some unwritten law this same rule or protection is supposed to apply to the critics and the criticised. A successful and clever play is produced. "How can I ever thank you for what you have done for me?" A failure follows. "You are leading a crusade against me!" A young actress comes to the front, and is cordially encouraged. "Words cannot express my thanks to you." She does not profit by the praise, becomes careless, puffed up, conceited, affected, what not. So

she bitterly exclaims, "You liked my acting once; what on earth have I done to offend you?" An actor distinguishes himself in a part that suits him, and he is warmly praised for a remarkable performance. He is supposed to be the personal idol of the critic. He plays another part which he does not seem even faintly to understand, whereupon his friends execrate the very name of the abominable retrograde who has "turned round" on the unfortunate fellow, and fill his letter-box with filthy and scurrilous anonymous letters. Although the critic gives his reasons for every word he utters, which are intelligible enough to the outside world, there is some "motive" in what he has done, and he is forthwith the victim of spiteful suggestion and wholesale misrepresentation. It is never conceived possible, for instance, that any one mind can delight in the Louis XI., and Matthias, and Eugene Aram, and Vanderdecken of Mr. Henry Irving, and not be so cordial over his Romeo and Othello; that the same pen can praise without stint the Susan and the countless brilliant comedy characters of Mrs. Kendal, and conscientiously object to her Rosalind; that Mr. John Hare can possibly be superlatively good as Sam Gerridge or Beau Farintosh, and open to fair criticism as Touchstone; that Mr. Wilson Barrett can be a Mercutio of surpassing interest, and a Hamlet in whom there is very slight interest at all; that, to come down to minor instances, the Lewis Wallers, and Olga Nethersoles, and Janet Achurches of to-day can be very reasonably and justly applauded for one performance, but as conveniently and fairly objected to in another.

This is evidently not the opinion of "The Playgoer," or its young superficial friends, if I may judge by the following passage:—"Many of our contemporaries are apparently surprised at the rather sudden change of attitude adopted by the 'Daily Telegraph' towards Mr. Lewis Waller. We are not. The systematic gush which 'our largest circulation' had spent over this 'rising young actor' had gained for Mr. Waller the unenviable title of the 'Daily Telegraph' favourite, and it was more than time, if the notices were to be of any value, that the soap was rinsed off. It hardly required a Niagara though." Civil and elegant, is it not?

And on this last point one word more; for it will show where we stand in these days when we are supposed to have shaken off the old "Adam," and when actors and actresses are such

patterns of courtesy, good taste, and high breeding. A young actor comes to the front by his own personal energy and intelligence. He is well looking, well educated, and has studied the art of elocution. It is a sincere pleasure to encourage him. Step by step he improves. Each part he takes he gets further and further up the ladder. Neither he nor his friends object to see him praised; they are delighted to find that he is encouraged. In fact no praise can be too excessive, for, as Tom Robertson—who knew something about his fellow-actors—used to say, no actor or actress thinks that “a notice” is really a good one unless they, solely and individually, are selected for praise, and every one of their companions in the play is severely blamed! They want it all to themselves. It is decidedly a “bad notice” for Harry when Tom or Dick get a word. Miss Portia throws down the paper in a pet, when it is assumed that Nerissa could possibly have played her part even fairly. But then comes the *crux*. A time comes when, for some cause or other, the part does not suit the actor, or he does not appear to grasp its complete meaning. The task may be an extremely difficult one and a trying test of power. Failure, even comparative failure, in such a case is no disgrace; it is no personal discredit. But there it is, and the truth has to be courteously told. Such truth is unquestionably unpalatable, but no success in this world is ever gained without comparative failure. Dramatic authors before now have written unsuccessful plays; musicians have composed unsaleable music; authors have put their names to books that have been badly reviewed; painters have exhibited pictures that have been ridiculed. But, in most other arts, there the matter drops. It is not considered necessary by the immediate friends of the disappointed to pen loathsome anonymous letters containing the foulest charges, or to propagate scandalous falsehoods through clubs and coteries of cowards, as is done in the much-vaunted dramatic profession for which our social suffrages are asked.

The impudence of some of these people surpasses belief. I was interrupted in my work one afternoon by a crashing knock at the door, and when it was opened in stalked a flashily-dressed lady, covered with paint, pearl-powder, and jewels. I did not know her by sight, nor had I ever heard her name. She came without any introduction whatever, and it transpired that,

having a little money of her own or the capital of someone else to fling away, she had elected, having no experience whatever, to go on the stage, having been flattered in that desire by those who ought to have known better than to encourage her. This gorgeous creature, whose face was apparently her fortune, came to the point at once.

"You are Mr. ——"

"I am."

"They tell me that you have influence."

I dissented.

"They say so, and moreover that you can make or mar me—— Well!—— What are you going to do?"

"First ask you politely to leave my room."

"And next?"

"When do you appear?"

"Wednesday."

"Then on Thursday morning I should advise you to buy the newspaper I represent! Cost one penny, permit me!"

"What?"

"A postage stamp! Good morning?"

Exit powder and paint in a huff.

But actors and actresses are surely singular in their desire to visit the sins of their failures on the heads of those whose critical opinion they seek. A manufacturer of wine, when he calls in an experienced taster, does not as a rule emphasise a conflicting opinion by throwing a bottle at his head. A corn dealer, when he offers a sample which is not satisfactory, is not immediately called a thief, a rogue, and a scoundrel. The mere commercial business of sampling is conducted on some decent and courteous footing in all trades save that surrounding the public playhouse.

An author writes a series of brilliant plays that become part of our dramatic literature. He is highly and deservedly praised. But even his modesty is supposed to be shocked by the enthusiasm of his critic, who delightedly, to the best of his poor ability, explains to the intelligent playgoer what a treat is in store for him.

"Oh! don't praise me so much!" murmurs the blushing author, with his tongue in his cheek, delighted beyond measure all the time. "It is like reading the epitaph on one's tomb-

stone before death has prevented that enviable privilege. What should I have done without your cordial and disinterested help?"

Behold the reverse of the medal.

"In what way I have incurred your enmity I don't know. When —— was produced you fell down in hysterical adulation at my feet, &c., &c. Now! &c., &c."

Another example.

"I do not think it will be possible for me *ever* to forget your kindness, and I shan't try. God made us and made none of us perfect, and I think I was even less perfect, or rather more imperfect, than usual on Saturday night. It was a nervous hour, and there were many hitches, many shortcomings. In the kindness of your heart, and your sympathy with the struggling artist, you have veneered it all, and found all the good you could, and said it nobly and generously. A man and a friend. God bless you!"

Alas for human nature that it should be so; but in a very few weeks the tune is changed to the minor key. A new play, a new character, a fresh criticism.

And this is the wail that follows the rhapsody:

"I am sorry you do not like *me* or the play. I know very well what I wrote, and I meant every word of it. Had you proved a man and a friend, I should have had no reason to complain of you, but your views suddenly changed (I am told on good authority, *because*, &c., &c.). You not only expressed your adverse opinion in print, but *did your best to ruin a young actor!* I do not care one jot for your rudeness. You may jump upon me, smash me, crush me; I shall live. Your criticism would be superb if it did not constantly contradict itself, and I complain of that—not its directness!"

Poor sensitive fellow, it is the contradictory criticism that is at fault, not the contradictory talent of the actor. How can an actor succeed in one part and fail in another? The thing is palpably absurd. Hang the critic. "'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

But the peculiarity does not alone belong to English or American art. If an Englishman is criticised adversely, it is because he is not a Frenchman. If any objection is raised to an American, it is because he is not an Englishman. There is some "motive" somewhere. But even M. Coquelin has a grievance, as the following extract will show:—

"M. Coquelin is reported to have opened his heart, or rather

unloosed his tongue, to a London interviewer. Some of the famous comedian's remarks are entertaining. Speaking of his reception by the New York critics last year, he said:—"Yes. The "Tribune" critic, one Mr. Winter, was very severe. In this he acted from mistaken zeal in the cause of Irving. He is a great friend of Irving's, and, I believe, his frequent guest. On account of his loyalty towards the English actor he thought it necessary to attack me, whom, doubtless, he considers the unkindly critic of his friend. You may remember I had some controversy with Irving in a magazine, and spoke with reserve of his genius—genius which, however, I fully admit. I consider Irving a perfect artist and a great actor, but perhaps a little too much idolised in England. Yet, I don't know; is one ever idolised enough?"

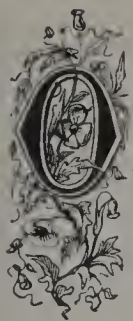
"It is gratifying to learn that M. Coquelin at least admits that Mr. Irving is a great actor. As for Mr. Winter, he, like another eminent critic who dwells nearer home, is given to spleen, and at times allows his judgment to be warped by prejudice. He did undoubtedly attack M. Coquelin with extreme virulence and gross injustice, but he only got laughed at for his pains."

The "spleen" exhibited in the case of M. Coquelin, who is one of the very first artists *in his own line* in the world, was to hint that a man with such a face and figure and such a voice could with difficulty play romantic lovers, and to argue that there might be and has been a far more effective reading of "Le Juif Polonais" than his. That was all. Some day, perhaps, I may find time to extract a few more memoranda from my note-book. The best of it is, these little differences soon disappear into thin air. A change of the wind, and the sky becomes blue again. A critic's unpopularity lasts exactly as long as the play or the performance he cannot conscientiously praise. When a theatre or manager has met with a reverse I have to avoid its locality in my daily walks for fear of the tragedian's scowl or the author's sneer. I am involved in the personal injury. Even the commissionaire at the door looks disposed to make for me and trample me in the dust. But I wait, and the clouds roll by. A new play is pronounced a brilliant success: the actor or actress is honestly and cordially praised; and when I return weary at night, I find—instead of death's head and cross-bones, and a dirty anonymous letter scribbled in red ink—a basket of blush roses.

C. S.

The "Menu" of Mademoiselle Rachel.

A REMINISCENCE.



ONE evening, many years ago,
But in what year I scarcely know
(Dates plague me sadly),
In '46, perhaps, before
King Louis Philippe's reign was o'er,
Ending so badly,

In the old "house of Molière"
I sat, and marked the presence there
Of authors famous ;
Whom not to know, at least by sight,
Would in those days have stamped me quite
An ignoramus.

Balzac I saw, Dumas, and Süe,
And portly Janin full in view,
Names that well we know ;
With here and there some lesser star,
Gozlan and Guinot, Merle and Karr,
And Fiorentino.

What brought them thither, one and all ?
How came it that in box or stall
(A fact surprising)
These literary dons were seen
Awaiting, each with anxious mien,
The curtain's rising ?

'Twas no new piece, no *première*
That caused them to assemble there,
Alike attracted ;
'Twas neither Scribe nor Delavigne,
But Hermione* of Jean Racine,
By Rachel acted.

* In "Andromaque."

By RACHEL !—was not that a spell
To tempt a hermit from his cell,
 Much more a critic ?
Unless—as sometimes is the case—
He happened to be “out of place”
 Or paralytic.

No wonder then if, on that night,
Those who, by favour or by right,
 Had seats assigned them,
Mustered in force and took the best,
While others battled for the rest
 Where they could find them.

The curtain rose, the play began,
And through the house a murmur ran
 Of expectation,
As she, of tragic queens the first,
Came forward, greeted by a burst
 Of acclamation.

The evening's triumph to relate
At such a very distant date
 I've no pretension ;
But, at the close of act the third,
A little circumstance occurred
 Which I may mention.

My neighbour in the stalls I knew—
A handsome youth, one of the few
 Whose *chic* was quoted
In club and on the boulevard,
Both places where such matters are
 Discussed and noted.

'Twas whispered—possibly in sport—
To Rachel he was paying court,
 As many then did ;
But false reports are often spread,
And when one isn't sure, “least said
 Is soonest mended.”

However, be that as it may,
He never missed a single play
 When she was in it ;
And, though all scandal I mistrust,
The prize was fair, and he was just
 The man to win it.

The stage was empty, and a pause
The dying echoes of applause
 At length succeeded ;
Her voice still seemed each heart to thrill ;
All felt its magic influence still—
 I'm certain *he* did.

When suddenly arose a stir
Behind us, and a messenger,
 Not without labour,
Pushed through the crowd, a note in hand,
And, with a smile discreet and bland,
 Gave it my neighbour.

He read it with a puzzled air
(His curiosity to share—
 I must confess it—
I felt inclined), then turned to me.
"What do you think she wants?" said he.
 "You'll never guess it.

"A strange caprice!" pursued my friend,
She's hungry—*that* I comprehend.
 Çà crause, such acting
As all of us have seen to-night !
But surely in her choice she might
 Be more exacting.

"A *perdreau truffé*, or a quail,
Or woodcock served on toast with trail
 Would be perfection.
But see—I can't believe it yet—
What she's commissioned me to get
 For her refecton !"

He handed me the pencilled scrawl,
Three hurried lines, and that was all—

What could be shorter?

*“Go straight to Chevet’s, if you please,
Bid them send home some Cheshire cheese
And London porter!”*

CHARLES HERVEY.



An Angel Unawares.

BY ROWLAND GREY.



“OTHER, must I do it?” The sweet voice that spoke these words was very pathetic, and the lovely child-face was clouded with an expression of fear. Her listener sighed sorrowfully.

“My darling, you know why I ask you to be brave.”

The little girl cast an expressive glance at a closed door adjoining the shabbily furnished sitting-room in which this conversation took place, and said, with evident effort,

“Yes, I know why, and I will try to be good and not to mind so much for father’s sake.”

Perhaps a few of the playgoers who frequented the pretty little “Sothorn” theatre missed the handsome *jeune premier*, who for a few weeks had been lucky enough to be engaged there in a popular comedy, but probably they would have been little affected by the news that, owing to an accident, he was now unable to act, by an irony of fate, just when, after years of patient work in the provinces, he seemed likely to obtain the share of recognition and success his undoubted talents deserved.

Jack Hesseltine had always had an irrepressible love for the stage. He was a gentleman by birth and education, and when his spendthrift father died, leaving him alone in the world with very slender means, it was natural enough that he should follow his own bent. It must be owned he was imprudent, for he married very young, and married a girl who had lost her

heart to him at a country theatre, and who was disowned by her family in consequence. She had neither talent nor inclination for her husband's vocation, which was fortunate, as he had no desire for his wife to act; but she was a charming woman, able to make their poor home a very happy one, and he never gave her cause to regret the union for which she had sacrificed so much.

Their only child Sybil was now six years old, and of a beauty so rare and delicate as to cause the sternest landladies to melt, and the most obdurate creditors to soften when they saw her. She was literally the idol of both parents; and when the first welcome gleams of success came, their first thought was that they would be able to give their one treasure a good education and a permanent home. For a few months things had looked very bright, and then, just at the end of the season, Jack had had a fall and dislocated his knee. It proved to be a long, troublesome business, and it was of course impossible for him to obtain an engagement. As bad luck would have it, the "Sothern" was changing hands, and the manager, to whom he owed much kindness, had gone to America.

It had been a hot summer, but the Hesseltines had been obliged to give up their pretty little house in St. John's Wood and go into inexpensive lodgings. They would have been better off in the country; but Jack was so sanguine of speedy recovery, and so fearful of having to return to the old drudgery if he once left London, that he insisted upon remaining there. Nothing seemed to hurt Sybil, who for all her fairness was very healthy. She made friends everywhere, and attracted a good deal of kindly attention.

One day, as Mrs. Hesseltine sat sewing and thinking sadly of unpaid bills and a cloudy future, she was interrupted by the entrance of an untidy servant, who announced with manifest awe: "Miss Desanges and Mr. Melton." Everybody knows beautiful Viola Desanges with her stormy life-history, and her brilliant artistic gifts. Amy Hesseltine had often admired her upon the stage, and rose to receive her magnificently-arrayed visitor, a little conscious of her own poor dress and of the shabby room.

Miss Desanges saw in a moment that she had to deal with a lady, and said with her own special winning sweetness of

manner, "I hope you will forgive what seems like an intrusion when I explain its cause. But before I do this, may I introduce you to Mr. Melton, the author of 'Passion Flowers,' the forthcoming new play at the 'Parthenon'? It was to have been brought out in three weeks, but a very serious obstacle has occurred, likely to delay its production. A most important part was to have been taken by a small niece of mine, who is well known for her cleverness, but unfortunately she has caught scarlet fever. I was really in despair until quite by chance I saw your lovely little Sybil, and felt immediately that here was my very ideal. I saw Mr. Hesseltine in 'Fate,' and feel sure that his daughter is sure to have talent. If she prove as satisfactory as I imagine, I would gladly pay her well, for I am my own manager at present."

Amy turned very pale. "Neither my husband nor I ever intended Sybil for the stage, Miss Desanges. I am not an actress, but I know quite enough of the life behind the scenes to wish to keep my little girl away from the footlights. If you can spare a few minutes I will go to my husband, but I am almost sure his opinion will coincide with my own strong feeling in the matter. I hope he will be able to come in and see you himself."

Whilst they sat waiting, the young author, who had thin marked features and melancholy eyes, took up a framed photograph from the table. Viola Desanges leant over his chair, and looked at it intently, with a soft expression stealing over her beautiful weary face. "It is like a dream to me to think that my play will soon be brought out with you as its heroine," said Horace Melton, after a pause. "Like all poets, I have my queer fancies, and I cannot help thinking that such a child as this must bring good fortune with her. She is like one of the visions of the old masters of the angels watching round the Holy Child."

Miss Desanges sighed. There was something odd and unworldly about this young man. He had a strange way of speaking his thoughts aloud that fascinated her by its simplicity. She felt that he at least believed her to be a good woman, and his faith in her was more precious than the incense poured at her feet by a crowd of adorers, to all of whom she was equally cold. But deep in her heart there was one overmastering love burning like a fierce flame, and she felt that, bound in honour as she was to a man whom she had learnt to despise, if he who

had inspired this strong passion pleaded he would not plead in vain. All these thoughts flitted through her brain as she sat there. Simple and poor, as were all her surroundings, she knew intuitively that she was in a happy home, contrasting Amy Hesseltine's lot curiously with her own splendid misery.

Meanwhile, in the next room, Amy was hurriedly explaining to her husband what had happened. At first his negative was as emphatic as her own, but she could see that his fatherly pride was much gratified by the visit of the great actress. "If you will give me my crutches I will go in and see Miss Desanges myself," and in spite of crutches Jack looked so handsome when he made his appearance, that he inspired both visitors with very sincere pity. Miss Desanges plunged into business at once, exercising all her potent powers of persuasion, until, at last, the parents yielded.

It was not any love of art that made them consent, poor things. Even Jack had no wish to see Sybil on the stage, but there was the haunting consciousness of debts they were too honest not to desire to pay, and the fear of still more grinding poverty in the near future. Miss Desanges was simply delighted when she had gained her point; she was so rich that she could well afford to be generous, but the terms she offered were far higher than she had at first intended.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Hesseltine, you would kindly bring her down to me at the theatre, to-morrow, at about twelve o'clock, just to try her. I am not afraid. Good-bye, Mr. Hesseltine, get well and we must see if we cannot find you a place in our company. They say Mr. Vaufield is to be married to an heiress soon, and if this is true, he will retire and leave a vacancy. You have done me a real service, and I shall not soon forget it."

It took Mrs. Hesseltine a long while to explain all this to Sybil, although, like most only children, she was older than her years. Sybil was quite familiar with theatres, and had often seen her father act, but she had her own quaint ideas upon the subject, and sometimes talked about the cruel people who clapped and laughed at papa when he was well, and forgot him when he was ill and suffering. She adored her father, and when once she had grasped the idea that if she were a good girl and did what she was told she would have money enough to buy him all sorts of nice things, she consented to try. Her little heart

almost failed her when she was taken to the theatre, but she was quick and clever, and learnt the few words of her part so rapidly that Miss Desanges was more than satisfied.

It gave Amy Hesseltine a thrill to hear the clear little voice as she stood half hidden in the wings. She let her veil fall over her face, as she silently prayed for her darling—prayers that she might be kept pure and spotless and learn no evil in this strange new atmosphere. Neither Sybil nor her mother ever guessed how strange an influence was exercised by the new child-member of the company. Men and women alike felt better for her innocent presence; the very scene-shifters loved her, and Viola Desanges, who had never known the magic touch of baby fingers, acted the scene with Sybil as she had never acted before.

It was pathetic enough in all truth. A beautiful imaginative woman, with a silent reserved husband she fancies indifferent, has in a weak moment consented to leave her home with a rich artist. His specious arguments convince her, and at last at a ball at her own house she gives her promise. She goes upstairs to put on a cloak, and then cannot resist going to the room where her child is lying asleep. All is dark save for the lamp held in the hand of the mother, who kneels by the cot weeping passionately and half regretting her rash impulse. The child sleeps calmly, as she pours out a pitiful prayer for forgiveness, but wakes when the hot tears fall upon her cheeks.

“Why are you crying so, darling mamma? and are you going away, that you have your cloak on?”

“Hush, baby, it is still night, but I have got to go away on a long journey.”

Nothing prettier than Sybil was surely ever seen on any stage when she sat up in her crib with her golden curls all ruffled.

“Mamma, darling mamma, don’t go away and leave papa and me. Oh! take us with you; we cannot be left alone, we love you so dearly.”

As she said this she clung round the neck of the mother who was going to forsake her, and the victory was won. The curtain fell as Viola Desanges threw off her heavy travelling cloak and sat down, holding the tiny hand in her own.

“Go to sleep, my baby; I will stay and take care of you always.”

Then the husband, who has been an unseen witness, comes forward with his full forgiveness, and all ends happily.

Wiseacres expressed doubts as to the success of "Passion Flowers." It was too simple, too poetical, too sombre; in fact, there was no end to the charges brought against it, and Horace Melton sometimes desponded. Not so Miss Desanges.

"I tell you I am sure of the verdict," she said to him again and again. "I have never had a part I like so well. As to Sybil, she is unique; that utter simplicity and that face must take the audience by storm. I know audiences so well."

* * * * *

It was a grey, chilly October evening, and a tall distinguished-looking man was sitting alone in a luxurious room in Piccadilly writing rapidly. He was pale and agitated, and his hand trembled as he wrote. Hugh Errington was rich, free, and gifted, yet he was most unhappy. The only son of good parents, he had been a good man in spite of all temptations. But then he had never known the real force of temptation until he discovered that the passion against which he had silently battled for years was returned. He could scarcely remember the time when he had not loved Viola Desanges, but he was a man of honour, and he knew that she was married. Latterly she had been more miserable than usual, and then one memorable night, each had guessed the secret of the other, and the knowledge had brought a bitter-sweet rapture that was more like pain than gladness. Viola was the stronger now, since a little golden-haired teacher had taught her sweet lessons of patience and forgiveness. She was learning to be brave in her resignation. But Hugh Errington had grown harder and more reckless since he knew the truth, and, now, on this the first night of "Passion Flowers" — ominous name — he was forgetting honour, forgetting pride, and forsaking the right path. In his hand he now held the sealed letter that implored Viola Desanges to leave London, to leave the world with him. A bouquet lay beside him, and he carefully fastened the note among the roses which concealed it. Half-an-hour later he was with two or three other men in a small high box at the Parthenon. It all seemed like a confused, evil dream. He bowed and smiled to his acquaintances, and talked abstractedly to those who were with him. This time to-morrow his place would be vacant, his

story the talk of the town, and honest men would have no part or lot with him. The play proceeded, and, as Viola Desanges had foreseen, it was received with growing favour. The critics agreed that she had surpassed herself, and even Hugh Errington was conscious of an inexplicable change in her.

Little Sybil's entrance roused him from a reverie, and he followed her every movement with fixed attention. She brought back to his remembrance a picture that had hung over his bed in the old hall when he was a boy—the picture of a child angel with a white lily in its hand. He remembered how he liked to fancy it a guardian spirit when he fell asleep at night. What had such thoughts as these to do with the present? He had chosen, it was too late. No, not yet too late. The flowers lay beside him, Viola was on the stage, they were still apart—the barrier was not broken, as it should be broken before another day dawned. He did not follow the action of the play very closely, but its construction was simple. Was it merely a coincidence that it seemed to have been written especially for him? “You say you will give me everything heart can desire; but Geoffrey, if I go away with you, you can never give me back a woman's greatest treasure, my good name.” With what thrilling expression Viola Desanges spoke those words, and what a depth of meaning lay in her great wistful eyes!

There was not a sound in the theatre. The great actress had risen to an unimagined height of power, and the audience was riveted. And the child! When the flushed face on the white pillows was revealed by the lamp there was moisture in the eyes of many but little used to feel emotions such as these, and real tears fell on Sybil's cheeks as Viola Desanges leant over her forgetting even the artist in the woman.

And Hugh Errington? Surely the guardian spirit of his boyish dreams stood before him in the guise of little Sybil. Silently, earnestly, the great battle between good and evil was being waged. His friends had left him, and he had no witness when he took the bouquet and tore to fragments the note that had lain like a serpent among the blossoms.

He would leave England, but he would leave it alone. He would not tempt a loving woman to sin for his sake; he would begin a new life that should be higher and purer than the old. The curtain fell amid frantic applause. The actors were coming,

and for a moment Viola Desanges stood before them with Sybil beside her. The smile of triumph on her face made it more beautiful than ever, but to the man who watched her for the last time it had an added sweetness, as he looked at her and flung the bouquet of roses at the feet of the child who had saved him and come to them both like an angel unawares.



The New Dramatic School.



HE "Times" says:—" 'Wealth,' by Mr. H. A. Jones, which was produced recently at the Haymarket Theatre, is a well intentioned play, redounding to the credit of both author and manager. More directly, more uncompromisingly than any contemporary work of its kind, it grapples with a social problem of vital interest, and seeks to solve it in accordance with philosophical principles. . . . The methods of the stage have a tendency to run in certain well-worn grooves, out of which it is desirable from time to time that they should be lifted. . . . Author and manager have intentionally turned aside from the ruts of convention to seek a new and untrodden path, and if the drama is to be revived—if we are to have a new dramatic formula in place of the present well-worn one—if the drama is to cease to be a *joujou curieux et amusant*—if, in short, the playwright is in any measure to usurp the function of the moralist, or even of the *genre* painter, it is by such a spirit of enterprise as that displayed by Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. Beerbohm Tree that the change will be effected."

Mr. William Archer thus discusses "The Profligate":—

"The next few weeks at the Garrick Theatre will be full of significance for the future of the English drama. If 'The Profligate' succeeds—really and solidly succeeds—we shall know that there exists in England a public of men and women ready and even eager to accept the serious treatment of serious themes. I have very little doubt as to the issue. First nights

are apt to be deceptive, but there was a ring in the enthusiasm of Wednesday last which must surely echo a thousandfold through London and through England. It rejoiced but did not surprise me. I have long maintained that the supposed necessity for comic relief, happy endings, and so forth was a mere delusion. The public wants to be interested and moved, no matter how; it is we critics who have hitherto insisted that all plays must be concocted according to a given recipe. We have conjured up a stupid eidolon, a sort of a vacantly-grinning bogie, which we have called the British Public, and have taken upon ourselves to formulate its prejudices and deliver its judgments in advance. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as the British Public, no such homogeneous, impervious, immutable mass of blockheadism as we have been pleased to imagine. But by diligently flaunting our bogie in the eyes of dramatists we have frightened them off the most fruitful tracts of their natural domain—that is, of human life. It is no secret that when Mr. Pinero wrote ‘The Profligate’ he intended to print, not to produce it. The fear of the bogie was upon him; and had it not been for Mr. Hare’s insight and courage, the triumph of Wednesday night might have been (at least) indefinitely postponed. I find it difficult to express with measure my gratitude to Mr. Pinero; for, by a curious reaction, his achievement ministers to my self-esteem. Dramatic criticism in England is apt to seem the most solemnly puerile of human occupations. Fancy a man making it his business in life to go three times a week to the Lowther Arcade, and gravely report upon the latest novelties from Paris or Nürnberg! But here, at last, we had got out of the toy-shop, and were in touch with adult art. I felt, as we all felt, no doubt, that this was a play worth the serious consideration of grown men. Ten years hence we may look back upon it as a tentative, immature, adolescent work, Mr. Pinero’s ‘*Dame aux Camélias*.’ But even when he shall have given us his ‘*Monsieur Alphonse*’ and his ‘*Denise*,’ I shall still have a sneaking fondness for ‘*The Profligate*,’ in memory of the novel emotion of one exhilarating evening.”

I have been asked to reprint a few remarks I have made elsewhere on the subject of these remarkable plays, which are supposed to inaugurate a new school of dramatic thought.

“ If I were suddenly to be told that I had never in my life seen the sun rise or set; that the moon was really made of green cheese; that the trees and fields at early springtime were bright blue; or that ‘ nothing is that has been,’ I could not be more astonished than when I am gravely informed that the ‘ old hunks ’ of the drama is a new feature, and that his introduction to the scene is the inauguration of a regenerated stage and a new dramatic formula! If there be one character more stereotyped and stale than another in drama, old and new, surely it is the irascible and unreasoning old gentleman who, puffed up with pride or wealth or conceit, turns his daughter or his son out of the house because he or she will not marry the man or woman he has destined for them. Why, this irascible old curmudgeon is the very stock-in-trade of the old dramatists. He occurs in almost every play that was ever written before and after the beginning of the present century. He was as indispensable to the dramatists beloved of our forefathers as is the modern mother-in-law in the conventional three-act farce of to-day. When one Philip Massinger wrote a play called ‘ A New Way to Pay Old Debts,’ and created Sir Giles Overreach, was anything said about philosophy, or psychology, or an important social problem, or a regenerated style of drama? He was a bit of human nature, and so he was accepted, in spite of the play being dull; for a genius created Sir Giles Overreach, and carried a heavy play on his shoulders to partial success. When George Colman wrote ‘ The Iron Chest,’ Sir Edward Mortimer was not hailed as a regenerating influence or the pioneer of a new formula. He had his origin in a novel called ‘ Caleb Williams,’ and neither the talent of the Keans nor the music of Storace could shake off the depression of the gloomy play, which not only contained a Sir Edward Mortimer, but an Adam Winterton into the bargain—a character that, as acted by Dodd, nearly shut up the old ‘ Iron Chest ’ altogether.

“ All who take an interest in modern stage-work and in the future of the literary drama must rejoice and be exceeding glad when Mr. Henry Arthur Jones writes a play, for he is a thoughtful student and a man with reverence. There is nothing haphazard or flippant about him at all. Most of us also, who would preserve the vitality of the stage, its life, its mission, its purity, and its influence, would encourage to the utmost any

new departure that would tend to ennobling it, and to bring back to the consideration of the drama men of culture and intellect. But, for the life of me, I cannot see the use of raising these 'cuckoo cries' about philosophy and new formulas, and so on, when there is nothing whatever to justify them. The boy who went on calling 'Wolf!' was in the end disbelieved, and disaster was the result. Has not some one been crying 'Wolf!' pretty loudly over the new Haymarket play of 'Wealth'? Where on earth can any one discover the root or basis, or even the faintest foreshadowing of a grave social problem in the story, the idea, or in any of the characters introduced into the play? What is there new in its conception, or original in its treatment? How does Matthew Ruddock differ from the thousand and one selfish, egotistical, unreasonable old rascals who have preceded him? Sprung from nothing, by dint of industry he made a fortune. So did our fathers, our grandfathers, and great-grandfathers. There is nothing new in that. Bloated with wealth, his social success turned his head. Is this a new feature in the scheme of our common humanity? Cantankerous and capricious, he turns against those he loves best, and cuts off his idolised daughter with less than the conventional shilling. Why, the curmudgeons of old comedy have been doing this for centuries! The love of money turns his brain, and when he is most wealthy he dreams that he is a pauper. Is this a case that has never been recorded in old Bethlehem Hospital or St. Luke's? Why, it dates from the time that lunatics were chained to the walls and slept on straw! Such dramatic madmen invariably recover their reason by the same kind of shock that upset it, and die 'babbling of green fields' in the arms of those they love best. No one would pretend for a moment to say that such characters or such motives are unsuited to the drama, be it new or old, be the old curmudgeon armed with a sword or an office ruler, whether such a hero is attired in velvet and lace or in frock-coat and trousers; but to placard him as a new product is just a little preposterous, and unquestionably misleading.

"I always thought in my innocence that the fine old plays beloved by our forefathers were discarded simply because they were dull, dispiriting, and out of tune with the go-ahead, exciting spirit of the age. I always conceived that Mr. Irving,

Mr. Tree, and others had been devoting their artistic lifetime to the application of Shakespeare, amongst other old dramatists, to the tendency of the times. I have seen revivals of Massinger's old play, of Colman's lugubrious drama, and even of the modern 'Werner;' but they all carried too much weight, and they sank the acting that they called into play. But if the new departure, and the social problems, and the psychology, and all the fine new terms and phrases are to bring back dulness sublimated—well, then, for goodness' sake let us see a fine and intelligent young actor like Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Sir Giles Overreach or Sir Edward Mortimer or Count Werner! For assuredly neither Massinger nor Colman nor Lord Byron wrote quite so monotonous a study of an old gentleman as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has done. To applaud, or encourage as an example, such a play as 'Wealth' is to revive the depressing effects of the elder dramatists without recognising their literary merits. We are told by the quidnuncs that we are for the future to discard love interest and comic relief, and what they are pleased to call the conventionality and the commonplace formulas of dramatic art; but, if we do, for goodness' sake let us have something new or wonderful to put in their place. So far as I can see, if this be an example of the new tradition, we have retained the commonplace and conventional, the dotard, his delirium and his death, and have not even given him a new frame to brighten him up and make him look smart. It may be that the new school is all right and the old school is all wrong. Possibly there are playgoers who desire to see such capable performers as Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macklin, Miss Rose Leclercq, and Miss Rose Norreys, and many others comparatively effaced and their artistic efforts rendered nugatory because it has been decided to give Mr. Beerbohm Tree a 'one part' play. But this does not seem the tendency of the dramatic times so far as one can see. Everyone present in the theatre admired and applauded the heroic endeavour of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, ever an artist, and who will one day startle us with a great dramatic creation. Everyone thanked Miss Rose Norreys and Mr. Weedon Grossmith for the relief of their delightful humour. But the audience seemed to sigh for interest—which must, after all, be the backbone of any form of drama, conventional or reformed.

“To my mind the sudden discovery that the public and the critics in combination have driven ‘human nature’ off the stage, or at any rate discouraged it, is one of the most astounding instances of modern critical affectation that I have ever met with. My friend Mr. William Archer, who is not very often enthusiastic, throws his cap in the air, claps his hands, and shrieks with delight because Mr. Pinero has dared to write such a play as ‘The Profligate.’ He thinks that now the barrier has been broken down, and that we shall worship dolls and dummies no more. He looks upon the public as a huge bogey, created by silly critics. Well, we are all rejoiced that Mr. Pinero has written ‘The Profligate;’ it is a charming and delightful work, a play that would have succeeded any time these twenty years; a play that would succeed no doubt twenty years to come; but is there anything so very strange and wonderful in the ethics of the new play? When, a few years ago, Mr. Wilson Barrett constructed, invented, and arranged ‘Sister Mary,’ no one shrieked with delight at his daring in shaking off the dust of stage conventionality; and ‘Sister Mary’ was, in essence, invented and put aside at least twenty-five years ago! I grant that ‘The Profligate’ is a vastly better play than ‘Sister Mary,’ but there is scarcely an idea in Mr. Pinero’s play that was not anticipated in Mr. Barrett’s story. Walter Leigh has, in his wild-oat days, seduced Rose Read, a farmer’s daughter, promised to marry her, and abandoned her. Dunstan Renshaw seduces, deceives, and abandons Janet when he is a wild and reckless young man. Walter Leigh is arrested in his downward and degraded course by a good, pure woman. Renshaw is saved from ruin by an innocent girl. Walter Leigh forgets all about Rose Read. Renshaw forgets his obligations to Janet. Leigh’s secret is discovered by his intended bride on their wedding morning. Renshaw’s secret is discovered in the rapture of his honeymoon. Sister Mary leaves her adored Walter when the wedding-bells are ringing. The bride leaves her Dunstan when they are married. Sister Mary consents to take Walter back when the woman he has seduced is dead. Rose Read dies on the battle-field; and the two who love are united. Dunstan and Leslie are supposed to marry when the victim of the man is still living, uncared for and destitute, and after Dunstan has tried to commit suicide.



MR JACK ROBERTSON.

"Sigh no more, ladies ! sigh no more :
Men were deceivers ever."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

Walter Leigh, with more bravery, has sought death when leading a 'forlorn hope' to rescue the woman he has seduced, and who has wrecked his life. And yet the story of 'Sister Mary' was voted sentimental and immoral, and the story of 'The Profligate' is the one that is to rescue the wretched stage from bondage!

"Surely Mr. William Archer is familiar with the works of Mr. Thomas W. Robertson when he implies that human nature on the stage is a new discovery of the modern critic. Was there no human nature in 'Caste'? no human nature in 'Ours'? Did Robertson ever write a play that was not a protest against conventionality and stage cant and irritating formulas? I have had some little experience of stage-plays, and have never known one properly impregnated with 'human nature' to fail; but Heaven help us from the false human nature of such unwholesome, meretricious stuff as 'As in a Looking-Glass,' 'Ariane,' and the gilt trumpery that passes itself off for gold! Heaven help the stage from advertising the false instead of the true; and peace be to the sleepy audiences that find repose and rest in so somnolent a production as 'Wealth.'

"Mr. Pinero suffers as much as he profits by the acting of his delightful play. Had he sought London all over he could not have found a better hero than Mr. Forbes Robertson, a better heroine than Miss Kate Rorke, a better Lord Dangars than Mr. Hare, a better Mrs. Stonehay than Mrs. Gaston Murray. They were, one and all, as good as good can be. All these artists have brains. We may want a little more distinction here and there, but with these the true note of the play was touched; but that was only half the play. The best character—Mr. Murray, the solicitor—was not touched or apparently understood. Mr. Lewis Waller is a clever and, at times, an interesting young actor. His acting was the best thing in 'Brantingham Hall;' but he did not get near the Scotch solicitor. He spouted his speeches, he did not soliloquise or declaim from the heart. All the sentiment of the character which Mr. Archer detests so much evaporated. For what possible reason could Mr. Willard have refused so noble a character, as true to the best kind of human nature as character can be?—and why was not Mr. Bancroft recalled to the stage to play a part that he would have acted as

well as he would have looked it? For Hugh Murray is a serious man—not a disagreeable boy. Miss Olga Nethersole was spoiled as an actress when an indiscriminating audience applauded her excess in ‘The Dean’s Daughter.’ She has been extravagant, excessive, and stagy ever since. No doubt she will improve her style altogether if she has the good fortune to remain at the Garrick Theatre, where she will be taught what to forget. The same training and experience will be of value to Miss Lamb, who had a great chance in Mr. Pinero’s play—and missed it. ‘The Profligate’ is capital as it stands; had it been better acted, it would have stood out as the best and most interesting play of its class since ‘Caste,’ as it certainly is. “C. S.”

P.S.—It may be interesting to add to this Mr. Pinero’s own explanation of the termination of “The Profligate.” Every one who has seen the play will agree with Mr. Pinero that the healthy influence of the story is as strong as ever, and the value of each character remains unimpaired notwithstanding the change of plan from the original conception and design.

“I feel that Mr. Hare, in his friendly anxiety to spare my shoulders, has laid a burden upon his own which I am not justified in allowing him to bear. The alteration in the ending of ‘The Profligate’ was made by me very willingly, and I am unfortunate if I conveyed to Mr. Hare the impression that I was making any sacrifice of my convictions. Indeed, I could never allow the consideration of mere expediency to influence me in dealing with subjects upon which I feel deeply and write with all the earnestness of which I am capable.

“I had long settled the form of my play when a friend for whose judgment I have great respect raised through Mr. Hare a question for my consideration. Could not the moral I had set myself to illustrate be enforced without distressing the audience by sacrificing the life of a character whose sufferings were intended to win sympathy? Reflection convinced me that such a course was not only possible but was one which in no way tended to weaken the termination of my story, whilst it promised to extend that story’s influence over the larger body of the public.

“This sparing of the life of Renshaw has in no way distorted my original scheme as it affected the other characters of the play. Murray’s love remains unrewarded; Janet suffers for her partnership in Renshaw’s sin, and passes away; Wilfrid’s boyish passion shares the fate of most boyish passions, and is left to become a memory; Renshaw pronounces his own doom—than which not even the death penalty could be heavier—in the speech which has for its burden ‘She knows you!’—all these things are as I always intended they should be. The forgiveness of Renshaw by Leslie was from the first part of my scheme, and this softening of the wife towards her husband arises now, as it did originally, through the good offices of Murray.

“I am aware that in dealing with the destinies of many of the characters

in 'The Profligate' I have not been guided by the usual and often valuable mechanism of stagecraft; but it has been my purpose to yield unresistingly to the higher impress of truth, and from the truths of life as they appear to my eyes I have never wavered in any degree.

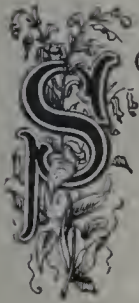
"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ARTHUR W. PINERO.

"Weymouth, 7th May, 1889."

Father Damien.

"THE LEPER APOSTLE." 1841—1889.



OFT breezes chant thy requiem, saint victorious,
In that fair island of the southern sea;
Rest after toil is thine! How blest and glorious
On God's great Day shall thine awakening be!

O grand and noble heart that ne'er did languish,
Crushing all Self beneath the feet of Love;
Content through lonely years to soothe the anguish
Of God's sore-stricken ones, and point above;

To comfort those in loathsome sickness lying;
To raise the fallen near to God again;
To bear thy Master's message to the dying,
And sink at last beneath the leper's pain.

Thy life doth shine, a glorious answer giving,
In these dark days when Faith grows weak and cold,
And men ask sadly, "Is this life worth living?"
Then shall thy name pierce the grey mists with gold.

Faithful to death! A fadeless wreath of glory
Upon thy far-off grave mankind doth lay,
Throughout all lands shall ring thy noble story—
The whole world claims thee as its own to-day!

EFFIE M. AYLING.

Our Play=Box.

“WEALTH.”

An Original Play of modern English life, in four acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, April 27, 1889.

Matthew Ruddock..	Mr. BEERBOHM TREE.	Percy Palfreyman..	Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH.
Paul Davoren.. ..	Mr. MACKLIN.	Mr. Palfreyman ..	Mr. STEWARD DAWSON.
John Ruddock	Mr. BROOKFIELD.	Wakeley	Mr. PERCEVAL-CLARK.
Dr. Driscoll	Mr. KEMBLE.	Gaskin	Mr. ROBB HARWOOD.
Hon. Clive Dash-		Servant	Mr. LEITH.
wood	Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.	Mrs. Palfreyman ..	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
Rev. Joseph Cheese-		Mrs. Creeseley ..	Miss AYRTOUN.
ley	Mr. C. ALLAN.	Madge Davoren ..	Miss NORREYS.
Roger Buckmaster..	Mr. HARGREAVES.	Edith Ruddock ..	Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE.

The very brilliant and representative audience that filled the Haymarket Theatre to overflowing on this occasion seemed much divided in opinion as to what verdict should be passed on the new play; and the conclusion was not one of unqualified approval. One cannot congratulate Mr. Jones in having strayed from the path of domestic drama to launch out into study of character, given in a one-part play, when the work is so unequally done. The piece starts well with an interesting and strong first act, which unfortunately proves an anti-climax to a very weak ending. In the second act there is also some good work, but the closing scene is almost a replica of the situation in the first act; surely this is a mistake. In the last two acts the play dwindles into an uninteresting monologue. But here is the story:

Matthew Ruddock is a Yorkshire ironfounder, a self-made man who by hard incessant work has become immensely wealthy. This wealth he has made his idol. To keep it, he is as hard to himself as he is to his workmen. To increase it, he has ventured health and brain, and he will not believe his doctor's warning that they are tottering under the strain of overwork. This stern, unflinching old man has one tender spot in his nature—the love he bears to his motherless daughter. Nothing is too good or too beautiful for his Edith; he would turn every stone from her path, load her with riches. But—and, inconsistent though it may seem, it is but too true to some human natures—he expects her to be happy according to his plan, not to any of her own. This wealth that he has given up his life for must not go to strangers; it must cling to his name even after he is gone. Therefore Edith must marry her cousin John Ruddock, the orphan nephew, whom Matthew has always looked upon as his son. But Edith has seen through John's villainous nature; secret love for another man who knows not his happiness has given her clear eyesight, where her father has been blind. Betrothed without being consulted, the

marriage hurried on without giving her pause, at the last moment she plucks up courage to throw off the fear that mingles with her love for her father. After a first tender and useless appeal, she resolutely declares she will not marry the man she cannot love. Thunderstruck that his child should not obey him implicitly in realising the one dream of his life, he gives her until the morrow to change her mind, or he will never see her face again. And as he staggers and seems about to fall he repulses the Doctor's proffered arm, and, recovering himself by sheer force of will, exclaims, "Leave me alone, I'm quite well." Thus ends the first act, and so far the audience is interested and impressed. In this act only does the part of Edith give any opportunity to Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and she is very sweet, charming and natural. Her scream and shudder, when John Ruddock comes stealthily to her side and touches her unexpectedly, were very good, because so very true. After the first few phrases Mr. Beerbohm Tree dropped the Yorkshire dialect altogether; but for this detail the assumption of the character was perfect. His make up, his every look, tone, gestures, showed the great artist at every turn; he was the man he represented; it was an excellent and finished performance. The second act is faulty in construction, still we have good scenes in it. A fortnight has elapsed, and Edith has been receiving the hospitality of Madge Davoren, the sister of the man she loves. Matthew Ruddock has not relented, he will not call her back until she consents to marry John. All messages or embassies from her are received with testy irritability and cold resolution, admirably depicted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. At one time, however, he is very nearly breaking down: it is the one touching scene in the play, the one bit of true pathos and poetry which must appeal to all hearts. Matthew Ruddock has made a new will in favour of his nephew, and in searching for the old one to destroy it, comes across letters of his daughter written to him when she was a child. His first impulse is to throw them into the fire, but he reads one before doing so. Written from school in anticipation of her father's next visit, the letter is full of longing to see him, of hunger for his presence and love, and in words so appropriate to the present situation that the strong man breaks down into tears, calls for his darling, and yearns to forgive. Had Edith come in at this juncture to be folded in her father's arms and taken back into his heart for ever, and this been the ending of the play, I do not believe that the loud dissent that came at the end of the act would have been heard. While we were still under the impression of this scene, beautifully rendered by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the villain comes on the scene and destroys all the good effect of the letter by showing Matthew a paragraph in a society paper (evidently inserted by himself), to the effect that Edith has compromised herself by leaving her father's house for that of Paul Davoren. The latter and Edith now come on the scene. She again refuses to marry John, and is again disowned. From her father's angry words Davoren learns, for the first time, that he is loved, and this emboldens him to ask her to be his wife. Refusing the consent his daughter asks of him, in a moment of blasphemous frenzy Matthew Ruddock dares heaven to

beggar him. From this moment the play falls to pieces. Shattered in health and mind, Matthew labours under the delusion that he is ruined ; in a fit of absolute madness he scatters his gold and securities about his drawing-room, tears down the draperies, and makes salad of the furniture ; and this occupies the whole of the third act, for the string of relations so feebly tacked on to the main plot do not in any way advance or help the story by their scene in this act. The mad scene was, no doubt, intended to be powerful, but it was only overstrained and far-fetched. Mr. Beerbohm Tree struggled through it bravely, working with desperate energy ; it was not his fault if he failed to be impressive in the wearisome and monotonous monologue, his artistic and nervous temperament could not help being weighed down by such ponderous materials, handle them as he would. Restored to reason by the loving care of his daughter, who is about to marry the man of her choice, the emotion at learning that he is still a wealthy man kills him, after he has destroyed the will disinheriting his daughter. This is the ending of a weak fourth act. Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Norreys, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith were very good in small parts that are outriders to the story. Mr. Macklin did his best as an uninteresting lover, and so did Mr. Brookfield as the meanest of villains. The play is emphatically a one-part play, and if Mr. Beerbohm Tree was by no means at his best in the two concluding acts, which reflect no credit on the author, in the early scenes he showed himself a true artist. Since writing the above I understand the play has been considerably altered, and consequently improved.

“CLAUDIAN.”

Princess's Theatre, April 29, 1889.

Despite its faults, Claudian is a play which grows upon you. The prologue is so perfect that one feels as if after entering through a magnificent portico, with beautiful architectural outlines and carvings, one suddenly found oneself in a large empty hall full of shadows, with one solitary, grand, and noble figure standing in the midst. After the prologue the play really becomes a three-act monologue, then what an admirable monologue it is ! How beautifully this character is drawn, how our attention is riveted, and our sympathy enlisted ; what a splendid part ! But woe betide the average actor who would undertake such a task ; it requires the talent and genius of an inspired artist to hold an audience in his grasp throughout the performance single-handed, so to speak. Mr. Wilson Barrett has made this part especially his own, and I know of no actor who could equal him in it. He looks, nay he is Claudian in every particular of dramatic power or subtle shade of expression, and his beautiful voice gives full meaning to the poetry of the words. His present rendering is as admirable as ever, and his hold on the audience in no way lessened by repetition. The death scene remains one of those beautiful poetical and impressive dramatic-histrionic achievements that haunt one for many a day after each new time of witnessing it.

Miss Eastlake is a sweet Almida, and Miss Alice Belmore a handsome Serena. Mr. Austin Melford makes an effective Holy Clement, and Mr. W. A. Elliott is by far the best Agazil we have had since the death of the much-regretted Walter Speakman. Play and players received the hearty welcome one always gives to old friends. On this evening Mr. Hall Caine reaped a success, which had nothing to do with his literary fame. Just before the last act a piece of scenery crashed through the drop scene, and would probably have caused some ugly accident had not Mr. Hall Caine, from his stage box, disentangled the curtain in time ; his presence of mind being greeted with a round of applause.

“FORGET-ME-NOT.”

“Forget-Me-Not.” Who ever could? And often as one has seen the play, one cannot help regretting that after the present series of *matinées*, commenced at the Opera Comique, May 8, 1889, Miss Genevieve Ward’s rights in the piece came to an end. As I said last month, good plays cannot be revived too often, and is it not the supreme degree of artistic skill, when, after thousands of nights of impersonation, the picture is not faded, but has gained some additional and vivid touches of freshness from the gifted interpreter. On each renewed acquaintance with Stephanie de Mohrivart, fairness and justice have compelled me to say, “Never has Miss Genevieve Ward acted better, never has she acted as well ;” and this Wednesday afternoon, the very same words enforced themselves upon me more emphatically than ever. She, in turn, charmed her audience with her *esprit*, interested them by her subtleness, awed them with her masterly power, and moved them to tears by the earnestness and truth of the bitter pathos which underlies the cold cruelty of Stephanie. “You should be called Evergreen,” says Sir Horace ; truly this applies to the woman and artist whose personal charms and perfect talent command the admiration of all. If it be possible, Mr. W. H. Vernon shows more finish and natural ease in his ever-excellent rendering of Sir Horace. Mrs. Canninge is again a capital Mrs. Foley ; and Mr. Nutcombe Gould and Mr. T. Bindloss render good service as Prince Malleotti and Barrato. Miss Robins, a new-comer, is a young actress of great promise ; her Alice Verney was tender, sympathetic, and natural.

“ANGELINA!”

A new three-act Comedy, adapted by W. COOPER from M. Bisson’s “Une Mission Délicate.”

First produced at the Vaudeville Theatre on the afternoon of May 9, 1889.

Mr. Alfred Gadabout.	Mr. THOMAS THORNE.	John	Mr. E. F. SAXON.
Mr. Harkaway Spangle	Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR.	Mrs. Gadabout ..	Miss GLADYS HOMFREYS.
Charles Spangle ..	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.	Cicely Gadabout ..	Miss ELLA BANISTER.
Major O’Gallagher ..	Mr. FRED THORNE.	Nancy	Miss FLORENCE BRIGHT.
Hector O’Gallagher ..	Mr. FRANK GILLMORE.	Angelina	Miss LILLIE HANDBURY.
Batt	Mr. F. GROVE.		

Received with considerable applause from an undoubtedly pleased audience, “Angelina” is only a sketch at present. A good one, but too thin for an evening bill. The outline is there, but wants filling in.

In evident fear that the piece might prove too naughty for an English public, in its French form, the adapter has taken out much without substituting anything instead. The plot is amusing, the characters are well drawn, there are some capital scenes, but there is a lack of substance; it is a play of possibilities, and I think the general verdict was, how good this will be when written up. Written up it must, and no doubt will be before it starts on a prolonged career. Major O'Gallagher, married to Angelina secretly for fear of being disinherited by a wealthy relation, leaves England for active service. His two old friends Spangle and Gadabout have each promised that during his absence they will look after Angelina, be a father to her in fact. And when he is reported dead they likewise consider it their duty to console her.—Spangle with an offer of marriage politely declined, Gadabout with balls, followed by lobster and champagne suppers. It is while partaking of this light refreshment at two o'clock in the morning that they are startled by the return of the Major, very much alive indeed. Angelina screams and faints; Gadabout, losing his head and hat, runs away; and the Major concludes his friend has played him false. It is the working out of his revenge which makes up the intrigue of the play. He compels his nephew Hector to make love to Gadabout's wife, a lady who prides herself in having more of the soldier than the woman about her, and keeps her husband under strict discipline. Hector, who is in love with Gadabout's daughter, only consents because he feels certain his impertinence will receive an immediate check. To his dismay, his advances are favourably received by Mrs. Gadabout, who, having heard something about Angelina, wishes to make her husband jealous. This and the arrest of Gadabout, the Major having given his hat to the police as that of a burglar, bring about many complications, everything being explained in the end, by the Major being able to openly declare his marriage to Angelina. Space precludes my saying more. The acting was good all round, as far as the reading of the parts went; but uncertainty as to words let down several of the scenes.

Miss Gladys Homfreys is very good as Mrs. Gadabout, looking both handsome and soldierlike, and Miss Ella Banister is a very pleasing Cicely. Mr. Farquhar and Mr. Fred Thorne will do excellently when memory no longer fails them. Mr. Gillmore is bright as Hector. Mr. Thomas Thorne, also a little shaky as to words, gives a capital and very amusing rendering of the perplexed Gadabout—in the last act he is especially good. But the *chef d'œuvre* of the production is the smallest character, one that has no fellow in the French play. This pedantic young man, who has made deep study of Herbert Spencer, and considers himself a philosopher, is an original and clever sketch, which does honour to the author and reflects the greatest credit on the impersonator, Mr. Cyril Maude. Dress, gait, make-up, voice, every detail in short, denoted careful observation and true artistic finish. This clever young actor has never done anything better. The smallest of parts can show the actor to be great, when he devotes such artistic excellence to his work.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

"THE PROFLIGATE."

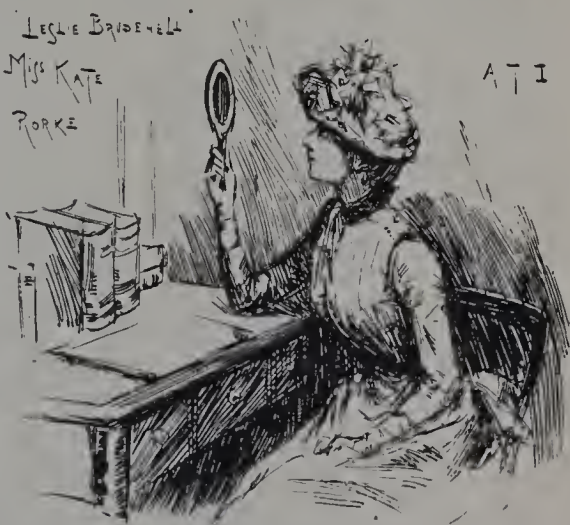
New and Original Play, in four acts, by A. W. PINERO.

First produced at the Garrick Theatre, Wednesday evening, April 24, 1889.

Lord Dangars	Mr. JOHN HARE.	Weaver	Mr. F. HAMILTON KNIGHT.
Dunstan Renshaw ..	Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.	Mrs. Stonehay ..	Mrs. GASTON MURRAY.
Hugh Murray	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Leslie Brudenell ..	Miss KATE RORKE.
Wilfred Brudenell ..	Mr. S. BROUGH.	Irene	Miss BEATRICE LAMB.
Mr. Cheal	Mr. DODSWORTH.	Janet	Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE.
Ephgraves	Mr. R. CATHCART.	Priscilla	Miss CALDWELL.

Never was a more deserved compliment paid to an author than that of calling for Mr. Pinero to express to him the admiration the audience felt for his work. "The Profligate" is a sad play, after the opening scene, but its interest is so absorbing, its characters so human, and its language so polished that one listens as though enthralled; and what a lesson it teaches to the most thoughtless man of the world: it shows him how the consequences of his self-gratification will one day rise up again as spectres to haunt and destroy him should he not have, as in this case, a pure loving woman, who, at the same time that she condemns, can pity him, and, with the aid of that pity, hold forth a hand to lead him into a better path, and guide and support him as he stumbles on his upward way. Yet the story is but an oft-told one. Dunstan Renshaw is one of those men who has lived for self alone, and, without perhaps giving a thought to the consequences, has, in the past, been the ruin of a young girl, Janet Preece by name. He tires of and leaves her, and Leslie Brudenell, one of the sweetest and most trusting maidens, just emerging from childhood, is thrown in his path. Her purity and freshness captivate his senses, and he courts her with the result that she gives to him her virgin heart and looks up to him as the soul of honour and perfection.

Hugh Murray, a middle-aged lawyer, outwardly cold and unimpressible, loves her perhaps the more deeply that he is compelled to hide his feelings. He knows of Renshaw's past life, and warns him that the evil seed he has sown shall one day yield him a bitter crop. His words soon prove true, for almost as soon as Renshaw and his wife have left his presence, a young woman is announced who has come to consult him as to the best means of discovering her betrayer. She is no other than Janet; she does not know the real name of the man she seeks, nor can she give a good description of him, but she sketches his likeness, and in it Murray recognises Renshaw. The lawyer for the sake of the young wife temporises with Janet, and so gets rid of her for the present. Speedy retribution follows on Renshaw for his evil doings. He and his wife are spending their honeymoon in Florence. Short as has been his communication with Leslie, the husband has already learnt to love almost to adoration, her



purity and goodness are a constant reproach to him, and he feels that should she know him in his true character her esteem for him will at once be destroyed, her love annihilated. Janet Preece has become a dependent in the household of Mrs. Stonehay, a vulgar, pushing woman, whose one end and aim is to wed her daughter Irene to Lord Dangars, a dissolute peer, who has figured in divorce suits in every capacity except that of petitioner. Irene confides to Leslie that she loathes the idea of the marriage. Janet, exhausted with a long walk, asks to be allowed to rest at the Renshaws' villa, and Leslie, having known her previously, and hearing how unhappy she is in her present situation, persuades her to stay with them. The result is that Wilfred Brudenell

a noble, manly young fellow, becomes much attached to Janet, but when he proposes is refused. Leslie pleads his cause, and Janet in explanation of her refusal has, with the deepest humiliation, to confess that she is a fallen woman. Renshaw has been away to prepare a home for the young wife who is so looking forward to his return. His servant Weaver announces that his master is close at hand and is bringing with him Lord Dangars.



Leslie is determined that this man, who, though one of title, she looks upon as all that is base and to be shunned, shall not be accepted as a visitor. She expresses herself freely as to his character, of which she has formed the very worst opinion. This opinion is confirmed when she hears the ejaculation uttered by Janet Preece when she sees the two men approaching, for Leslie directly believes that in Lord Dangars she looks on the girl's betrayer. To raise an insurmountable obstacle to his marriage with Irene, in no measured terms Leslie charges the nobleman with his wickedness. He at once says that until that moment he has never set eyes on Janet Preece. Then the horrible truth reveals itself to this pure and loving wife, it is against her own husband she should have

launched forth her scorn and contempt. He can only stand and, broken and ashamed, beseech her forgiveness. Her only answer to his prayers is "Deny it!" "Deny it!" and so at length, when he can but urge his deep repentance but cannot refute the accusation, she sends him from her presence, and then, dazed, crushed, and broken, for one moment



she sways to and fro, and then falls with a crash, stricken down senseless. But a few weeks are supposed to elapse. Leslie and her brother have returned for a time to London. Wilfred has sought far and near for Janet who had disappeared. Worn out, he sleeps in an arm-chair, and the poor

lost girl comes to announce that she is leaving England for ever, and she places one last kiss on the brow of the unconscious lad, who has given her his first love, and so she fades from our sight, and brother and sister leave the room to find comfort and support in each other. They are under the same roof with Hugh Murray, their staunch, unselfish friend. As he sits pondering on his own and their fates, Renshaw enters; haggard from sleepless nights, worn down with the bitter thoughts that haunt him night and day, he comes to implore some news of his wife. Murray, assured of his deep repentance, pities him, but without telling him so determines to bring man and wife together again, and leaves the room in search of Leslie. Left alone, Renshaw's future appears so dark, what hope has he or can he have that the woman who once so believed in him can ever look on him again; why should he struggle? No, let him end it all! And he is on the point of putting a close to his miserable existence when his guardian angel whispers to him that to do this is the act of a coward. If he would show true repentance, let him bear the burden that Providence in its mercy has decreed that he shall bear, and so he casts himself down in a humble sense of just chastisement. The door opens, and he hears the tones of that voice so dear to him uttering words of forgiveness and support, words which he dared not hope to hear again; and so, as the blessed sound of "Husband" falls upon his ears, he throws himself at Leslie's feet, and once more calls her "wife." Miss Kate Rorke displayed in the one great scene a tragic power and intensity that were the more noticeable from the contrast with the happy, girlish temperament so charmingly portrayed in the opening. Her acting throughout was, as I have already said, perfect, nor was Mr. Forbes Robertson's less so. These two alone would be seen again and again with renewed delight. Mr. Hare contented himself with the small part of Lord Dangars, which he made a great one. Mr. Lewis Waller had a most difficult rôle to fill, but went through the ordeal more than satisfactorily. Miss Olga Nethersole was very sweet and tender, and Miss Beatrice Lamb showed a distinct advance in her profession, though scarcely strong enough yet for Irene. Mrs. Gaston Murray gave a life-like rendering of a tuft-hunting, scheming woman. Mr. Sidney Brough was natural and easy, yet full of manly pathos, and even to the part of Weaver, so well filled by Mr. Hamilton Knight, the characters were all ably represented. "The Profligate" is one of the best plays, if not the best, that has been seen for years, and its success with the public is proportionate.

"FADDIMIR; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF ORTHODOXY."

New two-act Comic Opera by ARTHUR REED and OSCAR NEVILLE.

First produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Monday afternoon, April 29, 1889.

Faddimir the First ..	Mr. ERIC THORNE.	The Rev. Nitro Glitzer- ..	Mr. WILFRED E. SHINE.
Prince Alexis.. ..	{ Mr. HERBERT SIMS	inski	}
	REEVES.	Marie	Miss FLORENCE PERRY.
Baron Krazinski	Mr. GEORGE TEMPLE.	Katherina	Miss ADA DOREE.
Tarakanoff	Mr. JOSEPH WILSON.	Christina	Miss BEATRICE PERRY.
Popoff	Mr. MALCOLM BELL.	A Court Lady	Miss ALICE VICAT.
Sergeant of the Guards	Mr. HENDON.	Anna	Miss LILY LINFIELD
A Courier	Mr. METCALF.		

It has often been suggested that in case of an assembly of riotous people, instead of their being charged by the military or police, the fire engines should be called out and the mob should be well sluiced. The great unwashed of any nation detest water as a rule, either for outward or inward application, and have an abhorrence of soap, and it is this rooted aversion to cleanliness that Mr. Neville has made the motive of his libretto. Alexis, the next heir to the throne of some country where anarchy and the Greek Church appear to fight for mastery, should by rights marry Katherina, the daughter of the reigning monarch, his uncle, Faddimir, but the young fellow has set his heart upon Marie, a village beauty, and gets out of the proposed marriage by pleading that the union would be unorthodox. Faddimir, to avenge this insult, at the suggestion of his prime minister Krazinski, issues an edict that every one of the populace must buy a cake of soap, and lets it become known that the edict has emanated from Alexis. The people, naturally indignant at such an interference with their personal liberty, as inflicting on them cleanliness, rise in rebellion and vow the assassination of their persecutor. Fortunately he has a friend in the priest Nitro, who persuades him to join the ranks of the anarchists, which he accordingly does in the disguise of an Irish patriot, and is himself told off to do Alexis to death. As this is rather difficult and the conspirators become impatient, Marie, who is to be his colleague in the murder, makes up a dummy of her lover, which is duly stabbed, and then the Irishman is put on his trial, and of course reappears in his own proper person as Alexis, and discomfits his uncle, who is at once deposed by the populace for the obnoxious soap decree. The starting idea is certainly a droll one, and there are some very telling pieces, but much of the material is rather coarse, and though it produced a good deal of laughter the work is anything but high class and is really only burlesque.

The music, composed by Mr. Arthur Reed, is, however, without being strikingly original, bright and tuneful—the overture being specially worthy of notice.

Miss Florence Perry should scarcely have attempted such an arduous rôle as that of Marie, for, admirably as she sang, both with charm and expression, the strain was too great on a voice whose owner has only reached her seventeenth summer. Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves was not up in his words, and neither sang nor acted in such a manner as to aid the opera, but Mr. Eric Thorne and Mr. Wilfred E. Shine—the latter particularly—were decidedly humorous and carried the piece along. Miss Lily Linfield danced with exquisite grace and acted with considerable spirit. "Faddimir" would probably be received with much favour in some provincial towns.

"TENTERHOOKS."

Farceical Comedy in three acts, by H. M. Paull.

First produced at the Comedy Theatre, Wednesday evening, May 1, 1889.

Colonel Dubois ..	Mr. MARIUS.	Richards	Mr. A. G. ANDREWS.
Captain Pinniger ..	Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS.	Beatrice Dubois ..	Miss LOTTIE VENNE.
Jasper Quayle ..	Mr. C. H. HAWTREY.	Constance Dubois	Miss VANE FEATHERSTONE.
Dr. Spencer	Mr. T. G. WARREN.	Jane..	Miss MAUDE RAINES.
Henry Hobbs ..	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.	Miss Quayle	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.

"The Great Felicidad," which was played at a *matinée* at the Gaiety Theatre on March 24, 1887, first brought Mr. Paull into prominent notice, and though his play was undoubtedly clever, it did not prove acceptable, on account of its only showing us the very worst side of human nature. In "Tenterhooks" he has given us everyday men and women, with their faults and failings and with their good and bad points, some remarkably clever dialogue, some really excellent comedy scenes between the two principal characters, and some amusing, if rather improbable, situations. Colonel Dubois, an apoplectic, irritable, and rather hypochondriacal *vieux militaire*, has two very pretty daughters. The younger, Constance, has chosen for herself (without letting her father know), Dr. Spencer; the elder, Beatrice, is intended for a rather stout and melancholy but good-hearted retired captain, Pinniger by name. But as the fair Beatrice does not by any means approve of her elderly lover, and has a sneaking affection for Jasper Quayle, she coolly proposes to the latter that they shall pretend to be engaged, hoping that this will lead to a regular proposal—so it would, no doubt, but that, unfortunately, Quayle is already married, and, though separated from his wife, a not very estimable character, he dare not avow his union. Affairs go on in this way, poor Pinniger's hopes being alternately raised and dashed down again by the support of the old Colonel, until Jasper determines to tell Beatrice everything, and so takes her for a row at Brighton. Mishaps occur; they are driven out to sea, and only return the next morning, when Beatrice tells him that after the scandal that will arise he cannot do less than marry her. Miss Quayle, Jasper's maiden aunt, who has hitherto believed her nephew to be the frankest and most guileless of individuals, has discovered during his absence that he has long been a Benedict. She insists on Dr. Spencer going to fetch Mrs. Quayle, who is supposed to be resident at Hove, but instead of the doctor returning with her he brings her brother-in-law, Henry Hobbs, a carneying, worthless scamp, who has for some two years kept up the fiction that she was still alive by producing receipts for her allowance duly signed by her, she having, with amiable and admirable foresight, left behind her some two dozen blank receipts to enable the worthy Hobbs to successfully blackmail his unsuspecting victim, Jasper. So Jasper marries Beatrice, the Colonel gives Constance to Dr. Spencer, and poor Captain Pinniger we must admit is very hardly treated, and remains a bachelor.

Mr. Harry Nicholls deserves great praise for the vein of pathetic humour that he skilfully exhibits in the character of the well-meaning, good-hearted, stout, and unromantic Captain Pinniger; Mons. Marius is

excellent as peppery, impulsive Colonel Dubois, and Mr. W. F. Hawtrey makes the comparatively small part of Henry Hobbs a salient point by his originality and quaintness. Miss Susie Vaughan loses no opportunity as the kindly old aunt, Miss Quayle. Miss Vane Featherstone is delightfully fresh and girlish as Constance, and has a pleasant lover in Mr. T. G. Warren, and no more charming little waiting-maid than Miss Maude Raines has been seen for some time. Of the two principals, Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Charles Hawtrey, it is impossible to speak too highly; though so intensely laughable and amusing, their parts were played in the very truest spirit of comedy, and the gentleman's in particular will be remembered as certainly his cleverest assumption up to this time.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Omnibus=Box.

The theatrical profession will no doubt fully appreciate the well-deserved compliment paid to its recognised head, Mr. Henry Irving, and to Miss Ellen Terry, in receiving the royal command to appear at Sandringham. For the occasion the ball-room had been converted into a miniature Lyceum, the proscenium and act-drop of the theatre having been reproduced on a smaller scale. The following was the programme:—

V.R.—THEATRE ROYAL, SANDRINGHAM.

Royal Entertainment.—By command of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, before Her Majesty the Queen.

On Friday Evening, April 26, 1889.

"THE BELLS."

A drama in three acts, from the "Juif Polonais" of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian.

Mathias	Mr. HENRY IRVING.	President of the Court ..	Mr. TYARS.
Walter	Mr. HOWE.	Mesmerist	Mr. ARCHER.
Hans	Mr. JOHNSON.	Catherine	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.
Christian	Mr. ALEXANDER.	Sozel	Miss LINDEN.
Dr. Zimmer	Mr. HAVILAND.	Annette	Miss COLERIDGE.
Notary	Mr. COVENEY.		Alsace, 1833.

After which the Trial Scene from

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Shylock	Mr. HENRY IRVING.	Gratiano	Mr. TYARS.
Duke of Venice	Mr. HOWE.	Clerk of the Court	Mr. COVENEY.
Antonio	Mr. WENMAN.	Nerissa	Miss LINDEN.
Bassanio	Mr. ALEXANDER.	Portia	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Salarino	Mr. HARVEY.		

Director, Mr. Irving; Assistant Director, Mr. Loveday; Musical Director, Mr. Ball. The scenery painted by Mr. Hawes Craven; the act-drop painted by Mr. Hann.

God Save the Queen.

Mr. Irving and Miss Terry had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty, who graciously congratulated them on their respective impersonations and the excellence of the *tout ensemble*, and subsequently, through the Prince of Wales, presented Mr. Irving with a pair of double gold and diamond sleeve links, and Miss Terry with a brooch, two birds in diamonds. The whole company (consisting in all of some sixty persons after supper returned to town by special train.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh's play of "The Inheritance," produced at the Comedy on the afternoon of Thursday, May 16, contains several powerful situations, and has the merit of increasing in interest as it goes on; but it is rather verbose, and in the two first acts so spun out as to be wearisome. The story is as follows. Sir Ambrose Mandeville comes of a family the members of which have, for many generations, ruined themselves by gambling, and he therefore hates gambling in every form. Having an only nephew, Jasper Mandeville, he sends him into the Guards, allowing him only £150 a year. Naturally the young man finds this insufficient, so takes to horse-racing, and loses heavily. Sir Ambrose discovers the fact through the treachery of his brother, Dr. Dennis Mandeville, who is anxious to secure his brother's fortune for himself, and immediately executes a new will disinheriting Jasper and leaving everything to his niece, Muriel Hesseltine, who is in love with Jasper. The doctor has reason to believe that the will will be destroyed, but not that another will be made so soon. He has, for some time past, been dosing his brother with chloral diluted with water, of which mixture he gives him eighty drops. He now leaves for Devonshire, having previously ordered a fresh bottle to be sent in. This is, of course, undiluted, so that when Sir Ambrose tells Muriel to give him eighty drops, which she does, he dies. The doctor returns, finds that the money has been left to Muriel instead of himself, and insinuates that she has murdered Sir Ambrose, he having threatened to alter his will in favour of the Doctor if she persisted in the determination she had expressed of marrying Jasper. When, however, owing to the intervention of Admiral Brabazon, the good genius of the play, he finds that he is not likely to succeed in establishing Muriel's guilt, he pours poison into a cup of tea intended for her. The Admiral, who has a trick of arranging his hair in public, sees the proceeding in a pocket mirror which he has in his hand, and succeeds in drawing off the Doctor's attention and changing the cups. He then tells the Doctor that he has drunk the tea intended for Muriel. The Doctor, in an agony of terror, betrays his guilt, and wishes to rush from the room to obtain an antidote, but the Admiral will not allow him to go till he has signed a paper explaining the error in the administration of the undiluted chloral. The Admiral then informs him that he has never drunk the poisoned tea at all, and the baffled schemer leaves for foreign climes. Mr. John Beauchamp was excellent as the nervous, irritable Sir Ambrose. Mr. Royce Carleton as Dennis gave one of those finished impersonations of villainy in which he excels, and that without the slightest touch of exaggeration or overacting. Mr. Rutland Barrington as Admiral Brabazon played with admirable *bonhomie* the part of the good-natured, honourable Admiral. Miss Vane Featherstone showed both power and feeling as Muriel. The part of the Hon. Charlotte Fitzgerald, a lady attached to homœopathy and the Admiral, enabled Miss Susie Vaughan to show how sterling an actress she is, and Mr. Frank Rodney was a very capable Jasper. The other characters were well filled, particularly that of a young French lady, Adèle Désandre,

by Miss Dairolles, but several of them were quite unnecessary to the action of the piece. The play was very favourably received, and the author was called and applauded.

Of "Some Day," a new and original play by Mrs. Newton Phillips and John Tresahar, produced at a *matinée* at St. George's Hall on May 13, it is rather difficult to give an account, as the relations between the different parties were of a very complicated character, everyone being at some time or another married to every one else, and every one at some time or another imagining every one else to be dead. It, however, served very well to show that Miss Adrienne Dairolles, who played the villainous adventuress of the piece, possesses both power and tact and is capable of doing work very superior to any in which she has hitherto been seen, and doing it very well. Miss Dairolles was only moderately supported, but Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss May Woolgar Mellon, as the inevitable pair of youthful lovers, played with great freshness and charm. "Some Day" was preceded by "Second Thoughts," in which Miss Evelyn Viron showed considerable ability as Helen Clieveden.

It were waste of time to point out the many improbabilities and absurdities that abound in Mr. Coleman's new drama; suffice it that "The Silent Witness" is ill-adapted to meet the requirements of a West-end audience, and that it will need much careful revision before it can prove successful before even the most unsophisticated of transpontine playgoers. Leonard Denzil, the impecunious heir to an earldom, and Alrick Holt, the nephew of a wealthy mill-owner, Roger Greythorpe, are rivals for the hand of Ruth Greythorpe. Leonard, to forward his own suit, attempts—by inducing Alick to bet heavily and indulge too freely in drink—to debase him in the eyes of Ruth. In an intoxicated condition Alick finds his way to Greythorpe's house, where he tries to sleep off the effects of his debauch. Leonard also enters Greythorpe's abode, and when there is tempted by the sight of an open safe containing a cash-box full of bank-notes; he is in the act of securing to himself the money when he is confronted by Reuben Holt, Greythorpe's cashier. It is too late to draw back, a brief struggle takes place, a shot is fired, and Leonard escapes with the notes in his hand, leaving the cashier dead upon the ground. The inmates of the house find Alick—still half-dazed with drink—leaning, horror-stricken, over the dead body; suspicion points to him as the murderer and the young fellow is arrested. In the meantime Major O'Boglan, who witnessed the struggle and robbery, has found Leonard's hat and the stolen money, which, together with a note explaining how they came into his possession, he immediately secretes. Alick is lodged in jail, where, curiously enough, he meets most of his old companions—who, according to the author, are permitted almost unlimited freedom—chief among them being his foster-brother, Bunny Wolds, who is imprisoned for

the supposed murder of a gamekeeper. The incarcerated manage to overcome the warders, and Alick and Bunny contrive to escape. Leonard, now wealthy, for the last time urges his suit, backed up by Ruth's father, whose affairs are in a state of bankruptcy, when Alick appears upon the scene, the missing notes, long hidden between the pages of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," are found, and the guilt of the robbery is fastened upon Leonard. It being an unsettled question whether Reuben's death was due to accident or design, Leonard is permitted to escape, though it is indicated that he afterwards ends his miserable life by means of poisonous pilules which he has carried about with him. Alick and Ruth are once more happy in their love, and the play ends.

Mr. Frank Cooper, as the unfortunate hero, acted with much skill, and in one act, where he had opportunity, roused his audience into something like enthusiasm with a finely-delivered outburst of passion. Considerable praise is due to Mr. F. M. Paget, who contrived to make Leonard an interesting being, and whose one love scene was admirably gone through, and Mr. Gerald Maxwell was fairly good as Reuben, but Mr. John Chute was, as Roger, too slow and indistinct in his utterance. Mr. W. P. Dempsey, as Bunny, proved himself a capable comedian, and Mr. S. Calhaem was capital as Michael. Mr. Harold Maxwell as Major Anson was praiseworthy, and Mr. T. A. Palmer was sufficiently brutal in voice and manner as Colonel Bolter. Mr. Lingham, as David, gave his few lines with considerable effect, and Mr. Claud Llewellyn, as an old Jew, was characteristic in speech and action. Miss Rose Meller, a young lady whose personal attractions and evident experience should enable her to soon secure a position in her profession, contributed, as the heroine, a highly attractive performance, in which pathos and power were equally well displayed, and Miss Alice Finch brought her ripened method to bear upon her impersonation of Joan with excellent results, while Miss Marie Stuart was fascinating and natural as a wee Scotch lassie.

The burlesque by Mr. "Geoffrey Thorn," ready ever since "Dandy Dick" became a success at the Court Theatre, was played for copyright purposes at the Grand Theatre on the afternoon of Saturday, April 27, under the title "Dandy Dick Turpin," and as an assurance, if one were needed, that the "Dick Turpin the Second" of "another place" had not been plagiarised. The audience was small and the company amateurish, but the result was by no means unsatisfactory. The puns were good and numerous, the songs were catchy, the topical allusions in good taste, and the story of the bold highwayman kept well in hand. Miss Lily Mitchell in the title-*rôle*, Miss Louie Wilmot as Tom King, and Mr. Fitzgibbon as Lady Rookwood, all scored, Miss Wilmot proving herself a graceful dancer.

The burlesque on the same subject by Mr. W. F. Goldberg (known to fame as "The Shifter") was brought out at Mr. Charles Harris's benefit

matinée at the Gaiety on Monday, May 6, and greatly disappointed those who had expected great things from the author. His story was exceedingly thin, the puns were daring and not always brilliant, and there were but few attractive numbers in the score by Herr Meyer Lutz. Neither Miss Violet Cameron as the Highwayman and Miss St. John as Alice Grey nor the Messrs. Lonnen (Tom King), Stone, and Harry Parker, with, indeed, the full strength of the Gaiety, could save the piece from loudly expressed disapprobation by an indulgent audience.

May opened with quite an avalanche rush of *matinées* and benefit performances, Mr. James Mortimer setting the ball rolling at Terry's Theatre on May Day afternoon with a re-adaptation in one act of his translation of that exquisite *petite* comedy "La Joie Fait Peur," which he now calls "Clouds with Silver Linings." He originally called it "Joy is Dangerous." It served to pleasantly re-introduce Miss Lydia Cowell, who has been regrettably absent from the stage for two long years, this clever young lady appearing with her usual brightness, and being supported by Mrs. Phelps, Miss Amy McNeill, and Messrs. Cautley and Maclean. Mr. Mortimer also presented a neat adaptation from the French of MM. Michel et Labiche, which he calls "Oh ! these Widows," a farcical comedy in three acts, with a somewhat conventional set of characters engaged in ravelling and unravelling a series of not too ingeniously invented complications. The dialogue was witty, and, being well interpreted by, among others, Miss Sophie Larkin and Miss Lydia Cowell and Messrs. Eric Lewis and Kinghorne, the result was successful. Before the piece is again staged, it should be furnished with additional action, and then it might make its mark.

The special attraction at the benefit organised at the Olympic on Wednesday, May 8, for the children of the late John Vollaire was a very clever, and, withal, modest adaptation by Elizabeth Bessle, from Pailleron, entitled "The Electric Spark," which won, as it deserved, warm favour. The three characters—a young widow, Lady Treherne; her goddaughter, Geraldine; and Captain Norreys were all capitably played by Miss Amy McNeill, Miss Mary Bessle, and Mr. S. Herbert Basing, the plot turning upon the young girl finding out and unselfishly giving up her lover, the gallant captain, to his truer love the widow lady. This merry trifle is sure to be heard of again, but it is not likely to be better played than it was on its initial production.

Another unpretentious triologue comedietta is "Well Matched," by Mr. Philip Havard, produced at the St. James's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, May 14, with other attractions, for the benefit of Mr. John Huy. The writing is smart and the plot interesting and well constructed, if rather improbable. A very rich American widow (Miss Kate Phillips)

applies to her solicitor concerning the matrimonial prospects of her daughter with the impecunious Earl of Banford (Mr. Lionel Brough), and, mistaking the Earl for the lawyer's clerk, becomes enamoured of him with the titular result. Young Mr. Sydney Brough, as the lawyer who is content to accept the daughter whom we hear of only, materially helped by his clever acting towards the pronounced success. The scenes between Mr. "Lal" Brough and Miss Phillips were highly amusing.

Miss Lottie Venne commenced her theatrical career at the age of sixteen, and after two years' provincial experience obtained her first London engagement with Mrs. Swanborough at the Strand Theatre, where she remained three years playing soubrette parts in comedy and burlesque. She next created the part of Amy Jones in "Crutch and Toothpick" at the Royalty, and then accomplished a pronounced success as Betsy in the play of that name which ran for sixteen months. Engagements at the Gaiety and Comedy followed; from thence Miss Venne migrated to the Court and played Molly Ledger in "Parvenu," another great success both in London and the provinces. Amongst Miss Venne's most noted impersonations may be quoted Mrs. Dick Chetwyn in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," Mrs. Poskett in "The Magistrate," Mistress Honour in "Sophia," Rosa Colombier in "The Arabian Nights," Mrs. Bardell in the musical cantata "Pickwick," Beatrice Dubois in "Tenterhooks." Of few actresses can it be said, as of Miss Lottie Venne, that in no part has she ever made a failure, and now reigns as one of the best appreciated and favourite actresses on the stage.

A very successful concert was given at the Steinway Hall on Monday, May 13, by Miss Louise Borowski, a lady who possesses remarkable talent as a pianoforte player. Miss Borowski was assisted by several well-known and very able performers, the most notable of whom were Signor Mhanes, Mrs. Alymer-Gowing, Mr. Gilbert Trent, and Miss Adele Myers, whose artistic rendering of a new and charming ballad called "The Willow Leaf," by Margaret Brandon, roused the audience to enthusiasm, the singer being three times recalled and encored. The concert was most ably conducted by Messrs. Edwin Shute and Claude Trevor.

Notices of "Mignonette," "Penelope," "The Grandsire," "Dregs," "Her Father," and Italian Opera are perforce held over for want of space.

New plays produced, and important revivals, in London from April 25, 1889, to May 16, 1889.

Revivals are marked thus *

- April 27. "Wealth," original play of modern life, in four acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. Haymarket.
- „ 27. "Dandy Dick Turpin," new burlesque, in two acts by Geoffrey Thorn. Matinée. Grand.
- „ 27. "The Fatal Wager," romantic drama, in two acts (author not stated). Sadler's Wells.
- „ 29. "Faddimir; or, the Triumph of Orthodoxy," two-act comic opera, by Arthur Reed and Oscar Neville. Matinée. Vaudeville.
- „ 29.* "Claudian," by Henry Herman and W. G. Wills. Princess's.
- May 1. "Oh! These Widows," farcical comedy, in three acts, by James Mortimer, on the French of Michel and Labiche. Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 1. "Tenterhooks," farcical comedy, in three acts, by H. M. Paull. Comedy.
- „ 4. "Mignonette," new romantic comic opera, in three acts; words by Oswald Brand, music by Henry Parker. Royalty.
- „ 6. "Dick Turpin the Second," new burlesque, in two acts, by W. F. Goldberg. Matinée. Gaiety.
- „ 6. "For a Life," drama, in four acts, by J. McClosky. Surrey.
- „ 6. "Lucky Star," drama, in four acts, by George Comer. Elephant and Castle.
- „ 7. "Whips of Steel," comedy-drama, in four acts, by Joseph J. Dilley and Mary C. Rowsell. St. George's Hall.
- „ 8.* "Forget-me-Not," drama, by Herman Merivale and Florence Grove. Matinée. Opera Comique.
- „ 8. "The Electric Spark," comedy, adapted from the French of Pailleron, by Elizabeth Bessle. Matinée. Olympic.
- „ 9. "Penelope," musical version of Brough and Halliday's farce, "The Area Belle;" words of the songs by George P. Hawtrey, music by Edward Solomon. Matinée. Comedy.
- „ 9. "Angelina," new three-act comedy, adapted by W. Cooper from M. Bisson's "Une Mission Delicate." Matinée. Vaudeville.
- „ 13. "Some Day," new play, in three acts, by Mrs. Newton Phillips and John Tresahar. Matinée. St. George's Hall.
- „ 14. "Well Matched," comedietta, in one act, by Philip Havard. Matinée. St. James's.
- „ 15. "The Grandsire," three-act play, adapted by W. Archer Woodhouse from M. Richepin's "Le Flibustier." Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 15. "The Queen's Shilling," comedy, in three acts, by W. Godfray. Matinée. Court.

- May 16. "The Inheritance," original play, in four acts, by Cecil Raleigh. *Matinée. Comedy.*
 „ 16. "Her Father," drama, in three acts, by Edward Rose and John Douglass. *Matinée. Vaudeville.*
 „ 16. "Dregs," dramatic sketch, by Alec Nelson. *Matinée. Vaudeville.*

In the Provinces, from April 10 to May 9, 1889 :—

- April 20. "The Dream of Hazeldene," drama, in four acts, by J. P. Dryden. *Grand Nelson.*
 „ 22. "Shane-na-Lawn," comedy-drama, in three acts, by James C. Roach and J. Armory King. *Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool.*
 „ 22. "Proscribed," comedy-operetta, in one act ; libretto by Gilbert Stanford, music by Cedric Hardie. *Victoria Hall, Bayswater.*
 „ 24. "The Village Post Office," play, in one act, by Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs. *Shanklin Institute, Isle of Wight.*
 „ 24. "Our Pal," one-act play, by Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs. *Shanklin Institute, Isle of Wight.*
 „ 26. "Outwitted," original comedietta, in two acts, by Mrs. Walter Serle. *Aquarium, Scarborough.*
 May 3. "Love at First Sight," comedietta, by Major Jocelyn, R.A. *R. A. Theatre, Woolwich.*
 „ 6. "Fair Flay," melodrama, in five acts, by Charles Crozier and Percy Milton. *Prince's, Bradford.*
 „ 6. "A Wife's Devotion," new play, in a prologue and three acts, by J. H. Darnley and G. M. Fenn. *Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.*
 „ 9. "Tricks," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Wilford E. Field. *T.R., Barnsley.*

In Paris, from April 16 to May 15, 1889 :—

- April 18. "Mensonges," play, in five acts, by MM. Léopold Lacour and Pierre Decourcelle, suggested by the novel of M. Paul Bourget. *Vaudeville.*
 „ 20. "Riquet a la Houppe," fairy comic opera, in three acts ; libretto by MM. Paul Ferrier and Charles Clairville, music by M. Louis Varney. *Folies-Dramatiques.*
 May 1.* "Durand et Durand," three-act comedy-vaudeville, by MM. Maurice Ordonneau and Valabrégué. *Palais Royal.*
 „ 15. "Esclarmonde," romantic opera, in four acts ; libretto by MM. Alfred Blau and Louis de Gramont, music by M. Massenet. *Opera Comique.*

